



COLLEGE EDUCATION AND THE SEXES.

WE are frequently told that the system of college education which prevails in this country and in England had a monastic origin, and retains to this day its cloistral character. This is based upon two points of resemblance between monastic and college life, the separation of the sexes and the living in commons. The likeness is probably only an accidental resemblance, not an hereditary trait.

There is a very ancient difference between English and French customs in the rearing of children, which gives us the true birth-mark of our system. The Englishman sent his children away from home to be reared up by people of equal or, if possible, higher social position than himself. This Anglican practice, which revolted the French and Italians, runs back into Anglo-Saxon life. The Anglo-Saxon chieftain surrounded himself with well-born youths who acted as his personal servant and lived in general a semi-menial life. These lads were taught such rude arts and manners as comported with the ideas of a manly life that prevailed in that age. This custom, which at first looked rather to the dignity of the patron, came in time to be a system of education, and girls were very early included in the same plan of culture. From the higher classes the practice spread downward among tradespeople as this class grew into wealth, and before the Reformation the system was well established and wide-spread. Living in commons and the separation of the sexes in their education were features of this method of training, similar enough, it is true, to the monastic plan, but derived from another order of ideas. Living in commons came down from the habits of life in the houses of the old Saxon chieftains, the barrack system of a people nearly

always at war with some neighbor. The separation of the sexes was due partly to an honest and successful effort to elevate woman by protecting her from dangerous contact with the other sex in semi-barbarous times. The separation was also due to the radical divergence of the life of the two sexes. The old English idea was to educate women in housewifery and lady-like demeanor, men in the art of giving and taking hard blows. All that we now call education grew up around these standard notions, and the old animus still pervades English training of both sexes. If the sexes had nothing to learn in common, nobody would dream of making up a system of common education.

With all this the monasteries had not much to do before the fifteenth century, and not much more after that. The religious houses often maintained schools; but these were day schools for poor people or tradespeople of the neighborhood. They did not keep "boarding schools." The priests helped on the education of young people placed in wealthy houses by giving lessons in such matters as they best understood. The household was, however, the national center of youthful training.

When schools began to be founded outside of families, the old type was maintained under some new conditions. The family-education idea survives in some of the ancient customs of the great schools of England. The boys live in the houses of the masters to a considerable extent, and the old wills and bequests, upon which the nucleus of the school is maintained, provided for a system of life much resembling that of the apprentices in noble houses at an earlier period.

It is scarcely necessary to go much into details. Whoever comes to investigate the subject historically will find that our college system is no more derived from monastic than from

camp life. The conditions to be met are alike, in some measure, wherever people are to be fed and instructed on a common plan. Life in a fort or a railroad boarding-house may have some things in common with life in a monastery or a school.

The separation of the sexes in education was morally healthful at the first, though it may not be so now. A well-meaning man keeping a boarding-house in the Cheyenne, which the newspapers describe, might feel bound to set up some barriers against the mingling of the sexes, and a prudent father would be disposed to tighten the cords of family discipline in a similar moral atmosphere. The girls would profit by the severest measures, though these might verge upon isolation. Similar or worse surroundings dictate the ancient English customs in education. Whether the conditions are so entirely changed that no reasons exist for great caution now—for considerably limiting the intercourse of boys and girls not of the same family—is an open question.

The other and more fundamental principle of separation in the education of boys and girls, that of their diverse wants and earthly careers, holds with much less force than it did in ancient times. Between housewifery and sword-practice there was nothing in common; but in our day all girls study many things from the same textbooks and the same extent as boys. Indeed, colleges for girls have come to use nearly the curriculum prevailing in the schools for the other sex. The difference lies mainly in the substitution of music, painting, embroidery, etc., for the more difficult Greek and Latin texts or the higher mathematics. Another difference probably lies in a less rigorous discipline in classical studies; but this limitation is due to inferior masters on account of poor endowments, and may not take root in the theory of our system.

The notion of woman's inferiority probably never had much to do with English ideas of her early discipline. The notion could exist without affecting this matter of education. The system grew out of practical makeshifts rather than philosophical reflection. It is equally probable that the conception of woman as man's equal or inferior has much less to do with our practice than some among us suppose. As in the olden time, Anglo-Saxon girls are trained mostly with reference to what they are supposed to need for success in life. They are supposed to want more than the girl of the fifteenth century needed; but those who send their daughters to school require for them an education for society as it exists among us, and the heads

of schools for girls purvey to the paternal demand.

No one needs to be told that fathers and mothers usually demand different things for their boys and for their girls. The boy is to make his way in the world by sturdy force of brain and character; the girl is to win her place in the center of a comfortable home by graces of mind and person. The theorists who follow abstract propositions about the equality of the sexes or the dignity of mind, have helped to enlarge the scope of study for girls, increasing in this way the amount of training needed for the success of a woman in society. But it may be doubted whether this has removed the old lines of distinction in the culture required for the two sexes. It inheres in the common-sense fiber of Anglo-Saxon character to look mainly to the practical result. What is a woman to do? This question still determines our deepest conception of her intellectual training. The mother is not yet born who feels that her daughter's normal vocation is something other than motherhood.

But several influences are at work in our society tending to introduce a refinement upon our fundamental instincts on the subject of woman's life-work, and the practical cast of our character leads us in our use of these changes of sentiment.

The increase in the number of unmarried women raises the question, What is the girl to do who does not marry? English experience is not very satisfactory. Such girls found their second best career in an honorable spinsterhood, supported on small incomes provided by parental forethought. This does not help us, for, however much we work for our children, the most of us are averse to making any provision for their maintenance through life. Our children are expected to take care of themselves or to be provided for by husbands. It follows that in contemplating the chance that her daughter may not marry, the American mother will look to furnishing her with such an education as will fit her to a single-handed combat with the world. It is in this way that we have begun to educate girls with a double purpose—to be wives if it please God, to live by their labor of brain or hand if spinsterhood be in store for them.

Our carelessness or confidence in the pecuniary arrangements about marriage involve the same result. The greater thoughtfulness of English customs make the future of the young wife a problem less disturbed by the incalculable chances of widowhood. Commonly some care is taken to shut out the most disagreeable

possibilities of a widowhood weighted by portionless children. But in this country if the life of a widow is cheerful and independent, it is seldom because any one foresaw and provided for this emergency. We have on every hand widows—the war multiplied them—who must support children as well as themselves by their personal exertions. It is found to be a capital makeshift if the widow can teach a school, or manage a boarding-house, or keep a millinery-shop, not to speak of keeping books or engaging in some sort of business on her own account.

To such facts of our social condition we owe the large increase of feminine activities outside of the sphere of home. We are providing for desperate needs which thrust themselves upon us, and our methods rise upon an enlarging system of training for girls. Some women must earn bread for themselves, others must also earn it for helpless little ones, and our social customs and conditions make it impossible to predict the fate of our daughters. We can not say, "This one will be spinster, that one a widow," and educate them only for such destinies; the emergency must be provided for in many cases which can not be selected beforehand. Without that self-helpfulness which is given by training of a thorough sort, many women lead miserable single or widowed lives, many more drift away into more sorrowful places, where we dare not follow them with hope.

Let no one hope that the necessities which are here sketched will pass away; it is rooted in the optimism of our practical life to neglect to make adequate provision for the future of our children, before or after they are born, in the English way. The number of women dependent on their personal exertions for bread will increase as our society grows complicated and our populations dense. It will always best appeal to our universal Yankee imagination to propose to provide by wholesale, by a comprehensive system, for the disturbing elements in the life of our women. Liberal education for girls finds its best support among us in the conscious or unconscious feeling that it is the best safeguard against the dangers which beset the paths of single women.

This writer has no present vocation to theorize or declaim over the rights of women. He has chosen to seek the practical trend of our ideas about feminine culture. The question whether the sexes ought to be educated together seems closely related to the question, What are single women to do? Wives will always be chiefly absorbed by their home and social life. A happy and valiant few will fight

home cares with one hand and work in public ways of various sorts with the other. If it is settled that women are to run the same career as men, then it will follow that their education throughout its whole extent should be the same; our economy, and mutual benefits in the assimilation of character will dictate that girls and boys be educated together. If the present condition of things is to be the standard, then the sexes can be educated together only in a part of their course.

The common arguments upon this head are scarcely creditable to our wisdom. Boys in colleges do not grow boorish through isolation from female society. They usually see as much of the other sex as is good for them, often more than is wholesome for their school-standing. It is puerile to say, "God sends girls and boys into the same family, therefore it is a mistake to separate the sexes in schools," for we can not create natural ties, and restraints, and affections by merely huddling people in class-rooms. Nor is it conclusive that before puberty the sexes are associated in public schools; the rule is by no means universal, and the argument does not apply to older students with any force. A prudent mother may allow Jane to romp with her neighbor's John when the two are five years old, and forbid the romping when they are fifteen. But this is aside of the main point; our mingling of the sexes is based upon that practical convenience which is the theory of this article. The pupils of both sexes study the same things in the public schools, for reading and other primary work are needful to boys and girls alike. If the same fact can be made apparent in higher education, the like consequence ought to follow.

Nor are the objections most used by those who oppose the union of the sexes in higher education very conclusive. That the girl loses, by contact with the other sex in the school-room, that fine aroma of character, that instinctive grace of thought and speech which make womanly character a spiritual force in elevating society, is scarcely demonstrable. A very perfect isolation has failed to make Italian women superior to the English girls who are educated with less restraint. Few really refined women would tell us that the other sex exercises a debasing influence upon their character, and there is nothing coarse in the atmosphere of a college class-room, even when only boys are under instruction. That woman may lose something in gentlehood by an increased measure of the public work of the world may be probable, but it may be set down as one of the inevitable necessities of modern society.

It is plainly a defective policy to educate girls only for married life.

Other objections have a similar answer. We are training our girls for such earthly destinies as they are likely to fill, and hard conditions must bring down our ideals out of the clouds of celestial aspirations. It may be safely assumed that no human being can be the worse off in the future life for bravely doing such work as Providence imposes upon men and women in the present state.

Assuming, then, that the life of women must run more nearly to the same plane as that of men than it once did, or does even now, it will be profitable to inquire how far this will favor the union of the boys and girls in our colleges. It must not be overlooked in such an inquiry that the improvement of our system of education will tend toward making it more special, toward adapting college work to life work. We shall need to make several courses in the same institutions, or to divide the work among schools having different objects and courses of study. The normal, scientific, industrial, and commercial schools are expressions of the practical instinct feeling its way toward such a division of labor.

The theory that college culture avails for every thing has the support of a fair degree of success, but it has not been put into competition with any other plan. The contest has been between college culture and no culture, or the culture of practical life. In so far as the special schools have competed, they have succeeded in a fair measure. Indeed, the scientific schools now promise to make our scientific men for us, unless the colleges imitate their system. The normal and commercial schools show signs of a similar absorption of whole classes of workers. If they have not already taken to themselves the honor of educating the teachers and the business men, it is because they work on very narrow foundations with very poor tools, and they are furnished with a full set of "shoddy" ideas.

The colleges educate men for literature, theology, medicine, law, teaching, and business with the same curriculum; but it is already felt to be necessary to specialize for some of these callings, and it is almost certain that the tendency has not spent its force upon these special schools and courses. To one who realizes that he is in the current of such a movement it does not appear that we ought to extend to girls who have at least a few special wants, a system obsolescent as applied to boys alone. Taking in the girls, we increase the number of special wants.

Let it be conceded that women will hereafter pursue literature, medicine, business, and pedagogy, it will still remain to them to be housewives and nurses, and to keep the world sweet and clean by indefinable womanly influence. They will cultivate music more generally than men; they will use many small but potential handicrafts not possible to coarser hands. All these may be left outside of the school; but when they are so left, it too often happens that girls get no instruction in the subtle feminine arts. The number of women who are miserably lodged and fed for lack of skill in the use of their hands is greater than that of those who fare poorly in single life for lack of college culture. The remark might be extended to embrace a melancholy procession of women who are without the pale of society. When a woman can do only the coarsest work with the needle, expect for her the merest pittance of pay; make the same woman a deft artist with the same humble instrument, and she may live comfortably by her exertions. The schools *must* render assistance in these parts of womanly training. There is a manifest tendency toward special schools for these arts.

The economical side of the question demands some attention. It is said that it will be more economical to educate the sexes together; but this is mostly a local question. If there is to be a college in every village, it will be true, for the classes will not be filled by the boys; the girls will fill up vacant seats and add nothing to the expense. But when the number of colleges is only up to our wants, then this consideration will disappear. It will be as cheap to train a junior class divided by sexes as if it were divided into sections. There is a limit soon reached to the size of a class. It is just so many as the teacher can reach and aid personally every day. The number may vary with different studies, but it can not be safely put at a higher average than thirty. Given a weak college for boys, it will be economy to fill up with girls. But any system which is constructed on the theory of meeting public wants rather than local ambitions, will have no schools with seats vacant for years; and it would be just as economical to put together two or three of the colleges founded for boys, perhaps even more so.

The economics of the matter presents us with a just complaint, that while schools for boys are well endowed and managed for public good, those for the other sex are not endowed at all, and managed for public gain. The consequence is that it costs much more to give our Anna a fashionable education, which is often

very defective, than it does to furnish John with a thorough classical training.

This complaint is here called just; it is meant that there is much justice in it. No colleges are adequately endowed, and the advantages boys get in them are given more by teachers whose *esprit de corps*, or conscience, or devotion to culture leads them to accept small salaries. The spirit of self-sacrifice sheds the same fragrance over the history of college professors as upon that of pioneer preachers. Schools for girls upon private foundations are not without claim to the same honor; but in a less degree from the less permanent character of the teaching body and the personal interests of managers. The foundations of our schools need to be strengthened tenfold, perhaps a hundredfold.

In such strengthening there will be occasion to consider the interests of both sexes. If we do not so strengthen the ground under our feet, makeshift economies adapted to save dollars at the expense of our children, of society, and of civilization will not materially help us. With the sexes together or apart we shall continue to do a good deal of shabby if not shoddy work.

If the wants of our children are made the rule of action, we shall begin by resolving to put some millions of money into foundations for colleges. When we have resolved and given, the union of the sexes in the colleges will be easily settled.

One of two plans will naturally be adopted—special schools, scattered to meet local aspirations, or universities, in which shall exist groups of schools having a common plane only so far as is practically expedient.

In either plan the sexes would be trained together in so far as their needs were the same, apart for their special wants. The university plan would economize buildings, libraries, apparatus, and, in some degree, faculties. It may be objected that the expenses of travel would be increased by centralization; but this item of cost is really so small that it need not influence the decision. The natural desire of parents to have their children in schools comparatively near to their homes is a more important consideration, which would dictate that as much as possible of the education of both sexes should be carried on near to their homes. The line of separation between preparatory schools and colleges might be run further up—according to the German plan—say at the end of the sophomore year. The difficulties and expenses of separation from home might then be greatly reduced by making the university or special school year a continuous term of thirty weeks, and assigning work for the vacation to be reviewed in the first

week of the following year. It is not hoped that this plan will please those who believe that the chief end of boys and girls is to sit on benches, under the eye of a teacher, six hours of three hundred days in the year.

These things are written without much hope of any great and beneficent changes in our methods. The scramble and scuffle will probably go on some time longer; special schools will grow up and be conducted for private gain, and our colleges will struggle vainly for breadth and height; the misfortune is that a narrow culture will inevitably produce a narrow people.

The limits of this article do not permit a discussion of the whole question of the co-education of the sexes in our highest schools. The question is in a somewhat anomalous condition. The idea of co-education is a popular one; but curiously enough it is not dictated by personal demands on the part of girls or their parents. There is probably no university in the land which would refuse to admit any girl competent to pass the requisite examination. The truth is, that up to this present girls have found a different *ensemble* of studies adequate to their wants; and those who ask their admission to the best schools for boys usually ask serious modifications of the college course. Dr. Haven favors the admission of girls to the advantages of the Michigan University; but it may be doubted whether there are a dozen girls in that State who combine qualifications to enter as freshmen with a desire to pursue any course now existing in that excellent institution. There are numbers of girls who know more than his freshmen on many subjects studied in schools, but even those who have graduated at colleges—mixed or female—would probably fail in a Greek examination for admission to that University. The open doors of the University will create a demand for a more liberal training for girls, and will so far be healthful; but for some time the idea of co-education will be represented by a girls' college under the shelter of the university, and perhaps a few young women in the regular classes of the present institution.

The theory of an absolutely identical training for both sexes is linked with, and waits upon the triumph of a set of theories erected upon the doctrine of the equality of the sexes. When women have the ballot and are eligible to all offices; when they pursue, as a matter of course, all learned professions; when they trade and make gain in our busy mercantile centers, frequenting the bourse by the side of men—then women will need all the severe disciplines which qualify men for the tug and strain of our masculine life. For the fields which they now cover

with bloom and fruitfulness they need a thorough training, and no part of human knowledge will be out of place in their intellectual furniture, but they can well spare the school-work which aims only at toughness and induration of intellectual muscle.

If co-education should result in giving the boys such training as girls now receive, or in maintaining the present standard for boys, obviously the girls would gain nothing and the boys lose much. For what we need in education for men is not less but more severe work with Greek accents or Latin forms, or with whatever else may equally well, or better, serve for bringing out the lusty vigor of world-subduing manhood. Nobody denies that we need masculine men—intellectual weakness is the leprosy of our public life, if not of our national character. If we also want a masculine womanhood—by which is meant a womanhood decidedly and prevailingly marked by strength—then we need not hesitate a moment to subject our girls to the roughest gymnastics of mental discipline.

These suggestions, offered in a candid spirit, aim rather to divest the subject of questions which do not belong to it, than to furnish a settlement of current differences of opinion. Probably we shall transmit this discussion to the next generation.

HOW ELLINOR DANE BECAME AN INVALID.

IN the first place she was perfectly well. Not of that large, robust type that constantly impresses you with an idea of strength, but the slender form showed a healthful vigor and grace in every motion. The delicate lily, or the timid violet, is as healthy in its way as the mighty oak of the forest.

At the age of twenty she was married to Harrison Dane, a fine-looking, intelligent young man, whose salary as a book-keeper in his uncle's store, was large enough to secure many luxuries in addition to the homelier necessities of life. Besides, he owned a pleasant, roomy cottage, handsomely furnished, and situated on one of the prettiest streets in the village. And the village itself was one of those lovely New England villages which charm the eyes of the traveler.

For the two years following the wedding there was probably as much unalloyed happiness in Harrison Dane's cottage as in any dwelling in all the land. Then Mrs. Ellinor, for the first time in her life, resolved to have a thorough

house-cleaning; that is, to have the whole cottage cleaned at one time.

"My dear," said her husband, "I think I would not attempt it. The way you have cleaned house for the last two years is the best way in the world. Upset one room at a time as often as you like, but meanwhile let the rest of the house remain indoors."

However a wife may reverence her husband's opinion in other matters, he is never supposed to know any thing whatever of the sublime mysteries of cleaning house; so Nellie Dane just smiled good-humoredly, and answered, "O, you men think any way is best that keeps the unpleasant details out of your sight. I never know when the house is really clean."

"Clean! Why, it is clean now." Harry looked around upon the neat dining-room more critically than usual.

"That shows how much you know about it. Look at the windows; and the flower-stand; and at the panels of the doors."

"I am looking. I will look at it all again after the purification is accomplished, but I shall be unable to detect any difference. Who will help you?"

"I am going to clean the best rooms myself. Now do n't object, Harry, because I shall have Sally Page to clean the kitchen and all the back part. There is so little to do in the parlors that it will be like play."

"O! I understood that they needed a thorough cleaning. Are the carpets to come up?"

"Of course. But Sally will help about that. Now, Harry, be reasonable and leave me to manage the home department. It will be your part of the business to enjoy it after it is done. Let me have my way here about a week, and I promise that the result shall astonish you."

"There is no doubt of that. My mother used to clean house by wholesale. I know all about it."

The days passed by, and the week of cleaning was soon over. Harry spent as much of the time out of the house as he could, for Nellie was too tired to talk or sing at night, and he did not fancy her new arrangement of going to bed at eight o'clock. Besides, there was no place in the house to sit down in. "I wonder why women like to tire themselves to death getting up such a purgatory," he queried. "Well, the furor will soon be spent, and there will be somewhere to live once more."

Mistaken mortal! To suppose that a thoroughly clean house was to be used carelessly or freely. No, indeed. The rooms were too nice, and the countless pretty ornaments that, tiny and useless in themselves, help to make up

the cozy attractiveness of home were all carefully dusted and now shaded from the dust.

"Only for a little time, Harry, till the flies are gone."

"The flies will stay a month yet."

"O, no. I hope not."

"It is only the beginning of October. The Indian Summer is to come yet. You do n't mean that we are to spend this most charming month of the year in this little back kitchen, which was used only for a wash-room in the days when we could afford to live in our house?"

"O, Harry, it will do for a week or so very well. If we light the sitting-room we shall have visitors, and I am too lame and tired to dress for them. If you had cleaned house, I guess you would like to be quiet till you were rested."

Harry waited patiently another week. Then he began to apprehend that something was wrong with his wife. She did not look at all like the merry, bustling little woman who had turned out his tea and coffee for him so long in the shut-up dining-room. He thought about it nearly all the time during one dreary, stormy day, and made up his mind that she needed the old home as much as he did. Coming home in the evening he found her muffled in an old shawl and the most ungraceful of wrappers, her hair twisted in one huge coil at the back of her head, and her feet in the oven of the cooking-stove. There was a drooping air of weariness and discontent about the whole figure. A fortnight ago Nelly would have met him at the gate, tastefully dressed and with a smile brighter than a sunbeam; she would have asked a dozen questions before he could have answered one, and then have flitted about from one room to another, putting the finishing touches to the tea-table; and all the time mixing stray bits of song together in a way that would have astonished their composers.

Nothing of the sort greeted him now. Even the quaint assumption of womanliness which contrasted so bewitchingly with the youthful face and figure was gone. She just looked up as he entered, and then glanced at the half-spread table in the corner. And then she said, "O dear!"

"Why, Nellie! what is the matter?"

"That is just what I should like to know. I have been trying for two hours to get the supper. That is the result. I feel older and stiffer than my great-grandmother. My head aches, and my back aches, and I do n't feel very well myself. All of which is respectfully submitted." And with a feeble little attempt to laugh Nellie drew her shawl closer, and hitched her chair yet nearer to the stove.

Harry understood the whole situation at once. "Nellie," he said, "you are ill. That is the matter. That abominable house-cleaning began it, and living in this damp, dark hole completed it."

"Nonsense, Harry! I am only a little blue."

"You were never blue before. Now, I have some news for you. I am going to move into the house. I have looked at those newspapers pinned across the windows till I am ashamed of myself."

"Do n't, Harry. I saw a fly in the parlor this morning."

"One fly! We can kill that. It is a raw, cold night, and I am going to make a fire in the sitting-room."

"O, Harry! The stove has been polished till it shines like silver."

"I am glad if there is any thing in the house that has the spirits to shine."

"Wait till to-morrow," urged Nellie.

"And let you shiver all the evening in this dreary place? No, indeed. I expect that you will have a fever now, or some other serious illness—shall go into a rapid decline myself unless we get out of this in a hurry."

The idea of a decline in connection with his perfectly healthy looks struck Nellie in a ludicrous aspect, but she was too uncomfortable to laugh at it. And when the fire was brightly burning in the sitting-room, and the silent spell of the large, comfortable rooms was broken, she began to enjoy the change.

"You look one hundred per cent. better already," said her husband. "As for me, I feel as if I had been to Colorado or Alaska, and had come home perfectly ashamed of the whole cruise. I never saw such delightful rooms in all my life before."

He spoke cheerfully, but he was watching his wife anxiously all the time. There was an unnatural glow upon her cheeks, and she could not get warm.

"That is," she said lightly, "I can not stay warm. A moment ago I was very comfortable." She shivered perceptibly as she spoke.

Neither of the two, in their inexperience, suspected that the fever that he had half jestingly prophesied had already seized upon her.

"I will give you some hot tea, Nellie, and then we will go to bed. A good long sleep will cure you. In the morning you will be as bright as—as the polished stove."

But in the morning it was evident that Nellie was worse. She made no attempt to rise, and only answered absolutely when spoken to. The doctor was sent for, and her mother; and a hired housekeeper was established in the kitchen.

And so the invalid life commenced. At first only a simple run of fever was apprehended. It was of a slow, mild type, allowing the invalid to be dressed nearly every day, and confining her to the sofa instead of her bed.

But when the fever had left her, and she lay passively day after day with no apparent effort to rally, growing weaker instead of stronger, the doctor looked perplexed, and the anxious faces of the mother and the husband quite belied their cheerful words.

Nellie herself found this state of languor and helplessness harder to bear than pain.

"If you would only dismiss the doctor, Harry, and throw all the medicine away, and let me go out in the carriage."

"My love," remonstrated her mother, "you would catch cold and die. The doctor would not permit it."

"I would n't ask his permission if only you and Harry were reasonable. If he would keep his wise head out of the house a fortnight there would be a chance for me. It makes me so nervous to have him standing here and studying me as if I were an example in mental arithmetic."

"If you could venture out a little without any risk," said Harry encouragingly, "I have no doubt you would feel better."

"Of course I should. This confinement and the doctor together are killing me."

"It is well that you have some one to look after you," said her mother. "I wonder that Harry approves your strange notions. Now do n't fret, Nellie," for the poor, pale face was resuming its look of quiet endurance, "I will speak to the doctor, and perhaps he will let you go into the dining-room. That will be a change. You can have the sofa by the bay-window, and you can see all down the street. Then, if it does not injure you, we will venture a little farther in a day or two."

Nellie's face brightened. "Now, Harry, you must leave me and go to the store. But you may expect to find me out of jail at noon."

The doctor listened to Nellie's statement of her condition with even more than his usual gravity. It would not be worth while to make any change at present. "This restlessness is a morbid state, Mrs. Dana. It is indicative of something wrong in the system—some organic irritation. Your nerves have become sensitive. Little things trouble you. This is not a healthy condition," wisely added the doctor. "Will you allow me to examine your spine?"

Many people will remember when spinal diseases were all the fashion—when all the ills of the poor mortal frame were attributed to

some mysterious doing in the backbone. Other parts of the body have in their turn been honored by being made the scape-goats of the rest, but twenty years ago almost every irregularity of health was traceable to the spine.

Some of the hobbies of medical men are harmless, and some are not. The spine-complaint hobby was not.

The disease was represented as being most insidious in its approaches, often developing itself all at once in a hopeless manner. No one could depend on his backbone for a moment. Nervous depression or irritability, languor or indisposition to action, and even the fickle changes of temper, all had their origin in the spine. It was fortunate that the backbone had been considerably placed out of sight, so far as the sufferer was concerned, for the eager eyes of the invalid would have studied it from morning till night. The idea of constantly carrying an unknown horror behind one was bad enough.

It required a great deal of medical skill to detect the exact whereabouts of the invisible enemy. Till this locality could be ascertained all attempts to oust the foe were impracticable. The examination consisted of a series of thumps administered impartially to the several joints of the spinal column, and if any part was unduly sensitive under the process, it declared itself to be the head-quarters of the disease.

Mrs. Dane had been so long confined to the sofa that it was not at all difficult to find a tender spot on her back. Indeed, the main trouble was to select the most eligible one for the prosecution of a cure. When Harry came home at noon there was an unwonted lightness at his heart, which showed itself in his quick step and buoyant air. Nellie was to be in the dining-room to greet him! And loving visions of the time when, with gentle care, he should lead her to the door, broke into yet happier anticipations of a future when, quite restored to health, she should fill once more her own bright place in his home.

But there was no one in the dining-room, and his heart sank as he turned to seek her in the old place. He found her in bed, looking up to him with a white, shocked face from which all the courage had departed, and with a huge blister already drawing between her shoulders.

"The doctor has been here, Harry, and he has examined her back, and she has the spine-complaint," said her mother.

Nellie said nothing. She was only hearing her sentence of death repeated.

"Well, suppose it is spine-complaint, which I do n't believe," said Harry, "Nellie will come

out of it bravely. There are the Bliss girls. They have all had it, and they will ride all day and dance all night. Why, all the women about have had it, or are going to. The wonder is, Nellie," he went on as he saw her face brighten, "how you have managed to escape it so long. The worst of it is to bear the blisters and other treatment, which I don't believe in and never shall," said Harry earnestly, his common-sense asserting itself strongly as he saw how little strength Nellie had to undergo the additional pain. "And I do not believe there is any thing the matter but debility."

"The doctor ought to know best. He thinks it is a plain case. I should not dare to interfere with the treatment."

"Well, mother, I suppose that you and the doctor will do what you think is best. Nellie has naturally a good constitution. Perhaps she will need but little treatment. At any rate we will hope so."

Hoping was of no use. Nellie was put through the entire course of dry cupping, blistering, and bleeding, and had, besides, a charming little seton for permanent use between her shoulders.

There was no curvature and no appearance of disease excepting the scars left by the remedies. These murderous attempts to cure had each left their mark, writing thus indelibly the record of suffering. People began to think it very strange that, with all this active treatment, Mrs. Dane did not get well. The physician shook his head doubtfully, and seemed to feel personally aggrieved at the result. The neighbors began to whisper that poor Mrs. Dane was only nervous. Spleen they phrased it. "And the doctor has been so faithful," said a particular friend, "I declare it is not using him well."

But Nellie perversely grew worse instead of better, and then the doctor stopped coming. His conscience would not let him attend her after he was sure he was doing no good. In fact, a lucrative situation as a land surveyor had been offered to him, and he was going to give up his medical practice altogether.

Another physician was recommended, but Nellie begged so earnestly to be spared further torture that Harry, in spite of her mother's remonstrances, allowed her to have her own way.

"She has been tormented all the Winter," said Harry. "God forgive me for permitting it. I shall never forgive myself."

"She is too ill to be left without a doctor, Harry. She will die."

"She shall die in peace if she does."

"I can not stay here and see her run down with nothing being done for her. I shall go home."

Even to this Harry did not object. He knew

that the old lady, though she was a tender mother, was not a cheerful nurse. So after a pathetic scene in the invalid's room the good lady took her departure.

"I hope it is not wicked," said Nellie confidentially to her husband, "she is my own mother and I love her dearly, but it seems such a relief to have her away. You see," apologized Nellie, "she wants me to keep so very still, and I feel as if I should so like to scream or—or tumble something down stairs, just to break the quiet, you know."

"Yes, I understand. It is quite natural. Suppose I make a racket for you. I have brought home a new book from the library on purpose to read it to you."

Nellie's beaming face showed her delight. She had been kept still so long. It was pitiful to see the look of eager interest spread over the pale face as he opened the book. "It will be such a treat," she said.

A suspicious mistiness dimmed Harry's eyes as he watched her.

"I suppose the doctor would not approve," said Nellie timidly.

"Nobody cares whether he would or not. I am going to be your physician now. And my first prescription is that you do whatever you choose. You did not improve much under his treatment, but I expect you will get well under mine. Now for the book."

What a delightful evening it was! Nellie forgot every thing else in her interest in the book, and when Harry, careful not to fatigue her, shut up its pages, she was looking more like her olden self than for long months before.

It was in June, the most beautiful of the Summer months, when the new order of things began. With the liberty to do whatever she chose, Nellie soon began to plan some changes. The long Winter had been a dreary one, even for well people, and it had stretched its cold wings quite over the months of the Spring. Indeed, the Spring had been omitted entirely from the seasons of the year. Now the warm, fragrant air came stealing into the closed rooms, bringing new visions of life and beauty.

It was delicious to venture, first to the door, then across the broad piazza, from whence she could look down the garden walks and watch the purple growth of the pansies and the delicate bloom of the June roses. And O, how the blue-birds and robins sang! They had surely learned new songs of enchantment during Nellie's long imprisonment. Listening to them and breathing the sweet air, Nellie had a revelation from above to this effect: God made this delicious atmosphere on purpose for us, and he

knows how to temper it for our use. Therefore resolved, that in future I will accept with reverent gratitude the priceless boon of free air. A wise resolution, made six months too late to work a cure, but not too late to benefit her materially.

Meditating still further upon the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, she began to doubt whether he had meant the backbones of his "last, best work" to be so easily warped and pucker'd up as the doctors thought.

When a person once begins to doubt and query over established facts, it is very difficult to settle them again upon the old foundations; so it was only natural that Nellie, puzzling herself over one of the biggest medical humbugs in the world, should arrive at the conclusion that her poor back had never been diseased except by the efforts to cure it. As the time passed by and she grew stronger, so much stronger as to be able to attend to many house-keeping duties, Mr. Dane was often interrogated as to the process of the cure. There was a sly, mysterious air about the questioners which at first perplexed and then irritated him.

"I suppose, Mr. Dane, there is no doubt that she has been really sick all this time?"

"Sick? Of course. Do you suppose she would shut herself up in a dark room for six months if she were well?"

"No, unless—unless, well, Mr. Dane, you do not remember her grandmother. She shut herself up for nearly twenty years."

"Yes; but she was insane."

"I know it. It runs in some families. In treating invalids you have to consider every thing. Mrs. Dane is very nervous."

"I suppose she has a right to be. But we won't call her crazy till we hear her insinuating such cruel things about her friends as you have been hinting in regard to her." And Harry turned angrily away.

"Dear me!" said the lady, who was an old friend—report said an old sweetheart—of Mr. Dane's. "Dear me, what a temper that man has! I'm glad he is n't my husband. No wonder his poor wife droops and pines."

Other remarks as uncharitable, if less spiteful, were made in regard to the suffering neighbor, who had the effrontery to struggle back to a tolerable state of health without medical aid.

"Of course there has been nothing serious the matter," was the universal comment.

In happy ignorance of all criticism, favorable or otherwise, Nellie Dane spent the Summer, gradually resuming her old occupations. She was delicate still; the rich rose tint had quite faded out from her cheek, and she was very

easily tired. But to her great delight the hired girl had been dismissed, and, as she expressed it, "home was really home once more." Harry had very reluctantly consented to this arrangement. He knew his ambitious little house-keeper better than she knew herself. For a few weeks all went prosperously, and the bracing air of the Autumn seemed to be just the tonic needed. The old, familiar songs that used to accompany her work again rang out about the house, not perhaps with the same fullness, but as sweet and clear as ever.

Then, in the midst of the restored brightness, a little cloud gathered. Nellie awoke at night with a sore throat and a feeling of tightness across her chest, as if strong cords were being drawn around her. Harry, who was by this time an experienced nurse as well as doctor, was roused at once and immediately began to apply restoratives.

"How did you get such a cold, Nellie?" he asked when a hot foot-bath had been tried and a huge poultice of onions had been bound around her throat.

"It came to me, Harry. I did not get it," she answered innocently, but just then happening to raise her eyes they fell upon the shining surface of a window opposite, and she remembered staying outside, just a few minutes, to clean the glass. The cold was accounted for, but she could not bring herself to enlighten her husband.

"Many people are complaining of influenza," said he. "It seems to be epidemic in the village, though how it found you out, little woman, is a mystery."

"Well, it has found me, it seems," she answered.

"There is a new doctor in the village. He is called very skillful. I have met him several times, and I like his appearance. Had n't I better call him in?"

"No, indeed," said Nellie in alarm. "No doctors, for pity's sake. It is only a cold, and it must have its course." And Nellie tried to cough and sneeze at the same time.

"Something must be done." Harry spoke very decidedly. "It will be pneumonia or something worse if we do not attend to it. I will go for your mother, Nellie."

"I know just what she would do. I saw what she did for sister Maria when she had that bad cold here last Winter. Do n't you remember? She applied flannels wet in hot goose-oil to her throat and chest, and, O dear, she made her swallow a tablespoonful of the oil. And there is a bottle of goose-oil in the kitchen closet. O dear!"

It was a fortnight before Nellie was able to leave her room, and then the cough remained. The sight of the clean window was a sorry consolation.

"If I had only let it alone. Such a tiny bit of work and—here I am. I expect I shall catch cold washing the tea-cups yet."

You will pity her, dear invalid housekeepers; for the time of house-cleaning was again fully come, and she was not able even to superintend the work. It was not pleasant to sit in her room and listen to the distant clatter in the parlor and dining-room, and to imagine all sorts of breakages among the glass and china. And when the cleaning process was over the hired girl was quietly reinstated in her old position in the kitchen. Nellie was gloomily reflecting one evening upon her new phase of invalid life, when Harry came into the room with rather a long face. It was an unusual sight. Since his wife's illness he had never brought his own individual shadows into her presence.

"What is the matter, Harry?" she asked as soon as she saw his face.

"The matter? Nothing dreadful, little woman, only a little money botheration."

"Is it the housekeeping expense?"

"No; at least not our regular expenses. But I wanted to buy a chair for you—an invalid chair. Not like the one you had—a new style. And I was just going down to order it when Goody Cook handed me her bill for cleaning house."

"How much is it? She has worked six days."

"Twenty dollars. Rather steep, is n't it? We must wait a little for the chair."

"Ellen might have cleaned the house alone—a little at a time. She is n't half occupied with the house-work."

"Ellen would have smashed half the gim-cracks in the parlor and you would have been running after her, catching new colds in every room. I think," said Harry, brightening, "that the twenty dollars was well invested, all things considered. Next month we 'll have the chair. If we could cure your cough, Nellie, we would n't mind any thing else."

"That will cure itself in time. If we did not nurse it so tenderly, perhaps it would become disgusted and leave of its own accord."

"We have got to the end of our nursing resources and you are no better. You really must see some doctor," he answered.

"I shall never get well if I do."

"That is scarcely reasonable, my dear. One doctor could not be expected to know every thing. Other people are ill and their doctors cure them."

"Doubted."

"At any rate they get well. If the cure is wrought it does not matter how. And it seems only reasonable to think that those who devote all their time and powers to the study of one subject should know more about it than those who do not study it at all."

"Ah, yes. It *looks* reasonable. But, all the same, I am afraid of doctors. A burnt child dreads the fire."

Harry said no more at the time, but he could not dismiss his anxiety. Nellie, rather than see a physician, nauseated herself constantly with sirups made after all the domestic recipes in the neighborhood. All in vain. The cough obstinately held its own and defied all efforts to dislodge it.

At last, after a sleepless night, Harry spoke again. "Nellie, I am going to call in a doctor to see you."

She looked up and read in his eye that it would be of no use to remonstrate; so she asked meekly, "What doctor?"

"O, as to that, you may choose for yourself. Perhaps Mrs. Owen can recommend one."

Mrs. Owen was an old lady, who had walked two miles to bring Nellie directions how to concoct a new sirup. She was a kind-hearted old creature, not particularly intelligent, though she had been a favorite nurse among the sick people around for nearly half a century.

"Law, yes," she answered readily. "There's old Doctor Hanning. Jest the doctor for weakly folks. He's studied about all there is to study. Powerful in roots and airbs. Not a bit of pizon in his saddlebags. Helps natur, that's all."

Harry shook his head doubtfully. "Where does he practice?"

"O, most any where. He lives down by the blacksmith's, over the creek, beyond Mercy Elder's. She's a cripple, and an idiot."

"I never heard of him."

"Well, that beats all. Where have you lived all your days, Mr. Dane?"

"Nellie, if you have a physician, do n't employ a quack. This Doctor Hanning may be very skillful, but—"

"But, Harry, there is one good thing about him. He is n't one of the regular order, and so will not torment me by rule."

"Nellie! How unreasonable!"

"I've got the trade-mark of the old school on my back. I know all I want to about their kind of practice. Let us try the 'root and airb' doctor. I have a presentiment that he will furnish the elixir of life."

"I suppose he will do no hurt if he does you no good," said Harry, repeating an old saying

whose fallacy, in respect to the swallowing of medicine, has been proved thousands of times by bitter experience.

The old lady was right. Dr. Hanning was "powerful in roots and airbs." Such a jumble of sirups, and herb teas, and pepper gargles, and mustard plasters, Nellie had never supposed possible. The whole regiment of curatives was to be led off with a lobelia emetic, taken in one quart of composition tea. Harry's eyes twinkled roguishly as he listened to all this, and saw the old man sorting out barks of various kinds to be stewed down and put into rum for future use, but he maintained a becom-ing gravity.

"We have stock enough to set up in business for ourselves," remarked Nellie after the doctor had left, glancing, as she spoke, with much dis-gust on the littered table.

"I believe the emetic comes first," said Harry gravely. "How shall I prepare it?"

"Pooh! the idea is enough. I should be like the Irishman in the story. The emetic would n't stay on his stomach."

"Just smell of this, Nellie."

Harry had uncorked a huge black bottle, and a pungent, disagreeable odor began to fill the room.

"Don't bring it any nearer. Stop it up. Throw it out of the window. Ellen, Ellen," she called so loudly that the girl came hurrying into the room in great alarm, "here, take this bottle out to the pig-sty and empty it. Not into the sty, but back of it. It might kill the pig, poor thing!"

"This green stuff," pursued Harry, "is to be taken in milk half an hour before eating."

"Harry, if you have any pity, do help Ellen to clear away the whole concern."

"I will do it on one condition; that is, that you will not object to see a doctor of my selec-tion. I am going to town for Dr. Greylung."

"Dr. Greylung! Why, Harry, he will charge ten dollars for driving out here once."

"Can't help that. It will be a comfort to know that you have a doctor who knows some-thing. It will be cheaper than quackery in the end. Besides, he is a Homeopathist, and won't dose you to death."

Dr. Greylung came. A tall, pleasant-looking man, about forty years old, refined in manner, sensible of his own fame, and a firm believer in his own skill. He was not at all like any doctor that Nellie had seen, and he had an aristocratic air that made her afraid of him. He asked very few questions. Perhaps his acuteness in detecting disease rendered it unnecessary. He noticed that his patient was greatly emaciated;

he listened to her cough, counted her pulse, glanced at her tongue, ordered the usual two tumblers half full of water to be taken in alter-nate teaspoon doses every three hours, pocketed his fee and drove back to the city.

Harry did overtake him in the door-yard, and succeed in eliciting his opinion of the case.

"Mr. Dane, these cases can never be de-pended on. They are affected by climate, by individual temperament, and often by society. I should keep her quiet, and avoid all exposure to the changes of the weather. There's noth-ing more trying to weak lungs. With care I think she will live through the Winter. Good-morning."

And Dr. Greylung jumped into his handsome carriage as carelessly as if his lips had not pro-nounced a sentence of death.

"I wonder," said Harry angrily, as he stood by the gate looking after the great doctor, "I wonder that he did not say that on such a day, in such a month, poor Nellie was to be hanged by the neck till she was dead. Live through the Winter indeed!"

More than a dozen years afterward Harry hap-pened to meet Dr. Greylung again, and had the pleasure of assuring him that his prediction was quite correct; that Nellie did live through that Winter, and had fallen into a habit of living through all the Winters since.

Somewhat the aristocratic physician's prophecy did not dishearten him.

"Much he knows about it. The conceited jackass! Why, he hardly looked at her. I suppose he has got his reputation for wisdom by predicting the death of people, and then scaring them out of the world. Poor Nellie."

She was watching nervously for his return.

"What did he say, Harry? Is he coming again? He is going to shut me up for the Winter, is he not?"

"I should like to see him do that, little wo-man, when we have all of beautiful October before us. He did n't say any thing about coming again."

"He treated me exactly as if he thought there was nothing the matter. I suppose he is used to grave cases, and my cold seemed of no ac-count to him. But I wish, after all, that he had left a few directions. We paid him for a visit, Harry, and he was here only twenty minutes."

"Never mind. I saw him long enough to find out what you must do. In the first place you are to do just what you did after the treat-ment for spinal disease. You must gradually accustom yourself to the open air. When you get out of doors your appetite will come back, and you will grow strong."

Nellie looked eagerly through the window where the pleasant sunlight was flickering through the vine-leaves as yet untouched by the frost.

"O, Harry, it is such a charming day! Do you think I might venture?"

All that Harry had ever read upon hygiene resolved itself into one idea as he met her wistful look. This was the importance of breathing fresh air.

"Venture? I should think so. What is there to hinder if you wrap yourself warmly? I will have the pony at the door by the time you are ready. Do n't tire yourself before we start. I will send Ellen for your wraps."

Was there ever another drive so delicious as that? The clear, fresh air, just warm enough to be agreeable, the misty Autumn haze upon the still green woodlands, the brilliant golden rod and sumach that often bordered the roadside, and even the little star flowers that brightened the meadows, all seemed like a dream of beauty to the invalid.

Harry did not drive far enough to fatigue her.

"Short drives and frequent is a part of the new programme," he said, smiling at her childish eagerness to go farther.

"I wonder what Ellen will get for dinner," said Nellie. "The drive has made me hungry."

It had done more than that for her. It had broken up the monotony of sick home-life. It had inspired her with hope without which no medicine can avail to cure.

"Live through the Winter!" repeated Harry scornfully as he led the pony back to his stable. "What a simpleton that doctor is! And I paid him ten dollars to come out here and repeat such trash."

I am not writing this sketch to deprecate medical skill, or to decry doctors as a class. I have seen too many noble, self-sacrificing physicians to do that. But this is a truthful sketch, and I am only telling how Ellinor Dane became an invalid.

The drives were continued daily whenever the weather permitted. Walks in the garden and visits to old friends were soon enjoyed, and as the Winter came on with its snow and cutting winds, indoor recreations were substituted. Sometimes the south wind blew gently and permitted a short sleigh-ride, but Nellie was too delicate to brave the rougher north breezes.

Harry was full of courage.

"The Spring will soon be here," he said on every bitter, cold day. "And when the Summer comes we will go to New Hampshire, and just live out of doors."

He was still more inclined to scorn the doc-

tor's prophecy, when, right in the middle of the Winter, Nellie's obstinate cough began to wear off.

"It has cured itself," said Nellie. "I just 'made believe' that it did not exist, and it took itself off."

The village gossip in regard to Mrs. Dane's improved health was curious, to say the least.

"Seems to me that city doctor cured her in a hurry," said old Mrs. Bowen. "She was out riding as soon as he saw her."

"He did n't come but once," answered her neighbor. "They say he is very conscientious. Do n't go unless it is necessary."

"Of course he saw through Mrs. Dane at once. She's a clear bunch of fidgets. 'T would n't do to tell her husband so. He got awful mad when my Sarah Jane just hinted that she was a little out. She'd be as well as I am if he did n't humor her so—better; for I never see a well day. Well, I'm glad Sarah Jane did not marry him."

There were other neighbors, kind, charitable women, who sincerely sympathized with the young wife, and rejoiced in her evident improvement. It was strange that any one could have other than gentle feelings toward the patient and generally cheerful sufferer, or fail to welcome the symptoms of returning health. But some women are like the hens, who will tear off the feathers of a sick sister hen, and peck her to death if she does not get well in a hurry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OSTER AND FATHER MIGAULT.

A SKETCH.

ON one of the Dunkirk galleys lay an old man at the point of death. It was the venerable curé, Father Migault, who, for the crime of Protestantism, had been sentenced as a galley-slave. For years he had patiently endured, though gradually breaking down under his cruel burdens.

In order to reach a certain port with the utmost dispatch, there had just been one of those occasional pulls of twelve hours, so exhausting to the stoutest oarsmen. At these times they were not allowed to stop long enough even to swallow their miserable rations, the Comites now and then putting into their mouths pieces of bread dipped in wine. The crack of the whip, the shrieks of the victims, the terrible oaths of the Comites, and the shouts of the officers urging them on, presented a scene of unwonted horror.

In this protracted labor, under a hot August

sun, Father Migault's strength gave way. Angry at losing his services at such a moment, the Comite rained on him blows like hail till at length he fell in a swoon. As soon as the port was reached Ravenel, a young Christian fellow-sufferer, and Oster, a hardened wretch converted through his faithfulness, hastened to his assistance. Little, however, could be done except to restore him to consciousness, and to express their sympathy and affection.

After a few minutes, Oster fully aware of the peril they were incurring, insisted on Ravenel's return to his post, persuading him that he could better serve the old man alone. As he moistened those parched lips they faltered forth an entreaty that he would sing. The rough convict instantly commenced one of the sweet Huguenot songs he had learned of Ravenel. Just then the Comite passed along.

"What are you here for? Stop your infernal noise and back to your bench."

"Do n't you see the good man's dying? And I must stay here and try to ease his passage over Jordan."

"Over to purgatory, you mean," replied the Comite with a dreadful oath. "And we'll soon send you after him."

At the sound of that discordant voice Father Migault opened his eyes.

"He's away now," whispered Oster tenderly, "and your soul can depart in peace."

The old man looked upward, exclaiming:

"Glorious Savior! Come, Lord, come quickly."

One moment more and he had passed into the celestial city.

Oster folded those wasted hands, and then wiping his eyes with the back of his bronzed hand, returned to his bench, saying to Ravenel,

"The Lord take care of you, dear boy, for my summons will not be long delayed."

An hour had passed. The whistle had roused all hands, and the body of the martyr had been flung into the sea.

"The bastinado for Oster!" shouted the Comite.

A shudder ran round the deck, while Ravenel closed his eyes in silent prayer for his friend.

Being led forth the convict was stretched prostrate upon a plank, while two of his stout fellow-slaves held his arms pinioned, and two more his legs. Then a gigantic Turk approached, and with his utmost vigor applied the cowhide, with every lash bringing away a long strip of skin. Not a groan escaped the sufferer, but after a few blows he broke out in prayer:

"O Lord, give me strength to suffer for thee!"

Forgive my poor comrades; forgive all my sins, and take me to thyself."

"We'll soon stop his whining," interrupted the Comite, urging on the Turk to greater force.

But Oster prayed on: "Forgive my enemies! forgive the Comite for his cruelty, and teach him the blessed Gospel."

"The blessed cowhide shall teach you to shut your mouth."

With the twelfth stroke Oster lost the power of speech, but still the Comite goaded on the Turk.

"Faster! harder! let him smart!"

The savage executioner continued till the sweat rolled down his face, when he dropped the lash, exclaiming:

"I can not fetch another stroke!"

The Comite seized the dreadful instrument and dealt blow after blow till he too was exhausted, when, flinging down his whip, he said coolly:

"I think likely we've done for him now, though he had as many lives as a cat. Turn him over there."

He spoke the truth. The bloody instrument had opened for another saint the gates of paradise. The once hardened reprobate had gone to receive the martyr's crown.

"And I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

"Revered pastor! beloved Oster!" exclaimed Ravenel, with clasped hands, "your conflict is over, your victory won! God help me to endure till my turn comes!"

The mangled form found a resting-place in the deep waters, and Ravenel, with the peace of the Comforter in his soul, once more took up his cross and patiently went on his way.

THE STAR SIRIUS.

WHOEVER ventures abroad in clear Winter evenings can not fail to be struck with the impressive magnificence of the starry heavens. The eye of the observer is dazzled with the sparkling radiance of thousands of stars of various colors and magnitudes, which stud the vault of heaven on all sides. Among the celestial host may be seen the celebrated stars and groups mentioned long before the time of Homer. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in

his season?" "or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

Among these brilliant jewels of heaven, now visible for a while in wintery skies, is one of surpassing luster, and of great historic interest. The eye will readily select the Mazzaroth of Job, the Sothis of the old Egyptians, the Sirius of our own times. This peerless star lies eastward of Orion on the celestial sphere, and arrives at the meridian, at this season, about ten o'clock in the evening. One can not gaze long at this splendid star—glorious in its solitary grandeur—without having feelings of awe and admiration awakened in him. Its pure, silvery radiance seems to come from the depths inhabited by the *Æons*, a ray strayed from the eternal light of the universe.

Three thousand years before the Christian era Sirius rose heliacally, at the time of the Summer solstice, in the northern hemisphere. The coincidence was noted by the Egyptians, and they also noted the contemporaneous rise of the sacred Nile. These circumstances rendered Sirius an object of the highest interest among the Egyptians. They believed it to be the celestial abode of the soul of Isis, and it was an object of reverence and worship.* The time of its heliacal rising was chosen by them to mark the beginning of the civil year in their calendar. The most brilliant and conspicuous star in the heavens thus became the most important, in the Egyptian social, political, and religious systems.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact in its history is its change of color. At the time it bore so conspicuous a part in the institutions of Egypt, it was a fiery-red star, and so it was in the days of Ptolemy, a century after the birth of our Savior. It is now, and has been for ages, a pure white star, unsurpassed in this respect. When this change of color took place is unknown. It implies some mighty change in its physical constitution—a change for which no astronomer has yet ventured to assign a probable cause.

The ingenuity and skill of astronomers have been exercised to discover the magnitude and the distance of Sirius. Its distance from our globe is so remote that it is nearly outside the limit beyond which it is impossible to fathom the celestial spaces, and hence it is only approximately determined. Assuming its parallax to be fifteen hundredths of a second, the amount assigned it by astronomers, its distance from us would not be less than thirteen hundred thousand times the earth's distance from the sun. It would take its light more than twenty-two years to fly over this distance. It follows from

this that if Sirius had been destroyed or its light obscured in 1847, it would still be visible in the heavens.

At this assumed distance, Herschel estimates its intrinsic splendor at two hundred and twenty-five times that of the sun. Imagine our sun increased in this great ratio!

Within a few years this justly celebrated star has been an object of renewed scientific interest. Long ago Halley discovered that it was slowly wandering in the celestial spaces; that since the time of Hipparchus it had traversed a space in the celestial sphere equal to one apparent diameter of the moon. Bessel, a celebrated German astronomer, after a series of observations on Sirius, declared that its movement was not uniform, but irregular, and that its irregularities could only rationally be accounted for on the theory of its being a double star. As its duplicity could not be seen with any telescope, he concluded that the companion might be non-luminous. Several astronomers were attracted to the consideration of this mystery, and the labors of each only resulted in the confirmation of the suspicions of Bessel, without discovering the real cause.

Finally, early in 1862, Mr. Safford, of Cambridge, now director of the Chicago Observatory, undertook a mathematical discussion of these irregularities of Sirius in declination; and he arrived at the conclusion that the motion of Sirius in declination was not uniform, and that the want of uniformity was due to the presence of some invisible mass in the system of Sirius. Hardly had this announcement been publicly made, when Mr. Clark lifted his colossal achromatic telescope—still unfinished—to the skies, and pointing it to Sirius, detected at once the hitherto invisible disturber of its movements. Thus was the conjecture of Bessel and the prediction of Safford verified by actual observation. It was a triumph in magnitude and importance hardly inferior to the discovery of the planet Neptune.

THE sentence of toil and the promise of glory have issued from the same throne. Even our troubles here may make the material of enjoyments above the circumscription of the earth. All are agents in the restorative mercy of the great Disposer; all turn into discipline. The obstacles to knowledge, the struggles of the heart, the thousand roughnesses of the common path of man, are converted into the muscular force of the mind. We are but sowing in the Winter of our nature the seed which shall flourish in immortality.

BURIED TREASURES.

THE morning dawned drear, cold, and fraught with pain,
 When cruel Death
 Within my household band unbidden came
 With blighting breath.
 Beside my child he paused—alas ! O God !
 My gentle dove !
 Must my poor, shrinking heart pass 'neath the rod
 Of chastening love ?
 Beside her couch he stood, and gently said,
 "Sweet child, come home."
 She paler grew, and cold ; they called her dead ;
 My child—my own !
 Those eyes, once clear and bright, were sightless now ;
 And locks of gold
 Were clustered closely o'er the pure white brow,
 So icy cold !
 My precious gem ! O, it were sweet to keep
 This flow'ret fair ;
 And yet—and yet—the Shepherd loves his sheep :
 We need his care.
 Again I turned to take life's burden up—
 To do His will ;
 But O, there came once more that bitter cup ;
 My heart stood still !
 With anguish deep I saw Death's fatal sleep
 Steal o'er my child ;
 I knelt to pray—could only moan and weep
 With sobs wild !
 Father, may not this cup of woe pass by ?
 I loved him so ;
 How can I see another darling die ?
 How let him go !
 How bright the hopes I planned for future years,
 My boy, for thee !
 Yet naught is left me now but bitter tears
 Of agony !
 Why murmur thus ? My Father, this I know ;
 Thou yet canst fill
 Our hearts with comfort sweet ; do thou bestow
 This kindness still.
 Two little treasures beneath the green sod
 Now calmly rest ;
 Two spotless souls, ascended to our God,
 Are sweetly blest ;
 Two precious darlings wait for us in heaven,
 Two angels fair ;
 O, Father, grant these jewels to thee given,
 May guide us there !

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

THE moonbeams glide from their home to-night,
 To deck thy breast with pearly light ;
 So cold, so calm they shimmer and shine,
 But bring no rest to this soul of mine,
 Beautiful snow.

It wanders forth through the bitter air,
 With shiver, shudder, moaning prayer,
 Past woodland, meadow, and frozen rill,
 With yearning pain it can not still,
 Beautiful snow,

To a little grave. Thy silvery sheer
 O'erspreads the myrtle's twining green,
 While through the wind-harp's mystical thrill
 There breathes a solemn shiv'ring chill,
 Beautiful snow.

Vainly is wreathed thy mantle so fair ;
 It gives no warmth to the sleeper there ;
 Vainly the moonbeams shimmer and shine ;
 They bring no light to this soul of mine,
 Beautiful snow,

Till it soars on wings of faith and trust,
 From mold'ring form of precious dust,
 Where spotless spirits sing and shine,
 Arrayed in robes as pure as thine,
 Beautiful snow.

For there thy presence, cold and still,
 Ne'er chills the flowers nor checks the rill,
 And 'mid the moonbeams' shimmer and shine,
 Sweet rest steals over this soul of mine,
 Beautiful snow.

DEATH AND THE HEART.

I woo thee, Death !
 Come to my weary heart and troubled breast,
 Still its wild throbings into dreamless rest ;
 Lay thy cold fingers on my aching brow ;
 O, holy Death ! man's truest friend art thou.

Come, gentle Death !
 Lift from my heart its load of woe and care ;
 Bear my sad soul from suffering and despair ;
 Close to thy bosom clasp my storm-tossed heart,
 Quickly, O Death ! I weary to depart.

O, holy Death !
 Fairest of gifts to suffering mortals given !
 Ope to my gaze the golden courts of heaven ;
 Lift my worn spirit from this world of care,
 O, lovely Death ! the fairest of the fair !

Hush, fretful heart !
 Peace is for those who in life's fray have won,
 Not those who faint the battle scarce begun :
 What though dark clouds thine earthly sun obscure ?
 Thus shalt thou learn life's lesson—to endure.

O, foolish heart !
 Death is the friend of those who bravely toil,
 Keep their soul's garment pure from spot or soil ;
 They who have battled in the cause of right—
 Held fast the truth amid the world's despite.

Thou coward heart !
 Gird up thy loins—prepare thee for the fight—
 Fare forth to battle for the true and right ;
 Life's duty done, thy wearied eyes shall close :
 Thus shalt thou triumph over all thy foes.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"BEHOLD, a certain lawyer stood up"—in all likelihood within some synagogue upon a Sabbath day. In rising to put a question to Jesus, he was guilty of no impudent intrusion. Jesus had assumed the office of a public teacher, and it was by questions put and answered that this office was ordinarily discharged. This lawyer "stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" His object might have been to perplex and entangle—to involve Christ in a difficulty from which he perceived or hoped that he would be unable to extricate himself. Questions of this kind were often put to Jesus, their very character and construction betraying their intent. But the question of this lawyer is not one of this nature. Something more than a mere idle curiosity, or a desire to test the extent of Christ's capacity or knowledge, appears to have prompted it. It is not presented in the bare abstract form. It is not "Master, what should be done that eternal life be inherited?" but, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" It looks as if it came from one feeling, a true, deep, and personal interest in the inquiry.

The manner in which our Lord entertained it confirms this impression. Questions of many kinds from many quarters were addressed to Jesus. With one or two memorable exceptions they were all answered, but in different ways; whenever any insidious and sinister purpose lay concealed beneath apparent homage, the answer was always such as to show that the latent guile lay open as day to his eye. But there is nothing of that description here. In the first instance, indeed, He will make the questioner go as far as he can in answering his own question; he will tempt—that is, try or prove him in turn. Knowing that he is a scribe well instructed in the law, he will throw him back upon his own knowledge. Before saying any thing about eternal life, or the manner of inheritance, Jesus says, "What is written in the law? how readest thou?" It is altogether remarkable that in answer to a question so very general as this—one which admitted of such various replies—this man should at once have laid his hand upon two texts, standing far apart from each other—the first occurring early in Deuteronomy, the second far on in Leviticus—texts having no connection with each other in the outer form or letter of the law, to which no peculiar or pre-eminent position is there assigned, which are no where brought into juxtaposition, nor are quoted as if, when brought together, they formed

a summary or compound of the whole; the two very texts, in fact, which, on an after occasion, in answer to another scribe, our Lord himself cited as the two upon which all the law and the prophets hung. The man who, overlooking the whole mass of ceremonial or ritualistic ordinances as being of altogether inferior consideration, not once to be taken into account when the question was one as to a man's inheriting eternal life, who so readily and so confidently selected these two commandments as containing the sum and substance of the whole, gave good proof how true his reading of the law was. "And Jesus said unto him, thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live." Take but thine own right reading of the law, fulfill aright those two great precepts, love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, love thy neighbor as thyself, and thou shalt live; live in loving and in serving, or if thou reachest not in this way the life thou aimest at, thou wilt at least, by thy very failure, be taught to look away from the precepts to the promises, and so be led to the true source and fountain of eternal life in the free grace of the Father through me the Son.

Trying to escape from the awkward position of one out of whose own lips so simple and satisfactory a reply to his own question had been extracted—desiring to justify himself for still appearing as a questioner, by showing that there was yet something about which there remained a doubt—he said to Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?" We may fairly assume that one so well-read as this man was as to the true meaning of the law, was equally well-read as to the popular belief and practice regarding it. He knew what interpretation was popularly put on the expression, "thy neighbor," which stood embodied in the practice of his countrymen. He knew with what supercilious contempt they looked down upon the whole Gentile world around them—calling them the "uncircumcised," the "dogs," the "polluted," the "unclean"—with what a double contempt they regarded the Samaritans living by their side. He knew that it was no part of the popular belief to regard a Samaritan as a neighbor. So far from this, the Jew would have no dealings with him, cursed him publicly in his synagogue, would not receive his testimony in a court of justice, prayed that he might have no portion in the resurrection. He knew all this—had himself been brought up to this belief and practice. But he was not satisfied with it. Along with that fine instinct of the understanding which had enabled him to extract the pure and simple essence out of the great body of the Jewish code, there was that finer instinct of the heart

which taught him that it was within too narrow bounds that the love to our neighbor had been limited. He saw and felt that these bonds should be widened; but how far? upon what principle, and to what extent? Anxious to know this he says, "And who is my neighbor?"

Christ answers by what we take to be the recital of an incident that had actually occurred.

A fictitious story—a parable invented for the occasion—would not so fully have answered the purpose he had in view. A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. We are not told who or what he was; but the conditions and object of the narrative require that he was a Jew. The road from Jerusalem to Jericho—though short, and at certain seasons of the year



FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.

much frequented—was yet lonely and perilous to the last degree, especially to a single and undefended traveler. It passes through the heart of the eastern division of the wilderness of Judea, and runs for a considerable space along the abrupt and winding sides of a deep and rocky ravine, offering the greatest facilities for concealment and attack.

From the number of robberies and murders

committed in it, Jews of old called it "the Bloody Road," and it retains its character still. We traveled it, guarded by a dozen Arabs, who told, by the way, of an English party that the year before had been attacked, and plundered, and stripped, and we were kept in constant alarm by the scouts sent out beforehand announcing the distant sight of dangerous-looking Bedouins. All the way from Bethany to the

plain of the Jordan is utter solitude—one single ruin, of what had been perhaps the very inn to which the wounded Jew was carried, being the only sign of human habitation that meets the eye. Somewhere along this road the solitary traveler, of whom Jesus speaks, is attacked. Perhaps he carries his all along with him, and, unwilling to part with it, stands upon his defense, wishing to sell life and property as dearly as he can. Perhaps he carries but little—nothing that the thievish band into whose hands he falls much value. Whether it is that a struggle has taken place, or that exasperation at disappointment whets their wrath, the robbers of the wilderness strip their victim of his raiment, wound him, and leave him there half dead.

As he lies in that condition on the roadside, first a Priest and then a Levite approaches. A single glance is sufficient for the Priest; the Levite stops, and takes a longer, steadier look. The effect in either case is the same—abhorrence and aversion. As men actuated by some other sentiment beyond that of mere insensibility, they shrink back, putting as great a distance as they can between them and the poor, naked, wounded man; as if there were pollution in proximity—as if the very air around the man were infected—as if to go near him, much more to touch, to lift, to handle him, were to be defiled.

To what are we to attribute this? To sheer indifference—to stony-hearted inhumanity? That might explain their passing without a feeling of sympathy excited or a hand of help held out, but it will not explain the quick and sensitive recoil—the passing by on the other side. Is it, then, the bare horror of the sight that drives them back? If there be something to excite horror, surely there is more to move pity. That naked, quivering body, those gaping, bleeding wounds, the pale and speechless lips, the eyes so dull and heavy with pain, yet sending out such imploring looks—where is the human heart, left free to its own spontaneous actings, they could fail to touch? But these men's hearts—the hearts of the Priest and Levite—are not left thus free: not that their hearts are destitute of the common sympathies of our nature—not that their breasts are steeled against every form and kind of human woe—not that, in other circumstances, they would see a wounded, half-dead neighbor lying, and leave him unpitied and unhelped. No! but because their hearts—as tender, it may have been, by nature as those of others—have been trained in the school of national and religious bigotry, and have been taught there, not the lesson of sheer and downright inhumanity, but of that narrow exclusive-

ness which would limit all their sympathies and all their aid to those of their own country and their own faith.

The Priest and the Levite have been up at Jerusalem, discharging, in their turn, their offices in the Temple. They have got quickened afresh there all the prejudices of their calling; they are returning to Jericho, with all their prejudices strong within their breasts; they see the sad sight by the way; they pause a moment to contemplate it. Had it been a brother Priest, a brother Levite, a brother Jew that lay in that piteous plight, none readier to help than they; but he is naked, there is nothing on him or about him to tell who or what he is—he is speechless, and can say nothing for himself. He may be a hated Edomite, he may be a vile Samaritan, for aught that they can tell. The possibility of this is enough. Touch, handle, help such a man! they might be doing thereby a far greater outrage to their Jewish prejudices than they did to the mere sentiment of indiscriminate pity by passing him by, and so they leave him as they find him, in haste to get past the dangerous neighborhood, to congratulate themselves on the wonderful escape they had made—for the wounds of the poor wretch were fresh, and bleeding freely—it could have been but shortly before they came up that the catastrophe had occurred; had they started but an hour or two earlier from Jerusalem his fate might have been theirs. Glad at their own good fortune, they hurry on, finding many an excuse besides the real one for their neglect.

How then are we exactly to characterize their conduct? It was a triumph of prejudice over humanity—the very kind of error and of crime against which Jesus wished to guard the inquiring lawyer. And it was at once with singular fidelity to nature, and the strictest pertinence to the question with which he was dealing, and to the occasion that called it forth, that it was in the conduct of a Priest and of a Levite that this triumph stood displayed—for were they not the fittest types and representatives of that malign and sinister influence which their religion misunderstood and misapplied, had exerted over the common sympathies of humanity? Had they read aright their own old Hebrew code, it would have taught them quite a different lesson. Its broad and genial humanity is one of the marked attributes by which, as compared with that of every other religion then existing, theirs was distinguished. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," was the motto which its great Author had inscribed upon its forehead. Its weightier matters were judgment and mercy, and faith and love. It had taken the stranger under its special

and benignant protection. Twice over it had proclaimed, "Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or thy brother's ox fall down by the way and hide thyself from them—thou shalt surely help him to lift them up again." And was a man not much better than an ass or an ox? And should not this Priest and Levite—had they read aright their own Jewish law—have

lifted up again their prostrate, bleeding brother? But they had misread that law. They had misconceived and perverted that segregation from all the other communities of the earth which it had taught the Jewish people to cultivate. Instead of seeing in this temporary isolation the means of distributing the blessings of the Messiah's kingdom wide over all the earth,



"Gently lifting the body up, and placing it on his own beast, he moved with gentle pace away."

they had regarded it as raising them to a position of prideful superiority from which they might say to every other nation, "Stand back, for we are holier than you." And once perverted thus, the whole strength of their religious faith went to intensify the spirit of nationality and inflame it into a passion, within whose close and sultry atmosphere the lights even of com-

mon human kindness were extinguished. It was in a Priest and in a Levite that we should expect to see this spirit carried out to its extreme degree, as it has been always in the priestly caste that the fanatical piety which has trampled under foot the kindest sentiments of humanity has always shown itself in its darkest and most repulsive form.

After the Priest and Levite have gone by, a certain Samaritan approaches. He, too, is arrested. He, too, turns aside to look upon this pitiable spectacle. For aught that he can tell, this naked, wounded man may be a Jew. There were many Jews, and but few Samaritans traveling ordinarily by this road. The chances were a thousand to one that he was a Jew. And this Samaritan must have shared in the common feelings of his people toward the Jews—hated repaying hatred. But he thinks not of distinction of race or faith. The sight before him of a human being—a brother man in the extremity of distress—swallows up all such thoughts. As soon as he sees him he has compassion on him. He alights—strips off a portion of his own raiment—brings out the oil and the wine that he

had provided for his own comfort by the way—tenderly binds up the wounds—gently lifts the body up and places it on his own beast—moves with such gentle pace away as shall least exacerbate the recent wounds. Intent upon his task, he forgets his own affairs—forgets the danger of lingering so long in such a neighborhood—is not satisfied till he reaches the inn by the roadside.

Having done so much, he may leave him now? Not so, he can not part from him till he sees what a night's rest will do. The morning sees his rescued brother better. Now he may depart. Yes, but not till he has done all he can to secure it that he be properly waited on till all danger is over. He may be a humane enough man, the keeper of this inn, but it will be days



"When I come again, I will repay thee."

before the sufferer can safely travel, and it may not be safe or wise to count upon the continuance of his kindness. The Samaritan gives the innkeeper enough to keep his guest for six or seven days, and tells him that whatever more he spends will be repaid. Having thus done all that the most thoughtful kindness could suggest to promote and secure recovery, he goes to bid his rescued brother farewell. Perhaps the good Samaritan leaves him in utter ignorance of who or what he was. Perhaps those pale and trembling lips are still unable to articulate his thanks—but that parting look in which a heart's whole swelling gratitude goes out—it goes with him and kindles a strange joy in his heart. He never saw the sun look half so bright—he never saw the plain of Jordan look half so fair—a happier man than he never

trod the road to Jericho. True he had lost a day, but he had saved a brother; and while many a time in after life the look of that stark and bleeding body as he first saw it lying on the roadside would come to haunt his fancy—ever behind it would there come that look of love and gratitude to chase the spectral form away and fill his heart with light and joy.

Here too is a triumph, but one not of prejudice over humanity, but of humanity over prejudice. For it were idle to think that it was because of any superiority over the Priest and the Levite in his abstract ideas of the sphere of neighborhood, and of the claims involved in simple participation of humanity, that this Samaritan acted as he did. No, it was simply because he obeyed the impulses of a kind and loving heart, and that these were strong enough to lift him above

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all those prejudices of tribe, and caste, and faith, to which he equally with the Jew was liable.

And was there not good reason for it, that in the records of our Christian faith, in the teachings of its Divine Author, one solemn warning of this kind should be lifted up—one illustrious example of this kind should be exhibited? Our Redeemer came to establish another and closer bond of brotherhood than the earth before had known, to knit all true believers in the pure and holy fellowship of a common faith, a common hope, a common heirship of eternal life through Him. But He would have us from the beginning know that this bond, so new, so sacred, so divine, was never meant to thwart or violate that other broader universal tie that binds the whole family of our race together, that makes each man the neighbor of every other man that tenants this earthly globe.

Christianity, like Judaism, has been perverted—perverted so as seriously to interfere with, sometimes almost entirely to quench, the sentiment of a universal philanthropy; but it has been so only when its true genius and spirit have been misapprehended; for of all influences that have ever descended upon our earth, none has ever done so much to break down the walls of separation, that differences of country, language, race, religion, have raised between man and man, and to diffuse the spirit of that brotherly love which overleaps all these temporary and artificial fences and boundary lines—which, subject to no law of limits, is a law itself—which, like the air and light of heaven, diffuses itself every-where around over the broad field of humanity—tempering all, uniting all, brightening all, smoothing asperities, harmonizing discords, pouring a healing balm into all the rankling sores of life.

“Which now of the three,” said Jesus to the lawyer, “was neighbor to him that fell among the thieves?”

Ashamed to say plainly the Samaritan, yet unwilling or unable to exhibit any hesitation in his reply, he said, “He that showed mercy on him.” Then said Jesus unto him, “Go, and do thou likewise.” It is not “Listen and applaud,” it is “Go and do.” If there be any thing above another that distinguishes the conduct of the Good Samaritan, it is its thoroughly practical character. He wasted no needless sympathy, he shed no idle tears. There are wounds that may be dressed, he puts forth his own hand immediately to the dressing of them. There is a life that may be saved, he sets himself to use every method by which it may be saved. He gives more than time, more than money, he gives personal service. And that is the true

human charity that shows itself in prompt, efficient, self-forgetful, self-sacrificing help. You can get many soft, susceptible, sentimental spirits to weep over any scene or tale of woe. But it is not those who will weep the readiest over the sorrow who will do the most to relieve it. Sympathy has its own selfishness; there is a luxury in the tears that it loves idly to indulge. Tears will fill the eye—should fill the eye—but the hand of active help will brush them away, that the eye may see more clearly what the hand has to do. Millions have heard or read the tale of the Good Samaritan. Their eyes have glistened, and their hearts have been all aglow in approving, applauding sympathy; but of all these millions, how many are there who imitate the example given, who have given a day from their business to a suffering brother, who have waited by the sick, and with their own hand have ministered to his wants?

The beauty and force of that special lesson which the story of the Good Samaritan was intended to convey is mightily enhanced as we remember how recently our Lord himself had suffered from the intolerance of the Samaritans; but a few days before, we know not how few, having been refused entrance into one of their villages. He then gave himself an exhibition of the very virtue He designed to inculcate. But why speak of this as any single minor act of universal love to mankind on his part? Was not his life and death but one continuous manifestation of that love? Yes, bright as that single act of the Good Samaritan shines in the annals of human kindness, all its brightness fades away in the full blaze of that love of Jesus, which saw not a single traveler, but our whole race, cast forth naked, bleeding, dying, and gave not a day of his time, nor a portion of his raiment, but a whole lifetime of service and of suffering that they might not perish, but have everlasting life.

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TRUTH could not be itself, if it were not always of a piece. Its sublime self-consistency is its charm and its beauty. The least variance with itself in any of its parts would *untruth* it. We would as soon look for darkness from light, heat from cold, music from discord, or happiness from guilt, as to see truth self-opposed or inharmonious. Its consistency is its diadem. Lord Shaftesbury justly observes: “The most natural beauty in the world is moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of the face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.”

SCHILLER'S RELATION TO CHRISTIANITY.

WITH all our recognition of Schiller and admiration of his genius, we ask, "What was his relation to Christianity? What is his position in the historical development of evangelical Protestantism?" In order to answer these questions we must look at his early training and later writings. Schiller was born 1759, and trained in Würtemberg, a land where the ancestral Christianity was still deeply rooted. In his day we find the same custom of morning and evening devotion that existed in the parental home of Herder. Schiller's sister relates that the father stately read the morning and evening prayers in the family circle, and when Schiller was yet a boy he listened to them with great devotion. Even when he was an older scholar he never retired to bed without his evening prayer, which he offered in silence, though he was imbibed toward the mere exterior form, remarking that "he did not need any brawling." Paul Gerhard's hymns were among his favorite ones.

The family having settled in Lorch, the pastor of the place, Philip Ulrich Moser, to whom Schiller afterward erected a monument in his "Robbers," exerted a decidedly moral and religious influence upon the lad. So much was this the fact that Schiller was some time pondering the thought of studying theology. But the plan was frustrated, in 1773, by his entering the ducal military school, which had no regard for future theologians. Nor was the institution in any wise calculated to promote the religious development of his character. He was not, however, devoid of religious devotions when in solitude, or afterward in the Carolinian school at Stuttgart. They came to him in abundance, as formerly to Frederic the Great, in the shape of military exercises formally required of him. Happily the early impressions of pious training were not without their influence upon Schiller. He still occupied himself, with much pleasure, with the Bible, particularly with the Psalms and Prophets. He often poured out his heart in prayer, and even conducted social religious services. Spiritual poetry was still his chief pleasure, and thus early his youthful imagination expressed itself in his *Moses*, a counterpart to Klopstock's *Messiah*. The clerical profession continued his ideal, and he could think of nothing more exalted than to announce from a consecrated place heavenly truths to a needy people. No one can read without emotion his *Sunday Morning Thoughts* in the year 1777, which a later hand has preserved for us. They

resound with his doubt concerning faith in such a way that we can not but admire the desire for truth which animated the young thinker.

But doubt, fostered by the philosophy of Voltaire, whose writings Schiller became acquainted with when fifteen years old, afterward continued to gain the upper hand; but where it expressed itself it was "a doubt full of the holy seriousness and depth of a soul panting after truth"—something more akin to the sentiment of Rousseau than of Voltaire. His anguish is openly expressed in his philosophical letters, *Julius to Raphael*, which he wrote somewhat later. "Happy time," says he, "when, with vailed eyes, I reeled through life like a drunken man. I felt, and I was happy. Raphael has taught me to think, and I am now ready to lament my own creation. You have stolen my faith that gave me peace. You have taught me to despise what I once revered. A thousand things were very venerable to me before your sorry wisdom stripped me of them. I saw a multitude of people going to Church; I heard their earnest worship as they united in fraternal prayer; I cried aloud: 'That truth must be divine which the best of men profess, which conquers so triumphantly and consoles so sweetly!' Your cold reason has quenched my enthusiasm. 'Believe no one,' you said, 'but your reason; there is nothing more holy than truth.' I listened, and offered up all my opinions. My reason is now become every thing to me; it is my only guarantee for divinity, virtue, and immortality. Woe unto me henceforth if I come in conflict with this sole security!"

It was in this period of frenzy, as is well known, that Schiller published his "Robbers." But it is remarkable that, in this aesthetic and morally disappointing piece, amid the abortions of an unrestrained imagination, the venerable and honored Christian faith as it existed in Würtemberg appears as the foil on which human corruption is reflected in its most repulsive caricatures. And is it not surprising that, in the preface to this performance, Schiller justifies the selection and treatment of his material by assuring us that he wishes to represent that active, intellectual sentiment which deviates from religion and Christianity? "It is now the great taste," says he, "so to allow wit free play at the expense of religion, that one has no adaptation to genius who does not permit his godless satire to bustle about among the holiest truths of religion. The noble simplicity of the Scriptures must be ill-treated and turned into ridicule in the daily assemblage of the so-called witty-heads; for what is so holy and serious that, if it become perverted, it can not be made

ridiculous? I can hope that I have inflicted no base revenge upon religion and true morality, when I hand over these despisers of the Scriptures to the world's contempt in the person of my most wicked robbers. However, he presents in this same piece, in the character of Pastor Moser, the picture of a worthy orthodox, and Kantian rationalistic minister, as his ideal of a preacher. It is remarkable that, with but slight exceptions, this is the last favorable description of a minister in Schiller's works. We find him almost every-where giving vent to clerical hate, which easily tends to a hatred of all ecclesiasticism and positive religion. As in the "Robbers" he personified his ideal of a religious teacher in his revered Moser, so does his recollection of another of his religious instructors, Dean Zilling, who had confirmed him, and who was subsequently decried by the people as a "Lutheran Pope," seem to have influenced him in his later opinions of the Church, priesthood, and of that positive religion which, in his opinion, was inseparable from those excrescences. His ill-temper that he manifested toward many of his contemporaries increased his unfairness toward Christianity in general. He could not affiliate with the wanton scoffs of Voltaire, but felt drawn toward Rousseau, who "gets his men from Christians."

And here, again, we find a humanity that towers above Christianity, and even dispenses with it. But that cheap philosophy of utility, which only lives at peace with one's neighbor, was not attractive to our poet. He aimed at a higher ideal, one that lay above the sphere of every historical religion. But, as to sound religion, he assures us that he does not adopt any one form of all he is acquainted with; and it is from this view, which rejects history and tradition, that he could write to Goethe in 1797: "I must confess that I entertain such a decided disbelief in the Biblical record that your doubts concerning a single event seem very reasonable. To me the Bible is true only where it is clear; but in all the passages that are written with circumstantial conciseness, I am afraid of a design and a later origin." It was, therefore, the greatest distrust toward every historical communication, and the supposition of an intentional priestly deception, or some similar device, which destroyed his attachment to the Bible. It was only what was clear that had a charm for the poet, and even this was meager enough. Schiller manifested only a slight and passing taste for that grandeur of Biblical poetry which Herder knew how to appreciate. The ideals of beauty which Schiller possessed were rooted only in the Grecian world. No wonder that he

could not become personally attached to Herder, with whom he stood in such close relations at Weimar.

While Schiller, in most of his writings, only occasionally resorted to religious and theological materials, we have, on the other hand, in his treatise on the Mission of Moses, which he prepared during his pre-Kantian period, an attempt at theological authorship. In this production there is a very perceptible rationalistic tendency, on the one hand, to resolve the miraculous, as related in the Scriptures and impressed upon the imagination, into what is natural and clear to the understanding; and, on the other, to take out Providence, which is visible in the control of human destiny and the conduct of circumstances, as one would release the germ from the shell that contains it. Schiller also acknowledged in the history of Moses the great hand of Providence, "but not of that Providence which intermeddles in the economy of nature by the powerful means of miracles, but of that one which has prescribed such an economy to nature itself that it may accomplish extraordinary things in the most quiet way." He assumed that Moses was initiated into the Egyptian mysteries, and that he had arrived at the knowledge of the one God; but that he did not convert these views of the one God into an empty, abstract theory, but united them with the idea of the Hebrew national god, though Moses was not content to make this national god the most powerful of all gods. He made him the only God, and hurled all other gods into their proper nonentity.

The correct portion of Schiller's idea is, that in the Old Testament the Creator of heaven and earth seems at the same time to be the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and that in this very connection of the monotheistic and universal with the national consists the peculiar religious strength of the Mosaic and Old Testament religion in general. But the erroneous part of Schiller's portraiture is, that he represents as a work of shrewd human calculation and device that which, according to the Christian view, is the work of the Divine training of man.

We are pleased to learn that Schiller, in his treatise on the Study of History, utters his Protestant sentiments, and with a certain degree of pride "he speaks to Protestant Christians." "The Christian religion," he says, "has so multiform a share in the present shape of the world that its appearance is the most important event in the history of the world." He only adds, by way of qualification, "that neither in the time when Christianity came, nor in the

people to whom it was communicated, is there a satisfactory ground for explaining its appearance," and, as he thinks, from sheer lack of historical sources. Here, again, philosophy, and a philosophical and pragmatic disposition of history, must supply the want and study of the sources. Philosophy must first unite the fragments into a whole, and explain the relation of the material at hand to that whole.

Christianity, therefore, is even to Schiller the most important fact in the world's history. But if he alone is able to understand thoroughly the historical position of Christianity as a power to save the world, who has a clear view of the nature of sin and its historical ramifications, then Schiller has misconceived Christianity. He considers the very beginnings of human history, in his treatise on this subject, from a point of view which claims that the first transgression of the Divine law, according to the Mosaic account, is not a misfortune but a blessing. With the old Gnostics he perceives no fall in the fall of man, but an elevation of the human race to moral independence, an awakening from the dream-life of childhood to true consciousness. Thus Christianity is not to him a restoration, but a developing force in the progress of mankind to humanity.

If we examine Schiller's poems closely we shall certainly very soon agree that the epithet Christian would hardly designate their import, and still less can we here seek spiritual songs. It has been charged against him that, with the exception of the youthful poem found among his posthumous writings, he did not compose spiritual hymns; but such a charge is hardly just. The composition of a hymn is not at all an affair of the individual; the impulse must lie in the times. But no where was this impulse less present than in Schiller's age. We would thank him but little if, merely to exempt himself, he had patched together a few spiritual verses, and then, in all the rest, had shown himself merely as a secular poet, which was the case with Uz, Gunther, and others. Schiller's poetry proceeded from his inmost soul, and was the full expression of his sentiment. All his poems contained truth, though often only subjective truth. He was violently opposed to the appearance of hypocrisy. So long as he himself breathed the old vital air of Christianity, he could succeed in such a song as the one already mentioned; he could have done the same thing in a better way subsequently, as far as talents are concerned, but he could not have done it without contradicting himself, and without making sport of the most sacred things—a deed which Schiller would not commit. Let us, there-

fore, honor this feeling, and it, and not our wishes, must be our standard in judging the poet. Meanwhile, we can not bear too carefully in mind that there lies a great, broad field between what is not Christian in the narrowest sense, and the unchristian and antichristian; and while we would not be too liberal in using the term Christian, nor would admit that morality in itself is Christianity—in which lay just the error of rationalism—we would nevertheless confess that, where we meet with a proper moral sentiment, we find safe connecting points for Christianity, or, at least, that a prime obstacle is removed toward our arrival at Christianity.

Therefore, what we first meet with in Schiller's poems as worthy of recognition, even from a Christian standpoint, is, if we except a few extravagant excrescences, the moral dignity and purity pervading the most of them. Schiller has lifted poetry from the filth of sensuousness, into which it threatened to sink by the imitation of foreign models, to the pure sphere of the ideal. Should we not, as Christians, thank him for this? He who walks with Schiller rises, perhaps, with him to giddy heights, and past dangerous chasms and abysses, but he does not walk in darkness, nor in thick mud, but always with his gaze directed toward the sun, though that sun may sometimes be concealed behind the black storm-clouds of anxious doubt and hazardous error. It is upon such a dreadful peak, just on the brink of a precipice, that we hear his resignation; and from the hight of this extravagant and unpractical view of life he looks yearningly back upon the old land of Grecian fable, and, though in the midst of the Christian world, he wishes back the gods of Greece. But in his storm-tossed breast there beats a noble heart which struggles after God; and, as for the gods of Greece, it is not true Christianity, but the soulless and abstract theology which has banished the living God from the world, and has changed every thing into dead natural forces, against which he directs his poem. Even when Schiller, in his *Words of Fancy*, seems to despair of all truth, when he declares that the truth never appears to the "earthly understanding," and when he calls it only an "advising and thinking" to which we bring it, he has in mind more that dead wisdom of formulas which imagines that it can imprison the spirit in a "sounding word," whether we call it orthodoxy or a philosophical system; but he nevertheless desires to preserve heavenly faith. "What no ear has heard, and what no eyes have seen—the beautiful and the true—is not beyond thee, where the fool seeks it, but within thee, and thou bringest it forth eternally." And thus he

speaks in his poem on the Commencement of the New Century:

"To the still holy depths of the heart,
Must thou flee from life's busy throng;
Only in dreams has freedom her realm,
And beauty blooms only in song."

This withdrawal of Schiller into the inward world was only in common with many noble minds, who, roughly touched by the external world and its stiff morality, fled to the quiet home of their own spirit. We honor the beauty and grandeur of this feeling, but we should not ignore its danger. Retiring within one's self can easily awaken pride and false complacency, which are never truly contented, and seek to indemnify themselves by the contempt of others. The morbid element in Schiller's tendency, which communicated itself to the greater portion of his contemporaries, is that excessive ideality which soars above us, as though belonging to the future, and unattainable in its great height, and to which we can only rise by the highest efforts of the imagination, while Christianity adheres closely to the transpired and historical realization of the ideal in relation to religion and morality. From this realization the further transformation of humanity to the divine shall be made possible, though not by a highly poetical or speculative flight of thought, but through the modest path of humble waiting and struggling. Schiller thus appeals to his friends:

"In life all things are repeated,
But eternally young is the mind;
What is not, and never can be,
Is the only young thing you can find."

But Christianity answers: "There certainly has been a place and a time when the saving grace of God appeared to all men; 'we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.'" This never grows old; and ever since the days of its origin eternal youth has proceeded from the spirit of the new birth to the world. Schiller, at other times, when he descended from the ideal height to the vale where men lived, knew how to appreciate the power of Christianity, as a present reality, over the human soul:

"Religion of the cross, thou blend'st as in a single flower,
The twofold branches of the palm—humility and power."

It is thus that he exclaims in his Knights of St. John. And he does not speak from the depths of a Christian consciousness in rigid antithesis to an intelligence which makes every thing clear, as to a proud idealism of the reason, when he says, in the Words of Faith:

"The child-like soul employs in simple guise,
What is but boldest folly to the wise."

A beautiful apology for Christianity lies in these very words. Our Lord accepts them himself when he says: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself;" and, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" and, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." That the cause of human unhappiness does not rest with God, as the poem on resignation seems to hold, but with man himself, is pronounced by Schiller in his Bride of Messina, in the words:

"The world is perfect every-where,
Where man takes not his grief."

Also in the earnest, tragical conclusion:

"One truth revealed
Speaks in my breast; no good supreme is life;
But, of all earthly ills, the chief is—guilt."

Schiller opens before our eyes the wounds and the gaps made by guilt, and allows us to look down into the depths of sin, but, at the same time, without leading us to the height from which the obligation is nullified, from which the balm flows in the wounds.

Yet, though Schiller did not penetrate the very essence of Christianity, which he often alludes to longingly, its hopes were not foreign to him. "Even at the grave he plants hope." It seems as if we were listening to Klopstock when we read, in the Song of the Bells:

"Ah, seeds, how dearer far than they
We bury in the dismal tomb,
Where hope and sorrow bend to pray,
That suns beyond the realm of day
May warm them into bloom!"

"These words," says Gustavus Schwab, "by which the poet has conquered so many thousands of hearts, are the utterance of the sorrowing and hoping son and brother. Are they irreconcilable with the truth? Are they a lie and deception of fancy? Then is the Christianity of the Bible an invention for fools, as has been said plainly enough, both formerly and latterly."

Of course Schiller had his seasons when his view of the future was dark, and when he regarded the hope of personal duration as one of the supports needed by only the moral weakling; but yet it seems that when the poet inflicted wounds upon his own heart, he willingly leaned upon the same support which even rationalism has boldly maintained as an essential prop of all religion, and which its great master, Kant, reckoned among the requirements of practical reason. As already remarked, Schiller, in his later years, deviated steadily from the

Kantian philosophy, and plunged into poetry as his proper sphere of life. And though he did not seek by it to gain any thing for Christianity, yet he acquired a more candid view of the nature of religious revelation, or at least an immediate sphere lying beyond what is intelligible to the reason—a sphere of believing and longing perception, in which poetry and religion meet. In his poem, *The Artists*, written in 1789, we read :

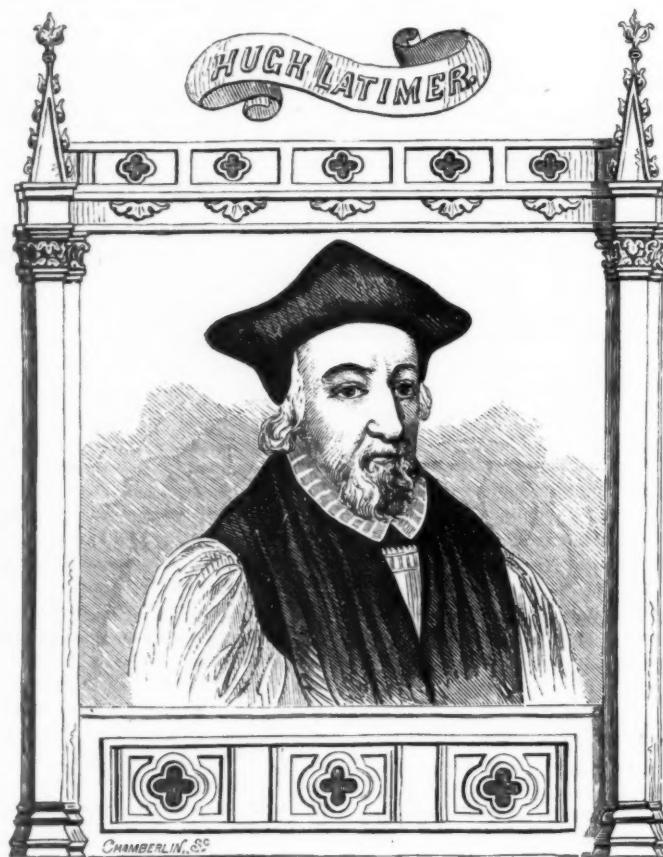
“What first the reason of the ancient time
Dimly discovered, many a century flown,
Lay in the symbol types of the sublime
And beautiful—intuitively known.”

How so, if this previous revelation had offered a connecting point in the symbol, in an artistic sense, to the friends of Christianity to come to an agreement with the poet himself on the nature of the religious revelation? But no opportunity was offered for this. Schiller died before he was inwardly finished, before his convictions reached a proper development. Would that he could have united with Herder! There is no knowing what these two minds could have produced upon others, through the force of their authority, if they had both labored with all their great power of expression, for a living and spiritual view of Christianity. We learn from a person intimate with Schiller, that, toward the end of his life, the effect of Christ's doctrine on the history of the world, and his pure and holy person, filled him constantly with the more inward and profound veneration. And it was chiefly on the authority of this declaration that the orator, on the occasion of the unveiling of Schiller's statue, expressed the hope “that the heart of the great poet may not have been so far from him whose name he mentioned but seldom—a name which is above every name.” But granted that Schiller did not personally come to any nearer connection with Christianity than that which his works present, we can not overlook the fact that, after all, the individual can hardly be separated from the mass in which he lives, and that every one, however high his position, is supported by the times. This applies as well to the error as to the truth by which an age is governed. If we look at the idea of Christianity in its widest meaning, in opposition to paganism and antiquity, we shall find that Schiller's poetry is rooted in Christian history, in the Christian and modern view of the world, in spite of all his gods of Greece, and of all his longings after the old poetical land of fable. As has been shown by others, an essentially Christian view of religion underlies his tragedies, particularly *Mary Stuart*, the *Maid of Orleans*, and *Wallenstein*, as well as

many of his ballads and romances; and “even where the poet derives his material from mythology, he transforms it by giving it a heart. In short, he occupies an infinitely higher standard than antiquity.” And he owes this to Christianity itself.

THE DYING WIFE.

RAISE my pillow, husband, dearest,
Faint and fainter comes my breath ;
And these shadows stealing slowly
Must, I know, be those of death.
Sit down close beside me, darling,
Let me clasp your warm, strong hand,
Yours that ever has sustained me,
To the borders of this land.
For your God and mine—our Father
Thence shall ever lead me on ;
Where upon a throne eternal
Sits his loved and only Son ;
I've had visions and been dreaming
O'er the past of joy and pain ;
Year by year I've wandered backward,
Till I was a child again.
Dreaming of girlhood, and the moment
When I stood your wife and bride,
How my heart thrilled with Love's triumph,
In that hour of woman's pride !
Dreaming of thee and all the earth chords
Firmly twined about my heart—
O ! the bitter, burning anguish
When I first knew we must part !
It has past—and God has promised
All thy footsteps to attend ;
He who's more than friend or brother
Will be with you to the end.
There's no shadow o'er the portals
Leading to my heavenly home—
Christ has promised life immortal,
And 'tis he that bids me come.
When life's trials wait around thee,
And its chilling billows swell,
Thou 'lt thank Heaven that I am spared them,
Thou 'lt then feel that “all is well.”
Bring our boys unto my bedside ;
My last blessing let them keep—
But they're sleeping—do not wake them ;
They'll learn soon enough to weep.
Tell them often of their mother,
Kiss them for me when they wake,
Lead them gently in life's pathway,
Love them doubly for my sake.
Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
This the last night of my life ;
For to-morrow I shall never
Answer when you call me “wife.”
Fare thee well, my noble husband,
Faint not 'neath the chast'ning rod ;
Throw your strong arms round our children,
Keep them close to thee—and God.



HUGH LATIMER, Bishop of Worcester, was born in the year 1490, at Thurcaston, in the county of Leicester, England. He was sent to the common schools of the country and then to Cambridge, where he graduated. While at the University he was noted for his studious habits and his piety. He was a sturdy Papist and a zealous opposer of the Lutheran Reformation, which had already begun to affect England. When he was made Bachelor of Divinity he delivered a violent oration against Melancthon and his opinions. The pious Bilney heard the oration and saw that Latimer's zeal excelled his knowledge. He went to Latimer's study and reasoned with him out of the Scriptures. Latimer heard and was convinced. From that day he became a Protestant. He forsook the "school doctors and such fooleries" for the Word of God. He began the study of true divinity. He was more in earnest in the work of the ministry. He visited the sick and those who were in prison. He preached in the English language to the common people. His

sermons made a deep impression. Numbers who came to listen with strong prejudices against the man, found their prejudices melting away before his words of resistless truth and power. Many were turned from "pilgrimages and setting up of candles" to works of charity and to the more careful study of the Scriptures.

Opposition soon arose. Swarms of indignant friars and monks gathered around Latimer. The Bishop of Ely forbade his preaching. He was arraigned before Cardinal Wolsey, who was then in the midst of his wonderful career. The interview was a singular one. Wolsey soon saw that the charges were frivolous. He, therefore, dismissed the preacher with a gentle admonition, but gave him a license to preach throughout England.

About Christmas, 1529, Latimer preached a sermon "on the card." Card-playing in that age was the fashion during Christmas times. Latimer told the people that the "winning card" was to serve God with the heart, and not with mere vows, pilgrimages, and gifts. A vio-

lent controversy arose. The noise of the theological battle ran from the University to the English Court. Due notice was given that if the University did not stop disputing the King himself would "set some order therein." Those who knew what a mighty and positive theologian King Henry VIII was, had no desire for his services, and prudently forbore to continue the controversy.

The question relating to the lawfulness of the King's marriage with his brother's widow now arose. Latimer was one of the persons appointed to determine the question, and seems to have been favorable to a divorce, which was afterward granted.

At this time he was made royal chaplain and came to London. A caution was given to him not to speak contrary to the King. Latimer despised the caution. He was bold and faithful in the denunciation of the sins of the King and his gay courtiers. The noble of the realm, with their ermine tippets and gold collars, had their sins exposed in the most unceremonious manner. No wonder that as Latimer walked down the Strand to preach at Whitehall the Londoners cheered him and cried out, "Have at them, father Latimer." But he soon wearied of London. The benefice of West Kingston was offered to him, and he accepted it. He was faithful to his flock. The country far and near felt the influence of his example and of his labors.

In the year 1535 he was elected Bishop of Worcester. This was the brightest period of his eventful life. He now had full power to exercise that higher office than the bishopric, for which God had ordained him, the office of a true reformer. He urged a higher spiritual life on the part of the clergy and the people. He struck a blow at monastic abuses and religious impostures. He defended the reading of the English version of the Scriptures. He preached plainly and forcibly the great doctrine—justification by faith, and by faith alone.

The spirit of the age did not sustain him fully. The Parliament of 1539 had a laudable desire to abolish differences of opinion in certain articles of the Christian religion. They pursued a method which, to us, seems incredibly absurd and foolish. They passed an act which made it a penal offense to deny or impugn six articles of religion. Among them were transubstantiation and the lawfulness of monastic vows. Latimer vehemently opposed the measure, and was forced to resign the office of bishop.

We pass by fourteen years to the year 1553, when Queen Mary ascended the throne on the

death of her brother. Her reign was a period of darkness to the Reformers. Latimer was among the first to feel the vengeance of the Queen. He was committed a close prisoner to the Tower. In the following April, with Ridley and Cranmer, he was brought to Oxford, and, after a religious disputation, they were condemned as heretics. They were all three cast into jail, where they lay for eighteen months.

Then Latimer and Ridley were duly tried under a Papal commission. They were condemned, and on the 16th of October, 1555, led forth to martyrdom. Behold the two heroic men as they walk through the streets of Oxford to the place of execution. They are both bound to the same stake. The crowd of priests, peasants, soldiers, and students, await with eagerness the last scene. Latimer turns his eyes calmly to heaven and exclaims, "God is faithful, who does not suffer us to be tempted above our strength!" As the curling flame and smoke slowly ascends Latimer utters to his companion in sorrow that prophetic appeal which will not soon be forgotten, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as shall never be put out." And thus at the age of eighty years died Hugh Latimer. But the martyr triumphed in the triumph of his cause. Again we hear those eloquent words in which, when living, he breathed defiance to his foes, "Let them rail, let them do what they can against the truth. The end is, all adversaries against the truth must be confounded. Although the poor disciples be vexed and persecuted, mark the end. The highest promotion God can bring us into in this life is to suffer for his truth. And one suffering for the truth turneth more than a thousand sermons."

We turn from Latimer to his sermons. Of these only forty-four remain. Editions of them are scarce, and we do not think they are read as much as their merit deserves. In depth they are inferior to the sermons of Barrow, and in rhetoric to those of Taylor. But in many respects they are far superior to the sermons of these celebrated preachers. They are plain, direct, and easy to be understood. They are weighty in matter and expressed in good plain Saxon. They seem to have been extemporeaneous, and always adapted to time and place. If Latimer did not give the people the truth which they wanted, he certainly gave them that which they needed. On one occasion the Bishop of Ely determined to hear the famous preacher, and with a small retinue unexpectedly entered the church. Latimer had already begun a sermon to the clergy. He paused and remarked

that a new and more honorable audience demanded a new theme. He would, therefore, speak of Christ as the first bishop, and an example of what a bishop should be. It was not long before the audience plainly inferred that the Bishop of Ely was not following Christ, but rather the example of the high-priests, Caiaphas and Annas.

Several of the sermons which Latimer preached before King Edward VI are still preserved. They were preached in the garden of Westminster, as the royal chapel could not contain the people. Some of the thoughtless ones preferred to stroll through the garden and converse with each other rather than to listen to the sermon. To this Latimer alluded when he sharply said, "There is such buzzing and buzzing in the preacher's ear that it maketh him oftentimes to forget his matter."

Strange to say some persons went to sleep under some of the sermons in those days. Latimer is willing to endure this evil in hope that good may result sooner or later. Here is an extract from one of his sermons. We challenge the reader to find its equal in any other sermon, ancient or modern, which has ever been printed. "There must be preachers if we look to be saved. I had rather you should come of a naughty mind to hear the Word of God for novelty or for curiosity than to be away. I had rather you should come as the tale is by the gentlewoman of London. One of her neighbors met her in the street and said, 'Mistress, whither go you?' 'Marry,' said she, 'I am going to St. Thomas of Acres to the sermon. I could not sleep all this last night, and I am going thither. I never failed of a good nap there.' And so I had rather you should go a napping to the sermon than not to go at all."

Some of the harshest things which Latimer said were directed against bribery, and said of course in the presence of those who received bribes. He did not wield against this giant evil a glittering sword of rhetoric, but struck with battle-ax blows of honest, manly indignation. Imagine the following sentence uttered in the presence of the bribe-takers who thrived in the shadow of the English throne in the sixteenth century: "They all love bribes. Bribery is a princely kind of thieving. They will be waged by the rich either to give sentence against the poor or to put off the poor man's cause. This is the noble theft of princes and magistrates. *They are bribe-takers.* Nowadays they call them gentle rewards. Let them leave their coloring and call them by their Christian name—*bribes.*" Let those who live in Washington or at our State capitals bear witness whether such plain

preaching as this would be unnecessary at the present day.

We might fill pages with such language as this against the crying sins of that age. He urges plunderers of all kinds to restore property, and tells them, "If thou wilt not make restitution, thou shalt go to the devil for it." The present age would call such language very coarse. Perhaps it is; but under such preaching men were stricken in conscience, and hastened to restore ill-gotten gains. We can pardon some pretty plain preaching, if it will only end in the reformation of sinners.

Latimer had a heart which beat warmly in sympathy with the people. He was their friend. When they were in any way oppressed, his heart was hot within him with indignation. When prices were inflated, and rents and provisions were advancing beyond all just measure, he poured forth the following language: "I doubt most rich men have too much; for without too much we can have nothing. For example, the physician, if the poor man be diseased, he can have no help without too much. And of the lawyer the poor man can get no counsel nor help in his matter except he give him too much. You landlords! you rent-raisers! you unnatural lords! I may say, you step-lords! you have for your possessions yearly too much." Perhaps those of us who pay rent can not understand the last sentence. But Latimer still further asserts that geese, chickens, and eggs, and all kinds of victuals are too high, and gravely declares what to his astonished hearers seemed incredible, that "if this continue we shall at length be constrained to pay for a pig—a pound."

There are constant allusions in Latimer's sermons to the women of his age. He tells us clearly what he thought of them. Unfortunately we have no means of knowing what they thought about him. Perhaps his judgment was at fault. As all the women who read this article will see the injustice of his remarks, they can afford to read what the Bishop of Worcester says, with hearty sympathy for his ignorance.

Speaking of the women who appeared before Solomon for a just decision, he remarks: "And one said, 'It is my child.' 'No,' saith the other, 'it is my child.' So there was yea and nay between them, and they held up the matter with scolding after a woman-like fashion." So, too, when Latimer alludes to the women of Scripture, he has a fondness for alluding to Eve and Jezebel, as though they were the only ones mentioned in the Sacred writings. He thinks it a hard thing for a man to rule one woman well, and therefore advises King Edward VI not to have more than one wife. He shows the

"unreasonable talk of Eve," who thought she could reason with the serpent, and advises—well! read the sermon, and judge if the advice be good.

Latimer, like many reformers, denounced prevailing fashions. French hoods were an abomination. He was horror-stricken with all the pretty conceits and all the splendid apparel of the women of that generation. He declares that "even the meaner men's wives of the lower sort apparel themselves gorgeously, and some of them far above their degrees, whether their husbands will or no." In a passage too long for quotation he summons all his indignation, and exhorts women "to poll their heads as men do rather than lay it out in tufts and tufts." He further shows that this evil of extravagant dressing arises from the fact that "many women rule their husbands, and do all things after their own minds." Had he told us how to remedy this fact, he would indeed have been the world's benefactor!

These quotations do not fully represent Latimer. Amid what is odd and amusing, there is much that is instructive and devotional. When he speaks of the Christian's triumph over the fear of death, he rises to a strain of genuine eloquence. Passages on prayer, justification by faith, and other vital subjects abound in his discourses, which are full of the marrow of the Gospel. The sermons well deserve the careful study of this generation of preachers. None can rise from their careful perusal without a clearer perception of how to bring the Gospel truth to the heads and hearts of the large majority of the people.

SERVILIOLA.

IT is well known that Pompeii is not exhausted. Excavations are still carried on with a success which encourages further research. Every now and then a painting is added to the Neapolitan Museum, which is not altogether unworthy of the hand that drew the Achilles of the house of the tragic poet. Only the other day the discovery of a vase, hermetically sealed, was advertised, and it was said that some one drinking of the water which the vessel was found to contain pronounced it to be as fresh and as pure as when nearly 1,800 years ago, it issued from the spring! One of the most recent discoveries has been a casket, closed, like the "ampulla," so as effectually to exclude the air. Its workmanship was in no way remarkable, but its contents would have repaid greater labor than was expended on its extrication

from the scoriae and lava which imbedded it. It preserved the archives of a family of some wealth and rank. Among these were several bundles of letters on personal and domestic matters, of some of which a translation is subjoined. To give the dates and superscriptions seems unnecessary—indeed, from the imperfections of the documents, to do so in all cases would be impossible. The extracts are of necessity somewhat fragmentary, but not so much so as to lack all continuity. Unless the translator has formed too favorable an opinion of their interest, they have some of the freshness, as well as all the antiquity, of the long-hidden water.

LETTER I.

Terentius is off to his favorite Pompeii, so I seize the opportunity of sending you this short letter. I arrived here only yesterday, and just as I was beginning to growl at the smoke and the din of the city, found that the deed on which my cause before the *Prætor* depends had been, by the carelessness of my people left behind at the villa.

Your pet niece is here with me. On the eve of my departure I sought her to bid her good-by, and found her at last under the olive by the lake-shore. Ah, my Quintus, she has more than her mother's loveliness! The deep-blue of the water made a background for her white limbs and white robe; while, on the waves that played behind her little head, the sun dropped a glory that, for the moment, seemed to be an effulgent crown on her black braids. She leaned one arm against the dark trunk of the old olive, and, as I roused her from her maiden reverie, I saw that the face that never reminded me of aught but sunshine, spoke now only of an April sunshine, and was wet with tears—nor did my coming dry them. As I stepped down the slope she hid her face in my breast, and wept like a child—as, indeed, she is. My discernment penetrated the cause of this sorrow in an instant. She knew of my departure. It was for me she was crying. I was on the point of rating the girl soundly for crying over the absence of an old father, and that the absence of only two months, when the sight of her affectionate grief so touched me that I proposed to bring her with me. At first she demurred. She would not plague me. She should be very well by the shore of Laris. She could finish her needle-work—and so on. At last I made some little show of parental authority; for I seriously dreaded her loneliness during my stay in Rome, and insisted on her making ready for the journey.

"Does Servilius order me to go?" she said.

"Will not his daughter be of use here in his absence?"

I knew she only fenced to hamper me with the responsibility of her charge. I knew that were her heart laid bare it would exhibit the most ardent longing to be my companion. So, really to gratify the girl, I put on my sternest look.

"Servilia," I said, "this disobedience is unnatural to you. These objections are unbecoming."

"O, call me 'Serviliola,'" she sobbed. "Do not look so angry. I will go. When do we start? In an hour?"

I gave her two to pack, and here she is; charmed, of course, with the bustle and pretty things of Rome, and full of gratitude to me for bringing her. But it is well we brought old Cajeta, too; for I must be off to the villa again, to search for the lost deed, and, after all, Serviliola will have to endure solitude for a while. This is all I can write now. I hear the palanquin men chattering under my window, and must be gone.

LETTER II.

The deed is found, my Quintus; but before I start again I must tell you an adventure which has befallen me. I arrived here yesterday, at noon, and secured the missing paper before dinner time. As I bathed and dressed I thought of Serviliola; as I dined I thought of Serviliola; after dinner I wandered mechanically into Serviliola's own rooms. In the little ante-room the flowers she had arranged in the cup you gave her had withered quite away. And with a feeling of inexpressible sadness at not having her kiss on my cheek, I passed into her sitting-room. Imagine my astonishment to find it occupied! In Serviliola's own chair, before Serviliola's own table, was sitting a rough unkempt young man. His face and figure were not without a certain comeliness, but his coarse tunic betokened one of the Cisalpine natives. Serviliola's jewel-casket, which the careless child had left on the bracket, was on his knees. Several of her bracelets and toys were lying in his left hand, while with the right he was fumbling in the box—to find, I suppose, the richest gems. Marcus Servilius Cœpion is nearer seventy than fifty; but, by the Dioscuri, Quintus, I collared him in a moment. And for all his big limbs and young muscles, the fellow was a coward; for no sooner did he set eyes on me than he turned as pale as Lava, and all Serviliola's jewels tumbled on to the mosaic. I held him tight; I shouted for the servants; I invoked the twelve great gods, and all the rest. At last came Promus. Puffy old fellow! he

was only of use to fetch the lads. However, the intruder was at last secured and tightly bound. "Keep him," I said, "in the further cellar, till I shall have decided on his fate," and then turned on him to upbraid him for his burglary. "Vilest of youths," I said, "I know how many letters it takes to spell your name. Your name is Thief. You are a vagabond. The cross is too good for you. You shall feed the crows. You shall—" But, Quintus, rage after dinner is necessarily short-lived. If the Cœcuban I had drank began by firing my passions, it soon went on to recommend the couch. So I scolded no more. I retired to my own room, and as I lay, half dozing, with Homer in my hand—upside down—I reflected that during the whole time of the struggle—if struggle I can call it, for there was no resistance to speak of—the intruder had not uttered one word; only when I cried "thief" he bowed his head, as though in assent.

Happily I am rid of him more easily than I hoped to be, for one does not quite like to take the law into one's own hands; and, on the other hand, justice by Laris is a more troublesome business than it is by Tiber; though, there, Themis knows, it is troublesome enough. In the morning, as soon as Promus had done shaving me—during which operation he had been more than usually silent—he showed pretty plainly that he had something to say which would require a narrative too gesticulative to be related with razor on chin.

"The thief, sir," said the old humbug, "has departed."

"Departed!" I interrupted; "then, by Nemesis, that Briton's back shall feel the lash! Did not I say the Briton was to guard him? His thews are twice as strong as yours, you lazy drones. Do you mean to tell me the Briton let him go?"

"He has certainly gone, sir; but—"

"But, you villain! will you plead for your fellow-slave? Send the Briton here."

In five minutes, Fuscus, as I have named him, a great brawny ruffian brought out of Britain, was fetched from the outhouses, and stood, impudently enough, just within the curtain.

"Dog," I said, with all my self-possession, "Promus says you have let the thief go."

The fellow grinned, and grunted with his barbarous brogue.

"Gone! he's there safe enough, and Promus knows it."

I looked from one to another.

"Promus, what does this mean? If you are lying to me!"

"If you please, sir," began the oily villain, "he has gone, and he is here. A part of him has indeed gone, departed, vanished—whither my lord may know better than I. The rest lies stiff and ugly, under a piece of sail-cloth in the yard."

"What! *dead*?"

"The Fates forbid, sir, that I should use the word before my master. I said he had departed; and if you had waited, you"—

"I am in no humor for waiting. Now you, Fuscus, tell us how it happened."

The young man, it seems, had been carried across the court by a dozen of the slaves, bound, as it was thought, so as to render escape impossible, and then shut in the further cellar, with the Briton outside for a guard. But he was of Herculean build. Only a man of my strength and determination could have secured him as I did. He succeeded in extricating himself from the stout cords with which he had been bound, and then, with one tremendous kick at the door, found himself—not, as he had no doubt anticipated, free, but in the presence of Fuscus. It was amusing to hear the Briton's account of the business. Slowly and deliberately, and as if homicide were quite a matter of course, he said, with a smile on his broad face, "The youth broke his bonds. The youth was strong. He tried to get away. He hit Fuscus. Fuscus hit him. He is dead."

"By the Twins! you are a dangerous fellow. You killed him at one blow? You will be useful in the slaughter-house. Promus, take Fuscus away. See that the thief is buried out of sight." And so the matter ended. This will travel by sea. I start for Rome again in an hour. Farewell.

LETTER III.

"Ended," did I say, my brother? I wish it were. Was ever father in so dire a plight? Give me all your attention, Quintus. Be thankful that you never begot a daughter. I am distracted. I will tell you every thing in order, for now I wish not to amuse your leisure or mine, but to ask your advice in circumstances of great difficulty, and, alas! of peril. On the fourth day I was here in Rome again. Serviliola was anxiously expecting me. Red rings around her great eyes proclaimed what those eyes had been about. What ails the girl? I thought. What can I do to cheer her? She can have society and amusement of every sort and kind the girls commonly covet. Why should she be sad? Knowing—I may say so to one who is so cognizant of my character as yourself!—my unusual penetration and tact, I was at a loss to

think what could trouble the child, and I not divine it. I promised the theater. I reminded her that she had left her casket in her room, and proposed that something new should be bought for it. All in vain! The thought of her shocking carelessness in leaving her jewel-box lying about unlocked did for a moment call a blush to her pale cheeks, but neither show nor diamonds availed to cheer her. "Well!" at last I said, "I have an adventure to tell my little daughter! An adventure with a thief!"

"What! were you attacked on the road, my father?"

"No, my child; not on the road; at home." And then, with all the vivacity and humor I could muster, I told the tale of the thief and that well-meaning clumsy Fuscus. At least I tried to tell it with vivacity and humor, and did, till I had got through half a score of prefatory sentences. Then, Serviliola interrupted every word with an eager question, grew whiter and whiter as I grew more perplexed and pettish, and at last, to the question, "And Fuscus?" I replied, "Knocked him down, and killed him there and then," she fell into a swoon, from which she did not wake for hours. When she did awake, it all came out. Poor child! my usual penetration was at fault. It was not for me, Quintus, she was weeping by the lake. Favonius—and here I record my prayer that this may not fall into his hands, and my charge to you to keep these tidings secret from all, but most secret from him—Favonius has, as you know, a villa by Laris, within four miles of mine. He has, or rather had, a son. This son, Caius Favonius Spinther, has been very little with his family. Traveling both in Sicily and Greece, since I knew him as a boy, he grew beyond my recognition.

On his return home, about six months ago, he accidentally met Servilia in the Gardens, and the result of this meeting has been an acquaintance and a correspondence. First, Servilia it seems was afraid that I should rebuke her too severely for forming an acquaintance without my knowledge, and especially with the scion of a house which she had known to have been so long estranged, by a hereditary feud, from our own. As by degrees the familiarity grew closer, the fear grew stronger too. Her love for young Favonius was robbed of half its sweetness by her terror lest its discovery should lose her a father's affection. Her love to me was imbibed by the thought that dread of me stood in the way of her enjoying the love of Favonius. At long intervals, by stealth, the pair met. Whenever I was out of the way, if only for a day, the opportunity was seized, and some part

of the garden or of the neighboring wood enshrin'd the lover's sweet words and kisses.

Sometimes the rash lad penetrated even the interior of the villa, and whenever Servilia had been compelled to accompany me on an excursion or a journey, the youth was instructed to seek in the jewel-casket a tablet which might be some compensation for his absent darling, and to leave behind him in the same receptacle an assurance of his unchanging constancy. His love, Servilia protests, was honorable to both. He waited only for some favorable moment for dispelling some of my prejudices against his house, and for declaring his wish to make your niece his wife. He had been forewarned of my departure for Rome. He came to the villa in his customary disguise, assured of finding Servilia alone, and of security from all paternal interference. He sought her at the usual trysting places, but sought in vain. At last making his way unperceived into the villa, probably through the window, he proceeded to search the casket for some explanation of the lady's unlooked-for absence.

Quintus! Need I write more? The thief was young Favonius. My slave Fuscus has killed the heir of Favonius, the favorite of the Prince!

Advise me, then, and console me, on two points. First, my own danger. This must never get to the ears of Favonius. The youth was often away from home for weeks—months together. It will be suspected that he has gone away now for some ramble of amusement. Ere he is missed the event at the villa will be forgotten, and when the lapse of time assures his friends of his death, no one will suspect me or mine. But this is base, Quintus. I am ashamed as I write it. But what do you advise? shall I confess all in the open day? shall I say that the youth was the aggressor, and lost his life in the commission of a felony? This might save me from any legal penalty. But Favonius has the ear of Cæsar. If I am known as the cause of his son's death, what will be my fate? I know not what to do. And Servilia, if you could see her! my brother, your heart would bleed! she is gentle as a fawn, obedient as a dog. She has never upbraided me. She never complains. But every day she grows thinner and weaker. No pleasures are pleasures for her. No pain rouses her. From dawn to noon she sits on her couch or in her chair, staring vacantly before her. At noon she pretends to sleep; but I can see through the pretense. Have you ever watched the stream at the villa gradually cease at evening, as the sun ceases to melt the snow that feeds it? At noon how

merrily it falls and bubbles! Little by little it diminishes. At sunset it is a fine thread. Soon it comes down only by fits and starts. Then a few rare drops mark its end, and it is gone. So it is with Servilia. Ah, gods! how thin, how weak is her precious life! And that end I know is near. Cajeta is unremitting, and would cheer me if she could. But she too knows the signs of death. And Servilia must die. And we must part. It is a hard word that Never! Plato convinces one in one's study; but before a dying daughter even Plato can give but cold comfort. Ah, Quintus, pity us!

And be secret. No one knows that the dead man of the villa is young Favonius, but Servilia, Cajeta, myself, and now you. I await your answer.

LETTER IV.

Though it is only fourteen days since I last wrote, my brother, I seize the chance of the departure of a trusty courier southward, to communicate with you again. Your answer to my last letter can not be much longer delayed. Servilia lingers longer than I could have dared to hope, if, indeed, of her life I can now write "hope;" for she is so utterly sad that those who love her can not pray for a prolongation of her misery. Death to her will be welcome, whether it will give her only sleep and forgetfulness, or whether, as the simple child herself seems quite persuaded, that meeting which has been made impossible on earth may be granted to her soul in some Elysian land. If ever she talks at all it is of her Caius. And really when I think of our fatal interview, I am constrained to perceive the young man's nobleness. To deny my charge of theft was to accuse Servilia of impiety to me. To convince me that the trespasser was the son of a neighbor, and no thief, would have required proof that I had reared a rebellious child. Had Favonius cried "No" to my abuse, he would not have furthered his suit. He preferred to bear the obloquy in silence, and endure the treatment of a vagabond and criminal, rather than bring shame on his love's head. "This is all very well," you may say, "but if he had been consistent in these fine sentiments, he would never have begun a surreptitious suit at all." Ah! well, Quintus; I might say the same had I discovered the deceit in any other way. But, now that he is dead and Servilia dying, I have a tender feeling for the lad's memory, and declare that if he could be recalled to life, I would forego my claim on his father, compromise the suit, give the young couple the Cisalpine villa, and perhaps come to end my days in your neighborhood. But these are dreams.

Cajeta is at the door. She has come to tell me that Servilia asks to speak with me. My hand shakes with grief. I will repeat the conversation I have just had with our poor invalid. I come on tiptoe into her room, and seat myself at her side.

She. "Father, have you quite forgiven your little daughter?"

I. "Forgiven you, my treasure! Can you forgive me?"

She. "If you have quite forgiven me, would you mind being put to great trouble and inconvenience for my sake? Would you—?"

I. (interrupting.) "Servilia! If there is any thing you desire, speak! Do you wish to provide for any friend? Have you any bequest to make, however costly? But why do I speak as though you must die? Can you think of any thing that might possibly—?"

She. (in her turn interrupting.) "No, father; nothing could possibly cure me. And I have all I could wish to possess or bequeath. But, I almost fear to ask!"

I. (encouragingly.) "Serviliola!"

She. "I want to die at the villa."

And then, as though the exertion of preferring her request had been too much for the poor thing's ebbing strength, she fell back on the pillow with closed eyes and unseen respiration. For minutes that seemed hours I watched eagerly, and at last with extraordinary vehemence she spoke again.

"It is there I first saw him. It is there we have most often met. Every tree in the garden is associated with some word of his. There the sun reminds me of his smile; there the fountain recalls his whisper. And I want to see his grave. It is a mean one of course, marked by no sign. But Fuscus can show you where they put the 'thief's' body. Only do not let me see Fuscus. I should not like to see Fuscus." Then in a loud voice, and with a piercing cry, "It would kill me to see Fuscus!"

I feared I had let her try herself too long. But I bent over her, and said: "To-morrow, darling, if the doctors say you can bear the journey, we will start. Inconvenience! what is inconvenience to the gratification of my daughter's wish? Sleep to-night, Serviliola, if you can, as you used to sleep when you were a baby, and to-morrow we will see what can be done."

But can she bear it? I did not dare to contradict her. We can reach the villa in about a week. Can she bear it? It may postpone the bitter day: it may accelerate it.

The above was written yesterday. Since I wrote it I have seen Trebatius. I do not value

his opinion at much, but such as it is, it is in favor of trying what the change of scene may effect—you know his way!

"A hopeless case, I should say, my dear sir: yet where there is life there is hope. The young lady's case is most remarkable; but its diagnosis is familiar to me. There is no local malady; fatal depression—yes, my dear sir," and so on.

So we start this afternoon.

The suit is going in my favor. It will cut me to the quick to succeed. I should like to give Favonius more fields than the five we are quarreling about!

LETTER V.

Thank you, Quintus; your advice is excellent. It is just what I should like to follow; but, however, the fairest way to acquaint you with all you will care to hear, will be to continue my narrative from the time of our leaving Rome. We have been here four days, but this is really the first moment of leisure I have had.

For two days after our quitting Rome I thought every hour must be Serviliola's last. When half through her journey she rallied. As we neared the villa she was certainly better than she had been since my too rash communication of the fatal intelligence. The arrival at the house was evidently a great strain on her strength; but her fortitude was worthy of the Servili. My people vied with one another in dutiful service, and few eyes were dry. Fuscus, they tell me, who, strange to say, was always noted for a kind of dog-like attachment to his beautiful mistress—Fuscus was positively weeping at being told that such a rough fellow might shock Servilia's nerves, and that strict orders had been given for him and his like to keep out of the way. We arrived in the evening. Servilia was carried to her own room. I had proposed a change, but she insisted, and, exhausted by excitement and fatigue, soon fell into an uneasy sleep, with the casket clasped in her arms. I watched by her bed-side the greater part of the night, and toward morning, worn out myself, yielded to Promus's importunate entreaties that I would take some rest, and, giving strict charge to Cajeta to strive to keep her patient from stirring as long as possible, lay down on my own bed. Cajeta's bulletin in the morning was that Servilia was insensible; but rather from swoon than sleep.

Promus persuaded me to take a bath and dress, and I sat in the library you praise for its comfort and prospect, and reflected on the hard blow heaven or fate was inflicting on me. For Servilia—her sickness has made me sure of

what I never reckoned before—is dearer to me even than Mucia was! Mucia's death was very terrible, and my widowhood has been hard at times; but Servilia has grown round my latter years as a second self, and as I thought of her death, wealth and honor seemed valueless, and I half promised myself that when the last offices should have been performed, I would confess all to Favonius and to the Prince, and dare the worst. As I reclined in this gloomy reverie, a knock sounded at the door, which I recognized as coming from the knuckles of Promus. I nerved myself for the event. I knew that the most unwelcome of all visitors was near my threshold, if not in my house; and as Promus said, "A visitor, sir," it required a moment's reflection for me to recollect that the visitor I dreaded would not be answered till he had gone.

"A visitor!" I answered, "of course I can see no one; explain to the gentleman that my daughter is at the point of death."

"So I said, sir; but he said that was why he wished to see you."

"Said that was why he wished to see me!" I guessed over why Master Promus's fingers were closed so tightly, and asked "his name?"

"Caius Favonius, sir—the son of your neighbor."

"*Caius Favonius?*" I repeated, with gasping emphasis.

"So the young gentleman said," rejoined Promus.

"Show him—show him into the gallery," I stammered, and shut my eyes to think. Then it was a real thief, after all, whose skull Fuscus smashed? But a real thief would have made off with the stones. Then Fuscus's blow was not fatal, after all? But Promus on the evening before had shown me the spot in the greenwood behind the garden, where the corpse had been buried! Some one was lying. Servilia was dying! But if this were really young Favonius, whoever he might be, he must not be kept waiting any longer.

With my first glance at the stranger, I exclaimed mentally, "No, this is not the thief." But a moment, I said "yes; it is he." But all uncertainty was removed by the young man's behavior and words; his perfumed hair rough from the speed he had ridden at, and his rich dress splashed to the neck with Gaulish mud. "Servilius," he cried, "take me to her! let me save her! I can! See, I am alive. Is she alive? Speak, or I die again."

Does Quintus require much more explanation to be given? Servilia is convalescent. If her respiration be still impeded, it is by a styptic which I have prescribed and Caius administers.

We broke the good news to her more gradually than the lover would have us do, and she lives—lives to bless both a father and a husband.

Fuscus was too hasty. He is a sturdy fellow, but he had only stunned his foe. Of course the rascals were too fearful of my displeasure to come and confess that not only the soul, but the body of the thief had, after all, got off, and, what was worse, *both together*. It was great fun when, Caius carrying Serviliola in his arms, we set off for the chestnut copse with Fuscus and Promus, under orders to show us the grave. They led the way to it with perfect gravity, and, on the whole, we deemed it best not to require the exhumation of the remains. On the very evening of our arrival at the villa, Caius heard of Serviliola's return and illness, from some vernacular gossip, and lost no time in doing what, had he done it months before, would have prevented all the mischief—declaring his suit openly, and asking to be allowed to try to heal the sick girl.

The suit shall be compromised. Caius and Serviliola are to have the villa. The library is to be reserved for a kind old uncle, as a reward for his making all smooth with Favonius the elder. Set about it at once, Quintus: I do not fear the result!

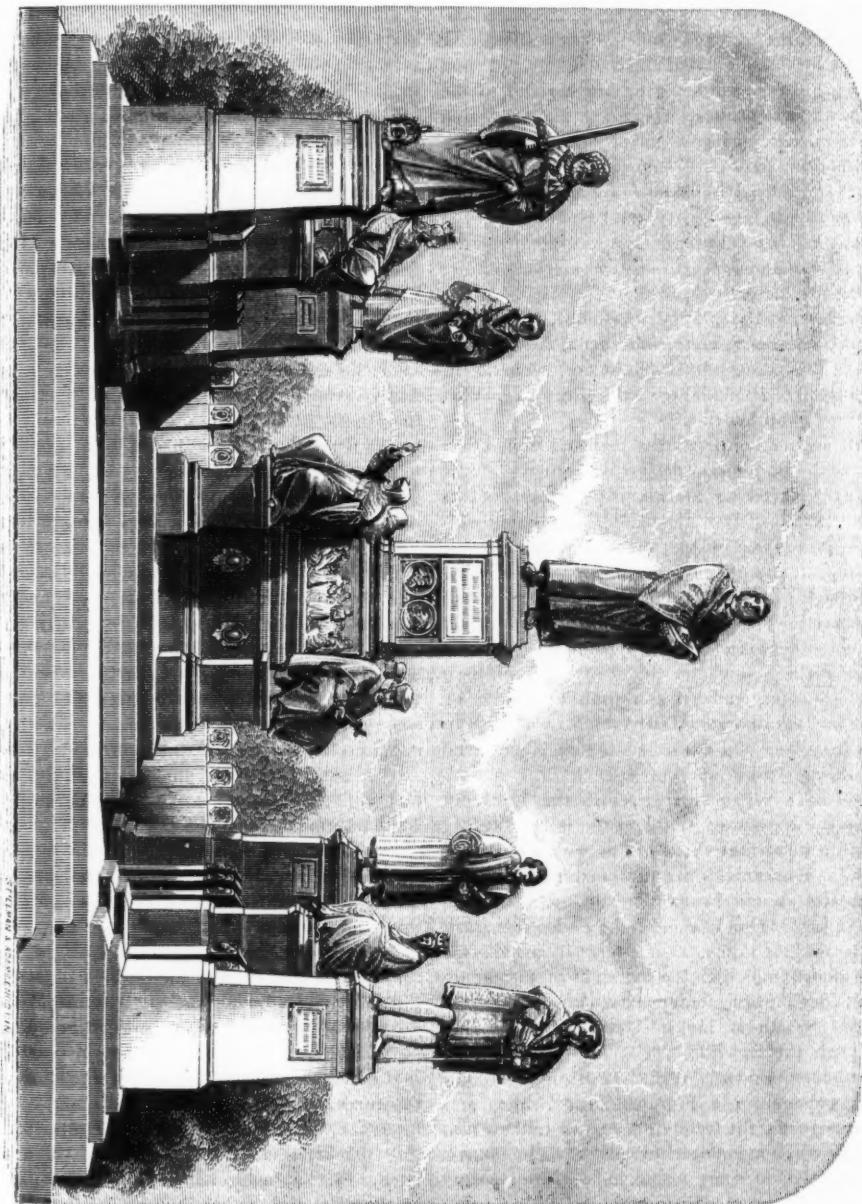
THE LUTHER MONUMENT.

OUR artist furnishes us a very fine engraving of the magnificent monument dedicated by the German States to the memory of the great reformer. It is erected in the city where, in 1521, LUTHER, for conscience' sake, defied the united power of the Romish Church and the powerful Emperor of Catholic Germany. The defiance was uttered in the presence of the Emperor, the Archduke Ferdinand, six sovereign electors, twenty-four sovereign dukes, seven margraves, thirty archbishops and bishops, and a host of princes, counts, barons, and ambassadors. The monument was inaugurated in the presence of the King of Prussia, who is Emperor of Protestant Germany in all but the name, the Crown-Prince of Prussia, the King of Wurtemberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and Prince William of Baden, while England's Queen sent assurances of hearty sympathy with the object.

In size and variety of design the monument has no equal. It is not a statue, but a combination of eleven statues grouped around, and surmounted by the gigantic figure of Luther. Ascending a few steps, we stand on a granite base

forty feet square, inclosed on the three other sides by a battlemented balustrade. In its center Luther stands preëminent. Seated on the four pillars projecting from the corners of Lu-

ther's pedestal we see grouped about the master his four precursors who attempted what he accomplished. To this noble array the English, French, Italian, and Bohemian nations have



each furnished a member—John Wickliffe, Peter Waldo, Savonarola, and John Huss. Then, turning to the circumference, we notice seven more statues distributed around. Occupying the four corners of the balustrade, and separated

from the center group by the inner space, are the venerable figures of two regal and two clerical allies of the hero of the Great Reformation. Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, and Philip the Generous, Landgrave of Hesse,

impersonating power and prudence, watch the front; Philip Melancthon and John Reuchlin, with their solid erudition, are in the rear. With these nine great men are associated the symbolical statues of three cities, celebrated in the history of the time—Augsburg, Madgeburg, and Spires, three majestic women, occupy the center of each side of the balustrade. Seated, and looking up to Luther, they are a relief to the four corner statues, which are standing, and have their faces turned in the same direction as the central figure. To do justice to the many places which have likewise deserved well of the cause of religious liberty, the battlements of the inclosure are on the inner side decorated with the escutcheons of twenty-four other German cities; these are Brunswick, Bremen, Constance, Eisenach, Eisleben, Emden, Erfurt, Frankfort, Halle, Hamburg, Heilbrunn, Jena, Königsberg, Leipsic, Lindau, Lübeck, Marburg, Memlingen, Nordlingen, Riga, Schmalkald, Strasburg, Wurtemberg, and Worms.

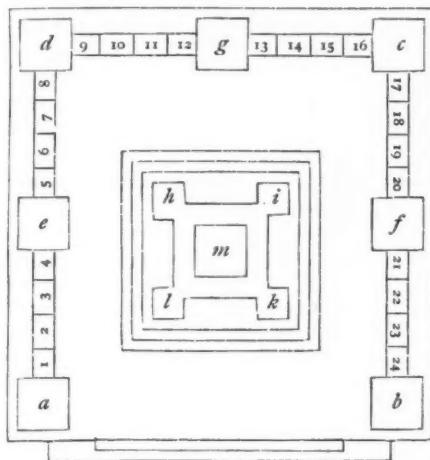
In suggestive detail the pedestal is in keeping with the general design. A square of cast bronze, placed on the stone pillar, supports a similar slab of less dimensions, decorated with inscriptions and reliefs. On its front, a fitting motto of the monument, appear the closing words of Luther's celebrated speech in the Worms Diet: "Here I stand. I can not speak or act otherwise. So help me God. Amen." Under the legend are the medallions of John the Constant, and his son John Frederick, of Saxony, who so steadfastly stood by Luther in his troubles. On the opposite side is engraved a passage from another speech of the fiery Reformer: "The Gospel which the Lord put into the mouth of the apostle is his sword. With it he strikes the world as with a thunder-bolt." Underneath are the portraits of Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen, the two noble knights who brought the chivalrous spirit of their class to the defense of truth and its less warlike champions. To the right of Luther we read the following sentence from his correspondence: "Faith is life in God, but it is only through the Spirit of Christ that we can hope to understand Holy Writ." Portraits of John Buggenhagen, the Pomeranian reformer, and Justus Jonas, the intimate friend of Luther, into whose ear, a moment before his death, he poured the confession of his unshaken faith, are inserted on the same side. Finally, on the left we read: "Those that rightly understand Christ will not be moved by what man may enjoin. They are free, not in the flesh, but in the spirit." John Calvin and Ulrich Zwingli, the founders of the Reformed Church in Switzerland, are aptly

placed under the motto, their deviations from Luther proceeding from their partiality to the spirit rather than to the letter of the Bible. The lower slab contains scenes from Luther's life in alto-relievo. Here we have him making his speech in the Worms Parliament, nailing his theses to the door of Wittenberg Cathedral, marrying his Catharine, and translating the Bible in the sequestered castle of Wartburg. For character and finish these smaller castings are greatly praised.

Upon this pedestal stands the colossal statue of Martin Luther. It is the stout, sturdy shape familiar to us from so many engraved portraits; the dear old well-known form, with its honest features, and calm, imperturbable eye, as painted by Cranach. With face turned upward, he rests his clinched fist on the closed Bible, as if uttering that verse of his beautiful chorale—"Das Wort sie sollen lassen stehn." From an artistic point of view it might, perhaps, have been better to give his head a more inclined position. In a statue ten and a half feet in height, on a pedestal of sixteen feet, a face lifted up to heaven can not be well seen from below. A better view is obtained from the side than from the front. The five statues in the center, indeed, are generally thought to constitute a splendid *ensemble*; but the seven others, placed much beneath Luther, and divided from him by nearly thirty feet, are criticised as having the appearance of separate monuments. The circumstance also that the twelve statues are of four different sizes scarcely allows to the monument that air of composed symmetry indispensable in every composite work of art. Luther is ten and a half feet high; the figures at his feet, seven feet; the corner statues of the balustrade, eight and a half feet; and those of the towns, six feet. But with all these mistakes in reference to the artistic unity of the design the unity of moral interest is perfect.

The accompanying ground plan will indicate the relative positions of the various objects of the monument. The whole structure rests on a square granite foundation, measuring on each side forty feet, Rhenish measure, increased in height by two steps. The balustrade inclosing the three sides of the base is indicated by the figures 1 to 24, the place of each figure indicating the location of the arms of each of the twenty-four German cities. On the seven pedestals marking the outline of the balustrade we have seven monuments in the following order: (a) Frederick the Wise, of Saxony; (b) Philip the Magnanimous, Landgrave of Hesse; (c) Philip Melancthon; (d) John Reuchlin. These are bronze statues eight and a half feet high,

resting on pedestals of polished marble, eight feet high. In the centers of the inclosed sides we have the symbols of the three cities, (e) Augsburg, with the palm of peace; (f) the mourning Magdeburg, and (g) the protesting Spire. These figures are six feet high, resting on pedestals four feet high.



Henry the Fourth, to reward her firmness, appointed her governor of the town—an office which she held for twenty-seven years.

During the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, when the Count d'Artois and Duke de Cullon were inspecting the lines, a bomb fell amid them. A woman with two children in her arms rushed forward, seated herself on the bomb-shell, and deliberately put out the match, thus saving the lives of all around. The Count bestowed on her a pension of three francs a day, and promised to promote her husband, while the Duke gave her a daily pension of five francs.

Every one has heard of the Maid of Saragossa. She was a handsome woman of twenty-two years, named AUGUSTINA, and was carrying refreshments to the gates of the city. She arrived at the battery of the Portilla at the very moment when the French had destroyed every person stationed in it. She rushed over the dead and wounded—snatched a match from a dead artilleryman, and fired a twenty-six-pounder—then jumped upon the gun, and vowed never to leave it till the siege was over. Her enthusiasm aroused the citizens to fresh exertions, and they opened a fresh and successful fire upon the enemy. She was rewarded with a pension, the title of "Saragossa," and an order to walk on the Prado daily, decked with medals and honors, where, at Seville, Byron often saw her in later times.

When Coriolanus had joined the Volscians and subdued his native city of Rome, VALENA, a noble lady, with VOLUMNIA the mother, and VERGILIA, the wife of the triumphant renegade, with her children, accompanied by other ladies, went to the Volscian camp, and addressed the truant and his counselors with such eloquence that he was completely conquered, and Rome was saved. And nothing that the senate and people could do in their honor was thereafter neglected.

After the murder of Louis XVI, when the people of Brittany arose, MADEMOISELLE LA ROCHEFAUCULT appeared among them in amazon's dress, with sword and pistols at her side, and begged to go with them. She also brought them embroidered standards, with the motto, "For our God and for our King." They did not refuse her, and she was ever foremost in battle, terrible during the contest, kind and humane to *all* sufferers when it was over, making even her enemies respect and love her, while the enthusiasm of her confederates knew no bounds.

She addressed seven hundred followers in terms of truest eloquence in her last battle, and led them on bravely after the fourth repulse,

never to return. Her last words to them were: "Come! come! let us march! Follow me, Christians and royalists! Remember, remember, that your God died on the cross, your king on the scaffold, and that his assassins are those of our friends and relations! Follow me! and before the end of the day we shall either sing *Te Deum* on earth or hymns with the saints in heaven. We shall either be triumphant or blessed."

The story, the wonder, the miracle of JOAN of ARC is too well known to repeat here. But no one will deny that her courage was equal to that of a Cæsar, a Napoleon, a Washington, a Wellington, a Sherman, a Grant—weak, ignorant little woman that she was!

In the time of Mohammed the Second, the Turks having attacked the island of Lemnos, even the women assisted in its defense. MARULLA, a young maiden, wounded by the stroke that killed her father, rushed with enthusiasm amid the enemy. The garrison caught her ardor, and when the Venetian General arrived, the next day, the people met him in their robes of victory, and conducting their angel of deliverance. Her extreme youth and heroism delighted the General, who ordered each soldier to make her a present, and offered her any of his captains as a husband—an offer which she wisely refused.

When the unfortunate Charles of Scotland was a fugitive, with thousands on his track, and all that *men* could do for him failed, it was the young girl, FLORA MACDONALD, who undertook the dangerous task of assisting his escape to France. With a sympathy for the poor hunted prince which knew no bounds, and with a courage and endurance unsurpassed in history, she took Charles under her care, disguised as "Betty Burke," an Irish maid-servant. Betty was dressed in a printed cotton, with a large coarse cloak and a linen cap. Flora's step-father, Hugh Macdonald, gave her this letter as a passport to the Isle of Skye:

"I have sent your daughter from this country lest she should be frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinner. If her spinning suits you, you can keep her till she spins all your lint; or if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her.

"Your dutiful husband,

"HUGH MACDONALD."

The noble girl, after much suffering and many dangers, succeeded in her mission, and Charles Edward at last reached France. Flora was captured by the prince's enemies, and kept on shipboard five months, and afterward for a time in London, where she was discharged. She

then found that she had been betrayed by a boatman she had employed.

When Robert Graham with his outlaws burst into the convent at midnight, to murder their king, James the First of Scotland, it was the delicate arm of a noble lady that was thrust in the door-staple as a bar to defend her sovereign. The arm was crushed, the king was murdered; but that deed of CATHERINE DOUGLAS will live in the hearts of Scotsmen while time shall last.

But volumes might be filled with incidents of woman's endurance, courage, and patriotic self-sacrifice. These very few examples are cited to show what precedents American women had to imitate and remember when their own day of trial came. Hundreds of times during our own girlhood and young motherhood have we thought of these brave hearts—thought of them as of something in far-off ages and other lands, and wondered if it would be possible to be as brave, should such dark days ever come to us. Of course, we did not believe those times *ever would* come. We lived in a land redeemed by the blood of the Revolution and dedicated to freedom, and it would surely never need any more of sacrifice; forgetting that the cries of the oppressed daily went up to Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

But, thank God! with the knell from Sumter came to us all strength to bear what our Father had laid upon us. The thrill that tingled every nerve and heart-chord in the land, gave *us* and all other weak, loving women, power to bid our loved ones Godspeed—thousands of them, alas! to meet us no more. This intense patriotism in time of our need seems now the strangest possible state of mind, almost like an insanity. Woman, especially, seemed happier when offering the greatest possible sacrifices. She would give up her dearest hopes, her love, her life if need be, for her country—and not for fame; for it was he, not herself, that was to become distinguished.

And not the Spartan mothers so famed of old—not one of all the names that history boasts can show more of this spirit than has been shown during this war by the women of America. These names will be gathered up for future emulation as the years roll on, and will be held up as examples to the matrons and maidens of other lands, and of nations yet to arise in places now unknown and desolate.

Many of these are already historical. A very few are, like BARBARA FRIETCHIE, embalmed in poetry, and a rich mine is open to the future poet, novelist, and historian. It would be a labor of love to gather up these names, and to sketch, even though in an imperfect way, the

deeds inspired by danger. They would be taken up again by the poet and the novelist, and woven in a web of fadeless gold, till each name would stand out separate and distinct, "a perfect woman, nobly planned." Like the name of LUCRETIA MOTT, which can not be mentioned without an instant vision of her noble deed looming up before us, let *their* names become household words in our land! Let their deeds be told in the tales and sung in the songs of our country, with the more martial and stirring ones of their husbands, brothers, and sons!

THE HOMES OF JESUS—BETHLEHEM.

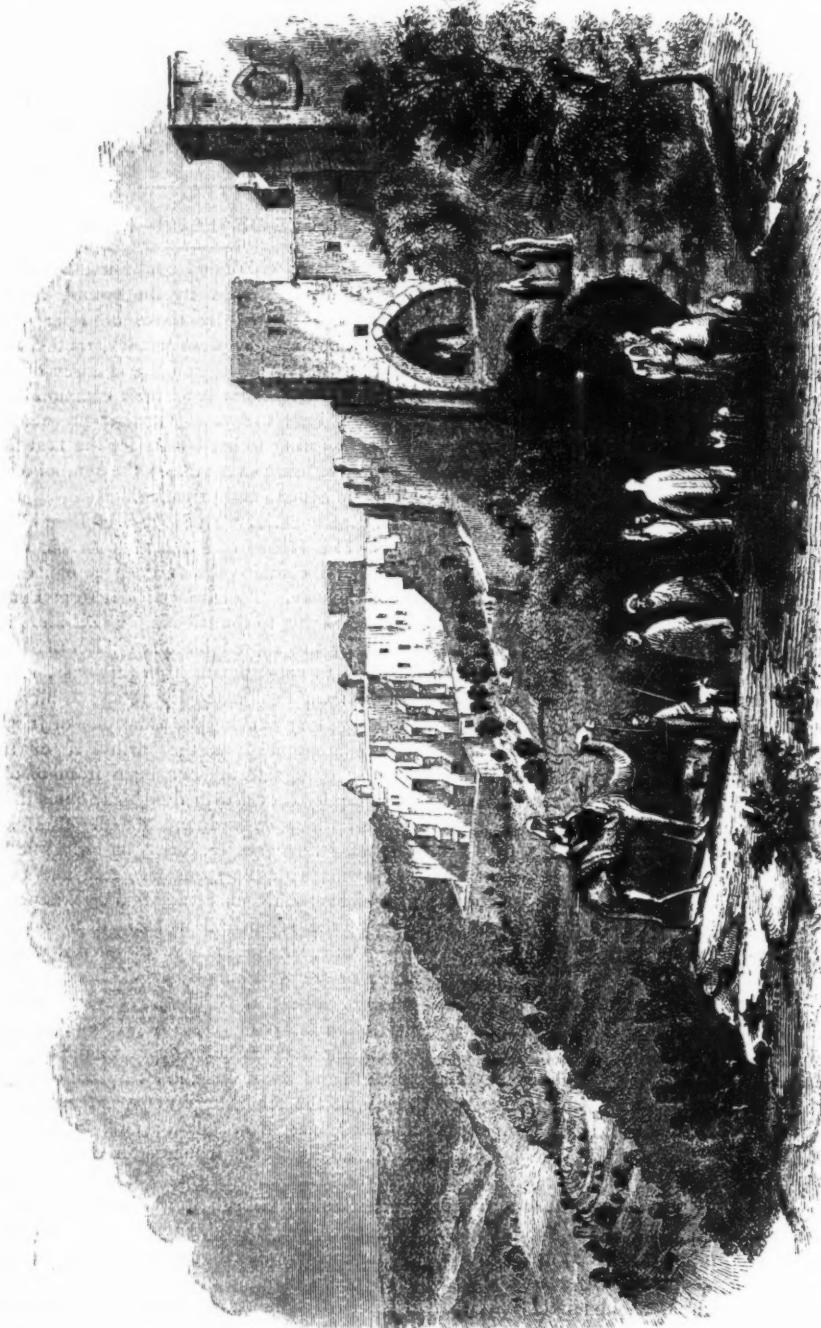
SO long as childhood continues, Bethlehem will be cherished by the young, and recalled with delight by those of riper years. The synonym of helpless infancy, mothers will revert to it with hope, and the children of each generation will claim it as their common heritage. As here the young mother pressed her tender offspring to her bosom for the first time, Bethlehem must ever remain the symbol of domestic affections and privacies.

Originally called "The House of Bread," and now "The House of Flesh," its Arabic name, Beit Lahm, contains the significance of its wondrous history. To distinguish it from Bethlehem belonging to the tribeship of Zebulun, it is called by the sacred historian "Bethlehem of Judah," to pre-intimate its fruitfulness, it was prophetically designated Ephratah; to illustrate its rising glory "among the thousands of Judah," it was announced as the birthplace of Him "whose goings forth have been from of old." In antiquity coeval with the oldest cities in the world, its identity is unquestioned. Stretching backward thirty-six centuries, its authentic history opens with the mournful death and burial of the beautiful Rachel; and rendered imperishable by the sépulchral monument to that beloved wife, six hundred years later it was the scene of the touching story of Boaz and the youthful widow of Chilion. Giving birth to Obed, the father of Jesse, Bethlehem, less than one hundred years subsequent to the marriage of Ruth and Boaz, was the birthplace of David, where, at the tender age of seventeen, he was anointed king over Israel; and, in honor of events so illustrious, it thereafter was called the "City of David." During the reverses which befell Saul of Gibeah it was captured by the Philistines, and David, having been declared a public enemy, was compelled to fly to the cave of Adullam.

After one thousand years of comparative

oblivion, Bethlehem suddenly emerged from obscurity into brighter and more enduring glory. Summoned by the Emperor Augustus to their native city to be taxed, Joseph and Mary came from the hills of Nazareth, and, reaching the

town at the close of the day, after a journey of eighty miles, the mother of the Messiah was compelled to lodge in a stable, "because there was no room for them in the inn." That night the Prince of Peace was born; the



MODERN BETHLEHEM.

race commenced its life anew; angels sang the song of the nativity; wondering shepherds hastened to pay homage to the new-born King; a lone but marvelous star arrested the attention of the magi of Arabia Felix; and Bethlehem rose to be "greatest among the thousands of Judah."

An event so great and memorable has rendered the city of the Savior's birth a holy shrine, at which the devout of all ages and countries have bowed with unspeakable delight. And, in commemoration of the event, and to rescue the site from oblivion, the Emperor Constantine, in the commencement of the fourth century, ordered the erection of a magnificent basilica over the "Grotto of the Nativity," which is now the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. Separated from the town by a long esplanade, the church occupies the eastern brow of the hill on which the city is built, and, together with the three convents abutting from its sides, forms an enormous pile of limestone, vast in dimensions, irregular in outline; and though it is destitute of external architectural grandeur, the size, strength, and commanding position of the edifice render it the chief attraction of the place. The Greeks, Latins, and Armenians hold joint possession of the basilica, and adjoining it are the monasteries for the entertainment and devotion of their respective orders.

It was late one evening in the month of April that I rapped for admission at the iron door of the Latin convent. The Franciscans received me kindly, and, after a generous meal, an aged monk led me to my apartments for the night. The convent bell called me early from my slumbers, and, ascending to the broad, flat roof of the monastery, I enjoyed an extensive view of the surrounding country. The sky was soft, the air pure, and the sun was just rising above the mountains of Moab. The shepherd's shrill voice mingled with the tinkling of bells as he led his flock in search of pasture, and the leaves of orange, fig, and olive trees shone like jewels as the dew-drops thereon reflected the morning light.

Descending through the long halls of the monastery, we found the monks differently engaged; some were arranging their scanty toilets, others repeating their prayers. On each door is a rude picture illustrating the faith of the inmate, and the subject he desired to be most frequently reminded of. On one is a coffin; on another are the lambent flames of Purgatory; but on most is the serene face of Mary. My guide rejoined me in the hall of the refectory, and led me to the stable of blessed memory.

Passing through the Latin chapel, where a priest was celebrating mass, we descended a flight of narrow winding steps, cut in the native rock, at the foot of which is the sacred grotto. Thirty-eight feet long, eleven wide, and two deep, it has the appearance of having been the cellar of a Syrian house, which, according to a custom still prevalent, serves as a stable.

Near the eastern end is the supposed place of our Lord's birth, marked by a white marble slab, in the center of which is a large silver star, encircled with an inscription in Latin, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Sixteen silver lamps shed a perpetual light upon the shrine; from golden censers incense unceasingly ascends, while the walls are covered with silk, embroidered with gold. To the south is the substituted manger, the original having been carried to Rome, and deposited in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Above it is a fine picture of the birth-scene by Maello, and near it is a better one of the Magi. A narrow passage leads to the small grotto where Joseph is said to have stood at the moment our Lord was born, and in it is a picture representing the angel warning him to take the young child and his mother and escape into Egypt. The angel's face is expressive of intense earnestness; the countenance of Joseph is calm and thoughtful; while Mary tenderly but firmly clasps her infant to her bosom.

Reascending the narrow staircase, we passed into the magnificent Basilica of St. Helena. In length one hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and ten wide, the interior consists of a central nave and four lateral aisles, formed by four rows of twelve Corinthian columns in each row, twenty feet high and two and a half in diameter, supporting a horizontal architrave. According to tradition, these pillars were taken from the porches of the Temple at Jerusalem. Originally the roofs and rafters were formed of cedar from the forests of Lebanon, but at present they are of oak, the gift of King Edward IV when the church was last repaired. The gold, marble, and mosaics which once adorned the walls of this noble edifice have been removed, and by the mutual jealousies of the rival sects this grandest of Eastern basilicas is in a neglected state. The aspect of the interior is greatly injured by a partition wall separating the choir from the body of the church, which in turn is divided into two chapels, one belonging to the Greeks and the other to the Armenians; on the north side of the choir is the Chapel of St. Catharine, occupied by the Latins.

Though we reject the unwarrantable grouping together in a single grotto of so many "holy

places," as unfounded in fact, and especially the particular spot where Christ was born, there is no reason for the rejection of the cave itself. Its history runs too far back to have its identity affected by the flood of monastic legends which followed the conversion of the empire, and the historical chain is unbroken from the death of the Apostle John to our own day. A native of Nabious, and born in the beginning of the second century, Justin Martyr describes the birthplace of Jesus "as a grotto in Bethlehem;" one hundred years later, Origen refers to the fact as recognized by Christians and pagans; and, a century after him, Eusebius mentions it as an accepted traditional spot, and as so regarded prior to the time of St. Helena's visit. Crediting the tradition, the mother of Constantine caused to be erected the present basilica in the year 327 A. D., and fifty years after its erection, Jerome of Dalmatia, with Paul and Eustachia, settled in Bethlehem, where the great "Father of Church History" expired, in 420 A. D., in his ninetieth year. Though the city fell into the hands of the Moslems at a later period, and the church was stripped of its ornaments, yet the cave remained undisturbed; and, on their approach to Jerusalem, the Crusaders retook Bethlehem, and in 1110 A. D., Baldwin I elevated it to the dignity of an episcopal see; and, notwithstanding the vicissitudes through which it has passed, it is now a thoroughly Christian town. Unlike the tradition identifying our Lord's tomb, the traditional history of his birthplace is unmixed with monkish miracles, and the preservation of the site is as simple as it is natural.

The situation of Bethlehem is peculiar. Located on a narrow ridge projecting eastward from the central mountain range, and breaking down in the form of terraced slopes, it is bounded on the east, north, and south by deep valleys. Constructed of white limestone, well built, square in form, and crowned with small domes, the buildings rise above each other in somewhat regular gradations. The streets are few and narrow, and though the city is not surrounded with a wall, it has two gates, which are closed at night. Sweeping in graceful curves around the ridge, and regular in their ascent as stairs, the well-kept terraces are adorned with the vines of Eshcol, and with fig and olive-trees. Extending from the base of the hill toward the south and east are the fertile plains where Ruth gleaned, and where the glory of the Lord shone around the peaceful shepherds.

Numbering over three thousand souls, the modern Bethlemites are superior in their appearance to the citizens of any other town in

Palestine. The men are of light complexion, with finely developed forms, and, in their affable demeanor and noble bearing toward the "stranger within their gates," are not unworthy descendants of Boaz. In the regularity of their features, the freshness of their complexion, and the sweetness of their countenance, the women are not unlike those of America; and as if the Savior had bequeathed the beauty of his childhood to the children of his native city, they are exceedingly fair. So thoroughly Christian in sentiment are the inhabitants, that no Moslem is allowed a residence within the town. The Cross is unrivaled by the Crescent, and Christ reigns supreme where he was born. While most of the people are either peasants or shepherds, others are the manufacturers of "pious wares," such as beads, crosses, rings, crucifixes, and models of the Holy Sepulcher, wrought out of olive-wood and mother-of-pearl.

MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.

"But sweetness is a woman's attribute;
By that she has reigned, and by that will reign."—SCHILLER.

FEW countries have produced so many extraordinary women as France. Whether it be that social customs there allow her more freedom of development, or that the well-known national gallantry and deference awake her to a higher self-trust and consciousness of power, it is at least a fact that no where else has she exerted so wide-reaching a social and political sway.

Eminent among these "elect ladies," not so much for exceptional traits as for those that go to make up and intensify true womanliness, was the wife of our ever-memorable national benefactor, Lafayette. And she belonged to a whole family of women who were noble like herself. Among these may be mentioned her mother, her sister, her two daughters, and several granddaughters, some of the latter being now among the first women of Paris.

The character of Madame de Lafayette has recently received its just tribute, and been happily portrayed to the present generation by the pen of a gifted daughter. Such a book can not fail to be a beneficent messenger through the world; for it portrays a devotional constancy of love, a heroism of prudence and self-sacrifice, and a simplicity of Christian faith, that can not but charm and command admiration.

Her life was, as it should be, but the counterpart, the complement of that of her noble husband, the two forming but a single and symmetrical whole. And if the Americans are under

a debt of gratitude to the memory of him, so are they also to her. She was married at the tender age of fourteen, he being but little her senior. It was when she was but eighteen, and a few months before the birth of her second child, that this delicate and beautiful being was called to the sacrifice of consenting that her gallant beloved should leave her, and go to draw his sword for freedom in America. She bore the separation bravely, but fed her heart on tears and prayer. A transient visit from her husband, in the midst of his long absence, only made her more keenly sensible to her solitude, and to the greatness of her loss. Her mind was willing, but her heart bled afresh in silence.

But her recompense finally came. Our arms were successful, and Lafayette returned the most popular man of the nation. Five years of desolation were redeemed by a single day. From 1782 to 1789 she was permitted to enjoy, in peace, the society of her beloved and her dearly bought popularity. In 1787 Lafayette pleaded in the Assembly of Notables for the civil rights of the Protestants, and his wife, devout Catholic as she was, shared his sentiments, and welcomed to her house the Protestant pastors whom the affair had drawn to Paris. When the French Revolution broke out in all its fury she approved of the new principles, and admired the courage of her husband; but, adds her daughter, "She trembled for the incalculable consequences of the events, and continually supplicated the mercy of God." But none of this fearfulness was betrayed by her conduct, even at a time when "she never saw her husband go out but that she feared she saw him for the last." Only once—and that a case where conscience was concerned—did she outwardly take issue against him. The new Government had created a State Church, from which the majority of the Catholics felt compelled to dissent, and she was of their number. She attended the services of the persecuted priests, and encouraged them to persist in claiming the rights of conscience. When her husband desired to have the new constitutional bishop of Paris to dine with them, she refused to receive him, and went and dined out.

She was at the old Lafayette manor in Auvergne when news came that, in consequence of his remonstrance against the madness of the Jacobins, a price had been put on the head of her husband, and he had fled the country. She now made up her mind to meet her own seemingly inevitable fate. She was, in fact, soon arrested, but, by exception, allowed freedom on parole. Harassed by a guard about her domain, she went in person into the provincial Assembly and obtained its dismissal. Meantime she was

busy in managing the estates, and paying off the debts her husband had contracted by his devotion to America. Many of the wives of the proscribed, at that time, obtained divorces to save their property from confiscation. She, on the contrary, not only revolted against such a violation of morality, but took delight, every time she corresponded with the Government, in signing herself, *The Wife of Lafayette*.

But unhappy as she was herself, her main anxiety was for her husband, who, arrested by the King of Prussia, was dragged from dungeon to dungeon. But still she did not neglect the culture of her children. She attended to it herself, and with as much care as if it had been a time of profound peace. She mingled even in their amusements, and often of a morning went walking with them, and, when seated at a brook side, or in some romantic dell, entertained them with charming and useful reading.

But the savagery of the Terrorists increasing, she was dragged to Paris and thrown into close confinement. Her children, now left in some sense worse than orphans, were without resources, and became objects of charity. The peasants of the neighborhood brought them food and other help. While in prison and awaiting death she wrote a will, which is admirable for its pious resignation. After the execution of her grandmother, mother, and sister, she wrote to her children: "God has preserved me from revolting against him, but I could not have borne an offer of human consolation."

Saved from the guillotine by the fall of Robespierre, and the waning of the Reign of Terror, she had no sooner left prison, January, 1795, than, sending her little son across the ocean to the care of Washington, his godfather, she hastened with her two daughters to Vienna to beg permission to visit her husband in his dungeon at Olmutz, of whose condition she had no definite knowledge, as by intensification of cruelty the Austrians had refused all correspondence between them. It was with difficulty that, in a royal audience, she obtained permission to share his prison and its rude discipline. She found him ignorant of all that had transpired in France, and, like herself, much reduced in health. Their reunion, however, brought a gleam of sunshine to the dungeon, and not the least happy repasts of their lives were some of those in which, in the absence of knives and forks, they partook with their fingers of their wretched Austrian rations. But the over-taxed woman fell sick, and asked leave to quit the dungeon a few days for medical help. Informed that she could go out only on condition of not returning, she refused, and remained,

though at the risk of her life. With swollen limbs and constant fever she suffered on an entire year longer. It was here that, with a toothpick and a little Chinese ink, she wrote, on the margins of a volume of Buffon, the affectionate sketch of her mother, which is now printed with her life.

Delivered from his unjust imprisonment, September, 1797, by the influence of Bonaparte after the victory of Campo Formio, the General, with his family, repaired, for the benefit of their impaired health, to a circle of relatives and friends in Holstein. Pretty soon their hearts were gratified with the arrival of their son, bearing the felicitations and blessings of Washington, who had received him like a father. Here, for a while, this little group enjoyed, despite the churlish climate, the sunshine of genuine French vivacity and cheer. Madame Lafayette was here rejoiced to give her oldest daughter in marriage, though herself still so feeble as to have to be carried to the church where the ceremony was performed. Her health suffered again by a solitary journey to France, to see to the family estate. When Bonaparte overthrew the Directory Lafayette presumed to return to his country without waiting the formality of getting permission. The First Consul seeming much irritated, Madame Lafayette, always ready for noble resolutions, asked, and was granted, an interview. Explaining with delicacy and tact the good effect the return of her husband might have on public opinion at that juncture, she was answered by the General: "I am delighted, Madame, to have formed your acquaintance; you have much wit, but you understand nothing of politics." Lafayette, however, was allowed to remain.

In their quiet retirement in Auvergne the family now spent some of its happiest years. Especially for Madame L., after so many years of anxiety and sacrifice, was it the height of all conceivable joy to be free to give herself over fully and undisturbedly to the bliss of these affections, earthly and heavenly, which had so long been deepening and ripening in her troubled heart. Her home joys, says her daughter, were so rich, so intense, as to make her gladly forget all the *éclat* and glory of popularity which she had so richly enjoyed. Her heart embraced and took in a whole sea of love. Her children were happy around her, and little grandchildren began to clamber about her knees.

But these happy years were too quickly cut short. Her health, shattered by anxiety and imprisonments, could never be restored, and, in December, 1807, while yet but in her forty-eighth year, she was called from earth.

One of the chief clouds to her life had been to see her husband so little concerned about religion. She had often broached the matter, though always with extreme delicacy. "When I go to the other world," said she to him at the eve of her death, "you know well that I will still love you; the sacrifice of my life would be very little, however much it might cost to leave you, if it only assured your eternal happiness." Awaking out of delirium at one moment, and seeing her whole family about her couch: "What a happy circle!" she exclaimed; "let us unite ourselves in God, and set out for eternity!" How sweetly touching the words she was heard to murmur to herself the day of her death: "To-day I shall see mother!" Feeling that her last moment had come, she lay her hand in that of the General and said: "I am all yours." This was her last word, and it had been the spirit of her whole life.

Such was the wife of Lafayette. Daughter, sister, wife, mother—the crown of all virtues was hers. "It is impossible," says a reviewer, "to imagine a more perfect model of woman."

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

LIKE the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the Autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of Spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, can see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest—one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid its garniture of Autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given to him.



THE FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

COME, gather closer to my side,
My little smitten flock,
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock ;
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and guile,
And once a cradled babe did float
All helpless on the Nile.

You 're weary, precious ones, your eyes
Are wandering far and wide ;
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide ?
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fixed attention claim ?
O, never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name.

'T is time you sing your evening hymn,
My youngest infant dove ;
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love.

My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor, deserted throng ;
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds, the' accustomed strain ;
Come, warble loud and clear ;
Alas ! alas ! you 're weeping all,
You 're sobbing in my ear.

Good-night ! go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed ;
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead.

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life ;
His care protect these shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife ;
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write ?
Who touch the springs that rule the soul ?
Dear, mourning babes, good-night !

MY FRIEND'S SEWING-MACHINE EXPERIENCE.

I MET my friend, Mrs. Hunt, a few years ago, and was surprised to see how prematurely old she looked. The bright, happy face of our loved school-companion, Annie Lee, was shaded with intense care, and it seemed to me that the internal likeness, too, was marred. As a scholar she had been one of the most ambitious and successful of our class; she promised herself grand attainments after college days were past, "never expecting," so she said, "to have her education finished." Such was our friend Annie Lee.

She had married young; her husband had secured a prize indeed; but he was every way worthy of it. He himself was a talented, faithful, and devoted minister of the Gospel. They were poor. Children, one by one, had blessed their union till quite a number of these "olive plants" were around their table. They had kept but one servant; yet I was struck with the neatness of the children's plain attire; indeed, the same scrupulous neatness marked all the appointments of the snug parsonage. She told me, with a little half sigh, that "the cares of real life had knocked all the poetry out of her youthful day-dreams."

A few days ago I met her again, and what a change! The expression of intense care was gone, the face looked happier and younger—so much more like I had once known it. I could not but make some remark to her in regard to her improved appearance, and then she gave me this little bit of her history:

"One Christmas Eve I had been very busy arranging a Christmas tree, which was to be lighted on Christmas morning. No matter how we are compelled to economize at other times, yet we always so contrive that the Christmas holidays shall bring with them presents for our little ones; no matter how the cares of this life and its labor weigh upon me at other times, I always manage to obtain a few days respite from toil, to give to the children at Christmas time.

"The Christmas Eve, of which I speak, had been a very pleasant one. After tea, the smaller children had learned some simple Christmas verses as they sat upon my knee; then we had read the beautiful story of the shepherds and the angels; the older ones had sung little Christmas carols; the father had read some famous Christmas stories 'from the German'; we had each told of Christmas days long past, when we were little, and 'hung our stockings up,' then followed the family prayer, in which we had not failed to thank the 'Giver of every

good and perfect gift,' for the gift of Him whose birth we celebrate at the glad Christmas tide. Afterward, each child had retired; I had gone round for the good-night kisses, and after seeing each one 'snugly nestled in bed,' I had returned to assist in arranging the Christmas tree. There were, doubtless, many other trees in the land far more beautiful and brilliant to the eye, but no one capable of appreciating the history of each gift, and understanding the little acts of self-denial necessary to the purchase of them, would have despised our humble tree.

"At last it was finished; every candle had found its proper place; every toy, book, etc., had been arranged and rearranged till the most fastidious taste could find no better disposition to be made of the materials at hand.

"'And now, Edward,' said I, 'let us retire.' 'You go now,' said my husband, in reply, 'I am not quite ready.'

"I went, and wondered afterward what Edward could be making such a lumbering noise about, and what detained him so long, but when he came up-stairs he offered no explanations, and I forgot all about it. I was very wakeful that night; others were sleeping quietly, but I could not sleep. My mind went back over all my past life; I thought of the time when I came to my husband's home a happy bride; when the work really seemed like play, there was so little to be done—unlike most American housekeepers, I have been blessed with good 'help,' for, Ellen, my 'maid-of-all-work' when I began housekeeping is still my maid-of-all-work—I thought of the long quiet evenings when the round table was drawn out, and the shaded lamp placed on it, while Edward read and I sewed, or we conversed upon what we had read during the day; how, in those days, I found time to accompany him to an occasional lecture or concert, and came home feeling refreshed and better for it. Then I thought how little darling children had come to our home, bringing with them love and gladness, but bringing also increasing cares, labors, and expenses till I felt that I was fast merging into a household drudge. I was too tired after a hard day's work to be interested in reading, when Edward had the time to read aloud; my work basket seemed to me to be always full of sewing, either making or mending; I often stitched away into the small hours of the night, but I soon found, by frequent headaches, that I was no gainer thereby, for Nature would exact pay for every hour stolen from necessary sleep by hours of compulsory inaction in a sick-room.

"How many day-dreams glided before my mind that restless Christmas Eve! I thought of

the time when I had fondly hoped to be the first to instill into my children's minds a love for literary pursuits; I remember how I had once dreamed of reading with them the grand old authors which shall always remain classics in our language, Milton, Shakspeare, Bunyan, etc.

"Alas! there were so many little garments to make, so many buttons to replace, so many rents to repair that heart and hands were full of these material wants.

"I argued to myself that I was not meant for just this drudgery; that our wants must be simplified; that attention to mere conventionalities made this burden necessary for me; my arguments were all in vain; I could not decide where to simplify the wants, I could find no clew to lead me out of the labyrinth.

"Long before day-light, from trundle bed and crib, childish voices vociferated their merry Christmas greetings. How hard it was to wait till the accustomed toilet preparations had been made; much I fear that the usual morning devotions were largely mingled with thoughts of old Kriss. Ellen had hurried to rake out the grate and bring the fire into a pleasant glow, and pa had gone down on what seemed to the children a mysterious errand, but which I understood to be the lighting of the Christmas tree. A bell rang to announce that all was ready, and the merry group burst 'pell-mell' from the chamber, and hastened to the family sitting-room. O! the exclamations of delight. Old Kriss had anticipated each child's peculiar needs. Ned and Charlie need no longer borrow the sleds of their more fortunate neighbors, for old Kriss had brought each such a *beautiful*, *beautiful* sled, and out of doors lay a fresh supply of new-fallen snow, so that the sleds were just in the nick of time. Katie could now lay aside the dilapidated doll, for here was a new one to awaken her motherly instincts; and here was also a little thimble, scissors, and scraps of calico, etc., in a darling work-basket. To be sure the doll was simply dressed in a loose night slip, but Katie was already learning to be a famous sewer, and she would soon supply all deficiencies in dolly's wardrobe.

"These and the rest crowded around me for sympathy in their childish joys, but I must confess that I had little eyes or ears for them, for right by the side of the tree stood a sewing-machine, the very make that I had thought most easy to manage, and best adapted to family work. It seemed hard to realize, for I had long ago ceased to expect Christmas presents. I do not know that I had received one since I had been told that I was 'too old to hang my stocking up.'

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"I turned to my husband, who had been watching me. 'Edward,' said I, 'how could you afford it?' 'Very easily,' was the reply; 'do n't you know I have used no tobacco since last Christmas? The money I have thus saved has purchased your machine.'

"During the entire past year, I had felt thankful for the strength of purpose which had enabled my husband to overcome a habit acquired in immature boyhood, ere judgment had awakened to guide him, but I had never dreamed that this victory over himself was to be the means of my emancipation from the slavery of the needle. That quiet-looking sewing-machine was very poetical in my eyes. It meant leisure for mental culture, opportunity to unbend and regain my elasticity, companionship with the world's great minds, and loving communion with Nature.

"That was a happy family circle that gathered round our breakfast table that morning; yet, as I sat at the table, I thought of the many acquaintances who had become possessed of similar machines, and yet I had witnessed no marked release from care in their cases, no such metamorphosis as that I pictured to myself.

"We were scarcely done breakfast when in came one of these wit-worn neighbors. My first thought was, of course, to exhibit my machine, and her remarks enlightened me.

"O, that's good; now you need not dress your children to look like such little Quakers! My machine makes all the trimming my children wear; I have not made a little cambric dress since I have had it; and then ruffles are quite as pretty as embroidery, and by the aid of my machine, they cost me nothing; let me see, have you a braider? O, yes, I use mine so much; and it is such a help in fancy work.' I said nothing, but I inwardly resolved not willingly to subject myself to such a yoke of bondage. I knew not the subtle power of temptation contained in my quiet little machine.

"As I set my machine, I thought *one* ruffle on the little drawers was so easily made, consumed so little time, and was so much more of a finish, that it seemed almost essential; then the little skirts looked so much better with a cluster of little tucks, etc., etc., that I forgot the old Scotch proverb, 'Many a mickle makes a muckle;' and I was soon busily engrossed in the really delightful occupation of ruffling, tucking, and braiding as the neighbor, whom I had so much condemned. And now I found I had increased my burdens in another way. Ellen had, previously to this time, been fully adequate to the task of starching and ironing all the linen and muslin articles worn by our little flock, but

I now found both her skill and time insufficient. And so it came about that, for at least one half day in every week, it became necessary for me to stand over the ironing table; at first unskillfully, and with burning face and aching back; afterward, with a real housewifely pride, as I surveyed the piles of beautifully ironed, snowy linen.

"Yet all this time my conscience was ill at ease. I thought again and again of the bitter feelings with which I had been used to repine at my lot of slavery to the needle; I thought of the bright Christmas morning when I hailed my machine as a deliverer, and yet I had willingly bowed my neck to the 'yoke of bondage' again. How I had exulted in the thought of improved opportunities for mental culture, and the companionship of my children in their sports and in their studies! yet not one of these bright dreams had been realized. I came to a stand-still; I determined to be no longer in bondage, but to assert my womanhood; and so, helped by grace, I have been enabled to reach what seems, for me, to be the golden medium. My machine, now, instead of bringing me increased work and care, lightens my labor, and is an invaluable servant.

"I find time now for reading, and for many other duties and pleasures which once seemed beyond my reach. But let me tell you, I have to cultivate a taste for higher pursuits with almost as much assiduity as though I had never cared for these things."

I listened to this little experience, and thought there might be many who would be profited thereby; and if my friend should chance to see this paper, she will, I hope, pardon the publicity I have given to what was meant for a private conversation, and she will, I trust, do this the more readily, from the fact that by a use of fictitious names I have concealed her identity.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.

NEAR the western coast of the Red Sea, not far from the base of Mount Kolzim, toward the plain of Baccarah, there flourished, about the close of the third century, a small grove of date palm-trees. This grove, watered by three streams of brackish water, offered the parched and weary traveler only scanty shade and repast, though in that barren waste this inclosure, rescued from endless scorching sands, was a grateful shelter; and for the comfort of those who were successful in reaching this solitary oasis, a few onions, beans, and patches of grain were growing.

Their cultivation was the laborious work of

one man, who was sometimes seen at the entrance of the desert pass of Mount Kali, as if to invite the travel worn and weary to step aside and enjoy the great and unexpected repose the lonely place offered.

The attenuated form of the recluse of the spot was clad in single garment, a tunic of wash leather; his sunburnt face expressed high resolution, and earnestness of a single holy purpose; and if his embrowned hands were employed in weaving baskets of the palm-tree, the chanted psalm and deep, lustrous, upraised eye indicated the devotion that swelled his heart, and found vent in this sacred communion with heaven. Such was St. Anthony, the acknowledged founder of Monachism, born at Alexandria, and who, when a youth, on entering a church, and hearing our Lord's command to the young ruler, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," resolved to obey the command literally, and to set the world an example of renunciation and self-denial never before seen or known. He accordingly parted with all his worldly goods; left his friends and associates, and retired to the desert, where, through an entire long and blameless life, he practiced the severities that spread his fame throughout the length and breadth of the known world, inducing numerous disciples to follow his example; and multitudes resorted to see the austere recluse, and receive the benefit resulting from his conversation. He at first, upon withdrawing from the world in holy disgust, occupied a grotto not far from the place of birth. Crowds followed him to his hermitage, and, to avoid the curiosity of the multitude, he retired to an old castle, where, for twenty years, his prayers and hymns mingled with the crumbling ruins; then, fleeing farther from the face of man, he betook himself to the distant solitude of Mount Kolzim, where a large monastery now marks the scene of his retirement and devotion.

Many who followed him were inspired with a spirit of emulation and zeal, and these were formed by Anthony into a regular community, he prescribing the rules for their observance and guidance; and thus originated the first regular Monastic order. He lived to an extreme old age, dying in 356, in his one hundred and sixth year. His property at his death consisted of an old worn garment, given him by Athanasius, two sheep skins, and a sack-cloth.

More than a century had passed over him, when he paid a visit to Alexandria to bear his testimony against the wide-spreading heresy of Arius. His soul was then clear and steadfast to his faith, though the outer man showed symptoms of decay, and even pagans felt the

flashes of religious truth that animated his soul, and some conversions followed these few last efforts. A touching interview was held between the aged monk Anthony and the celebrated blind Didymus, who was then at the head of the Alexandrian school of divinity. Naturally he had been disposed to mysticism, but while his outer sight was dim the Holy Spirit illuminated his soul more happily, and he gave to the Christian world a treatise that has led following generations to sustain the doctrine of the Holy Ghost.

The aged Anthony and the sightless professor of Christian theology now met. The venerable recluse, looking with intense affection on the blind but speaking face of his brother in Christ, said,

"Be not troubled at your want of eyes, such as small insects use, but rejoice that you have eyes like those with which angels see, by which, too, you see God and receive his light."

When he felt that his end drew near, he called two monks, who for some years had been his close companions and ministers, and said,

"I am going the way of my fathers. The Lord hath called me. Be watchful and lose not the fruit of your heavenly exercises. As you have begun, keep up your diligence. Our spiritual foes, it is true, are ever seeking to devour; their strength, however, is limited; fear them not, but ever breathe after Christ. Have faith in him; and, as you are daily dying, attend to his precepts which you have heard from me. Mind the same things, so that, joined to the Lord and to his saints, ye may be received as his friends into everlasting habitations. Let not my body be taken into Egypt, nor be placed in any house. Bury and cover it over with earth. Keep the secret in your own minds, and let no man know the place of my burial, for I shall be received by the Savior himself, incorruptible, at the resurrection of the dead. Divide my garments. Give one to Athanasius the Bishop, and the pallium, now worn out, which, when new, I received from him. Give another garment to Serapion the Bishop. My hair-cloth vesture is left to you. Farewell, my sons. Anthony is departing hence, nor will he be with you any more."

The old man remained standing while they gave him the parting kiss, and then, reclining himself with a cheerful countenance, breathed his last.

Paul, the Eremit, made an earlier choice of hermit life, but all the glory that belongs to the originator of Christian convents is ascribed universally to Anthony, the first Christian abbot. He lived long enough to see the commence-

ment of a system, however good or evil in its effects, which was for a long period to sway the movements of the Christian Church, for in its infancy it sprang up and was nurtured, irrespective of the Church of Rome. It belonged to an earlier age, but Rome in due time felt the congenial nature of the system, and was ready, with characteristic ingenuity and cunning, to seize and use this means for its own peculiar ecclesiastical purposes. It was then that an endeavor was made to trace monastic orders to the days of the apostles, and Scripture was searched to support its origin. John the Baptist, and Elijah the Tishbite, were quoted. It is not strange that the followers of John the Baptist were ascetics. But He that said, "He that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he," graciously by his life and precious example disabused the mind on this point by gracing the marriage feast by his presence and first miracle, and walking and talking freely among our fellow-creatures, relieving their suffering and alleviating their sorrows.

Rome clings to her notions of antiquity, declaring that the Jewish Essenes were Christian monks; but this sect, it has been satisfactorily proved, existed two centuries before Christ, and first appeared on the western shore of the Dead Sea.

"On the western border of that lake," writes the elder Pliny, "dwell the Essenes, at a sufficient distance from the shore to avoid its pestilential effluvia—a race entirely by themselves, and beyond every other in the world deserving of wonder, living in communion with nature, without wives, without money."

Josephus speaks of them as well known before the appearance of Christ. They held their goods in common, were strict observers of the Sabbath day, and sent gifts to the temple, though they were never seen in it, and appear to have been peaceful, honest, industrious, and benevolent, but studiously quiet and secluded. They are spoken of in the books of Maccabees under the name of Assideans.

Philo writes of a sect styled Therapeuta, composed of both men and women, who lived in their separate cells on the borders of Lake Mæris, near Alexandria; these show us that ascetic discipline appeared in Egypt long before Christianity.

Our Savior, though not condemning by name this sect as openly as he did the Pharisees and Sadducees, yet did not leave their errors unrepented; almost all that is peculiar in an ascetic life is condemned by Christ and his apostles. When they would have prevented rudely the mothers from troubling the Master, he said,

"Suffer them to come to me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." "And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence." Again, in his prayer for the preservation of his followers: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world. I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from evil." These Jewish sects remained exclusively Jewish, and had melted away, and entirely disappeared before Christian Monachism prevailed.

St. Anthony's example was followed by numerous disciples, although he fled from the face and voice of man. During the earlier years of his recluse life, legend presents him preaching to the bare rocks, burning sands, or to the birds of the air and fishes of the water. This must have been indifferent work for his burning and honest spirit; for, as it has been said,

"The sermon thus ended, each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling;
Much delighted were they, but preferred their own way."

And he found more satisfaction in furnishing the world with numerous patterns of solitary discipline, and models of monastic orders. His own spirit was certainly imbued "with justice, temperance, fortitude, love, kindness, and faith in Christ." To the cultivation of all these he earnestly exhorted his friends and followers; his lessons of goodness left upon many an undying impression, and his sayings, outliving the centuries that have succeeded him, are borne down to the present time. His chief disciple, Hilarion, introduced monastic institutions in Palestine and Syria, and, owing to his idolatrous parents, was compared by Jerome "to the rose that flourishes on a thorn."

He was an early convert to Christianity, and being impressed by the fame of the great Anthony, at the early age of fifteen started for the desert, where, after an interview with him, he remained for two months a devout observer of his example and teaching. He then sought out a place for his own retreat, and selected a spot seven miles from the city of Gaza, a salt marsh near a sea beach, "a lone and dismal spot, whose silence was only broken by the noise of the waves and the voice of blood."

No entreaties or warnings perverted him from his purpose; he hoped to be saved from death by learning to despise it; and there, in a narrow cell five feet in height, clothed only in sack-cloth or a thick cloak, he struggled against the pride of his youthful nature, subjecting his delicate frame to heat and cold, till he became the wonder and admiration of the bandits and outlaws

who infested that region of country. After forty-eight years of labor he had gathered about him two or three thousand disciples.

In his ninetieth year, on the fifteenth of January, 391, he was released from the burden of the body he had so long striven to subdue, and left many homilies, written by himself, that evince great talent, a remarkable familiarity with the sacred writings, and a pure and perfect faith in Christ as the rock of salvation.

The increase and determination of monasteries and monks in succeeding generations is almost incredible, and in no part of the world have they been carried to more extravagant lengths than in the East, where, it was said, whole armies might have been raised among them without diminishing their numbers. By the rules of their founders, every order was devoted to reading; libraries were, therefore, found in every monastery, and the ancient authors were thus fortunately preserved, through the dismal period, when the interests of literature were neglected. In the eighth and ninth centuries monks were probably held in the greatest veneration. Large sums of money were devoted to building convents throughout Christendom, kings and nobles of high degree shut themselves up from their fellow-creatures for communion with God, and abbots were placed high in secular power; but as they increased in power, they sank in ignorance and degradation.

Twenty or thirty years after Anthony's death, Evagrius, of Pontus, a recluse of the Scetic Desert, wrote, among other works, verses addressed to the Monks in Communities, and to the Virgin, the latter indicating the rise of the worship of Mary, whose name was then beginning to gather the peculiar charm which afterward gained the votaries of the so-called Mother of God, and formed so great an ally for the monastic system in convents and nunneries for the female sex.

Later, a favorite subject for Ambrose, on which he has written several works, was that of virginity, or perpetual worship of the Virgin Mary. His treatise is in three volumes, and was written in the latter part of the third century. He resided in the neighborhood of Milan, and his exhortations made a most lively impression on the minds and hearts of young girls in his own immediate vicinity, as well as in distant provinces. The virgins of Bologna alone only amounted to the number of twenty; they executed all manner of needle-work, not only to earn a livelihood, but in order to enable themselves to perform acts of charity and liberality, and besides exerted an influence in persuading others to join their holy profession. Ambrose

exhorts daughters, "in spite of parents or other obstacles, to consecrate themselves in this manner."

In some respects he either wished to imitate or revive the order of Vestals of ancient Rome, and succeeded in fairly establishing the institution of nuns, combining Christianity with their peculiarities. Some ascribe the Vestal order to *Æneas*, who brought the sacred fire from Troy; others pronounce Numa their founder. They were six in number; their parents were to be living and in possession of their freedom, and the daughters were taken for their duties at the age of six years. When one died, out of twenty maidens the Pontiff selected one for this high honor, and pronounced over her a set form of words; her hair was shaven and hung upon a lote-tree. Her dress consisted of a white vest, with a purple border, a white linen surplice, and over this a large purple mantle with a long train, that was tucked up when they sacrificed. On the head was worn the *insula*, a close band, and from that streamed white ribbons. At the age of thirty they were at liberty to leave the order or continue in it as assistants. Their chief duty was to preserve the sacred fire of *Vesta* in the temple; if through negligence it was extinguished they were severely whipped, and the flame was to be relighted by burning-glasses from the sun. When they went abroad they were preceded by a Lictor with a bundle of rods, and were privileged to ride in a chariot as far as the *Capitol*, and if they met any magistrate they either turned aside or kissed his fasces. They possessed peculiar privileges; if they met a malefactor on his way to execution, they might rescue him from punishment, provided they swore by *Vesta* that the meeting was accidental. If one of the order transgressed or violated the rules, she was stripped of her habit, which she kissed with tears, and then alive placed in a pit, with a lighted candle, a little milk and water, and was then covered over and left to starve and languish to death.

The Romish Church was not slow in seizing the idea so early advanced by St. Ambrose; romantic devotees were not wanting, and from the six Roman Vestals, and St. Ambrose's twenty young enthusiasts, resulted the innumerable convents that sprang into existence in every part of the Christianized world, forming a lucrative, convenient, and finally almost indispensable aid of the Church, having for their authority a few threadbare legends, and fewer distorted, meager Scripture texts upon which they rested a deceptive and injurious system. Had St. Ambrose lived to have seen the result of his preaching, or could he have risen from his tomb

centuries after he had been lain away for his quiet rest, he would scarcely have been edified or jubilant over the rank growth of the little mustard-seed he had sown with his own hand, for he would have found many foul birds nestling among what he fancied would have proved pure and wholesome branches.

In the sixteenth century a novel auxiliary for convents and nunneries was instituted, and the various asylums and homes for the sisters of charity that are found now in nearly every part of the habitable globe testify the eager interest shown by the Romish Church toward these portions of her vineyard.

Vincent de Paul, the child of Jean and Bertrand de Paul, who were honest and humble cultivators of the soil, was born at Ranquines, a small hamlet in the diocese of Dax. Vincent was a shepherd, but giving at an early age proofs of superior intelligence, he was sent to the Convent des Cordeliers, and adopted the ecclesiastical profession. After passing through the various grades of study he sailed for Marseilles, but the vessel being taken by corsairs, all on board were carried to Barbary and sold as slaves; the saint became a slave under three masters, the last a renegade from the Christian faith; he succeeded in converting him, and together they escaped to France. In 1608 he was chosen to accompany a vice-legate to Rome, and there met the Cardinal d'Ossat, ambassador of Henry IV, who gave him a mission for France. A few years after he conceived the idea of religious missions, and traveled through the villages of Normandy, preaching to the poor and carrying the words of consolation and love to distant hamlets. Louis XIII hearing of his success appointed him chaplain to the galley slaves, and about the same time Francis of Sales, a noted saint of that epoch, confided to him the direction of the first convent of Visitation, lately founded by Madame de Chantel. After preaching to the gallerians one year, he returned to Paris, passing through Macon, where he established two houses of charity, one for men and the other for women. Later he attended to the spiritual needs of the gallerians at Bordeaux, and founded a Church for the dissemination of the true faith in the people of the Campagna. "His whole life," says his biographer, "was a tissue of good works—from one simple sermon preached in Paris 40,000 livres were subscribed, and the foundation laid for the first foundling hospital—his eloquence and zeal so affected his audience."

After the death of Louis XIII, Anne of Austria summoned him to her ecclesiastical council and wished to make him cardinal; this honor,

however, he steadily declined, preferring always to mingle in the charities rather than the politics of the world.

He became very infirm before he died. His death occurred September 27, 1660. Already the Church regarded him as its benefactor, and in 1737 he was canonized by Clement XII, and as St. Vincent de Paul occupies a niche in every religious house of his order, and receives the adoration of the inmates. According to the founder's rules laid down for the order, the vows taken by the Sisters of Charity are of the same nature as those assumed by nuns; they are not bound for life, it is true, but it is simply not expected that any, however free to do so, will ever avail themselves of the liberty; if it is done danger, disgrace, and injury follow those who, having mistaken their vocation, can not make a virtue of necessity, but endeavor to return to the world.

In the year 1805 Mrs. Elizabeth Seton, the wife of a New York physician, and formerly a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was converted by an Italian gentleman, a friend of her husband, to the Roman Catholic faith, and rebaptized at St. Peter's in New York city. She had recently returned from Naples, where her husband died, and finding herself obliged to resort to teaching for support, she removed to Baltimore, and there opened a society, "whose members should be specially consecrated to God"—in truth, a convent.

A legacy of eight thousand dollars, left for the purpose, was offered her by the priests of Baltimore to found a religious establishment, and the land was selected and purchased at Emmettsburg, Maryland. At the time a small stone building was the only tenement; this still stands a short distance from the large main building, and is styled "The Cradle of St. Joseph." Sixteen persons were crowded in the small building, and there lived in "humble sanctity" many who had been accustomed to lives of ease and luxury. Mrs. Seton's eldest daughter died of consumption, and her second daughter followed her in a few years—their acts of bodily mortification were chronicled as "heroic." In 1813 the society of St. Joseph was regularly organized; eighteen persons took upon themselves the vows of "poverty, chastity, and obedience." Large additions were made from time to time, buildings being added as they were needed, and as the community increased in numbers; an orphan asylum was erected; a marble tablet in this building marks the spot where the bed of Mother Seton stood, and where she died in 1820, and since then this has been one of the most flourishing institutions of

the many similar ones that are now in this country. It was for some time the source and fountain-head of the others; but in 1850 the Sisters in the diocese of Baltimore, Albany, New Orleans, and other places abandoned Mother Seton's rule and united with the order in France. The several grades of postulant, novice, and professed sister must be passed in order to ascertain if the person be capable or qualified for the duties of Sister of Charity, eight years after being the period of probation. The dress of the postulant is plain black, with a cape; a white cap on the head conceals part of the face. The novice wears in addition a dark-blue apron and a small white shawl, and a close-fitting cap, concealing the short hair, over this a white bonnet, and upon that a black silk vail that hangs over the shoulders nearly to the feet. The "holy habit," assumed by the older sisters, is made of gray cloth, with an apron of the same material; the gown has loose sleeves with white linen sleeves under that fasten about the wrist; around the neck a broad linen collar falling nearly to the waist in front, where the ends overlap. The head is shaved close, and a close-fitting cap is worn, and above a linen bonnet projecting over the forehead six inches, with sides or wings that droop to the shoulders, but do not touch them. These, say the Sisters,

"Are the wings that will carry us to heaven."

Large, heavy beads, with a crucifix, are carried on the left side; the holy habit, when put off or on, is reverently kissed. Mrs. Seton's dress was such as she had seen worn by the religious in Italy—"a black dress with a short cape—a head dress of neat white muslin, with a crimped border, and a black crape band around the head fastened under the chin."

The Chapel of the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity in this country, consecrated in 1841, is thus described: "The style of architecture is Tuscan; it is one hundred and twelve feet long, and ninety-one wide, with a lofty steeple, two wings at the end, one of which serves for a vestry room, and the other for the orphans and strangers, who wish to attend divine service; the body of the church is reserved for the sisters and pupils of the academy. The façade is set off with a sculptured statue of St. Joseph—as you enter the front door, on the left, is a recess containing an altar, commemorative of the seven dolors of the Virgin Mother, which are exhibited by a well-executed group in composition, the gift of a French nobleman. In the recess, on the right, is an altar sacred to St. Philomena, raised by the piety of former pupils, and decorated with costly gifts. In the spacious

chancel rises a marble altar of the purest white, and of matchless elegance, and elevated high above it in the niche of a canopy constructed of the same rich materials as the altar, stands the image of the Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms; above on either side is seen a cherub, in an attitude of profound awe and adoration. The bell that is in the steeple is one of many articles of this description, brought to this country from Spain, during the ascendancy of Espartero."

For years the Sisters of Charity of the Romish Church have constituted a theme for enthusiastic commendation from many Protestants, who perhaps are not aware that among the Waldenses and Moravians, an order somewhat similar, under the title of deaconesses, existed in the fifteenth century, and sixty-five years before Vincent de Paul established his order, Robert von der Mark, Prince of Sedan, in the Netherlands, founded the Protestant institution of "Demoiselles de Charite," and granted to them the revenues of suppressed monasteries. These societies that imitated the example of the deaconesses of the Apostolic Church, whose office was to visit the poor sick and dying, and take charge of children till baptism admitted them in the Church, still exist at Paris, Strasburg, Berlin, Utrecht, Stockholm, and also at Pittsburg, in our own country. Dr. Mühlenberg, of New York, has instituted a similar order, and this example is being followed in various other places among Protestant Churches. This idea is, therefore, not wholly or peculiarly Romish, and whatever good may have been achieved by their many and zealous characters, it can not be claimed exclusive of the Protestant Church. They are bound by no vow, they are free to return to the world, or their homes, and are not compelled to resign friends and all the social duties and enjoyments of life, but are designed to serve God in this manner, with the freedom of voluntary and intelligent Christians. The term—Sister of Charity—is not synonymous with Papist, or the thick, impassable walls of a convent, and the utter annihilation of the human affections.

The purity, the self-sacrifice and courage of the humble and devoted sister, while ministering to the wants of the wounded and dying on the battle-field, the fearless exposure in crowded hospitals, where the tainted atmosphere is full of peril, the eulogies passed so frequently, and often justly, upon their gentleness and humility, enlists sympathetic feelings in their defense, and calls out admiration that is heart-felt. We would not disparage these charities, whose light is "set upon a hill." The groaning soldiers of

the allied armies, sick and wounded during the horrors before Sebastopol, testify to the tender compassion of those whose dress and vocation procured them safe passports, where others would not have been admitted.

It was said that during the terrible ravages of the plague in different parts of Europe, Sisters of Charity nursed the dying, and assisted in burying the dead, when friend and foe alike had fled before the horrible scourge. When the yellow fever raged in Norfolk, and men and women fell before the destroyer as beasts that perish, the most fearless and frequent foot that trod the deserted streets, was that of the devoted Sister of Charity, carrying succor and relief, and hope to despairing hearts, and carrying also the emblems of the faith of the Papist, and securing converts by the dull acquiescence of eyes already glazed by death.

Meek rush lights do their duty in their own quiet way; if it be well done, it is enough. If Vestals set their lights "upon a hill," where all the world can see the glare, that will be well also, if the lamps be always kept trimmed and burning.

Exclusion from the "world, the flesh, and the devil," is not always achieved behind the gratings and thick walls of a house consecrated to the service of Heaven, though the inmates study only the "Lives of the Saints," "Roman Martyrology," and the "Conferences"—though all earthly affections and ambitions are resigned—though they may pray for hours, fast for days, speak only in whispers, and walk with hands clasped on the breast, with measured step, and eyes fixed ever upon the ground. A quiet, grave, uniform habit is convenient. The apostles, we are told, "had all things in common." John Wesley's immediate followers were known by their singularity of dress; he, in his strictest moods, condemned colored ribbons and red shoes for children, as belonging to the "pride of the eyes." Honest Quakers approved and donned their quiet uniform. "But can all these things purify the altar, or make the flame burn brighter?" Surely, the "vain pomp and glory of the world, the flesh, and the devil," can be effectually renounced outside of stone walls, for the Master prayed for his chosen disciples—"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but keep them from the evil."

A saddened, disappointed Protestant woman, with pure faith and heroic heart, can become a Sister of Charity, and earnestly, and courageously pursue the calling that appears so cold and uninviting, and reap sweet rewards for a life of hard, self-sacrifice, and every true heart will wish her God-speed. If she work out her

noble mission perseveringly, consistently, the last messenger will find her ready, should it come from the polluted atmosphere of the hospital, or from the disease contracted at the dying bedside, or resulting from weary, watchful vigils.

The poor, the sick and suffering—they are His legacy; if we can succor and console, and aid the “least of them,” it will matter little at the final end of all things, if we have served them according to our ability, quietly, and unobtrusively, or have worn the badge, and borne the name of Sister of Charity.

THE ASTROLOGER'S GLASS.

PART I.

THE old town of Kennennicht was all quiet as usual, the women sitting spinning at their doors, and the children playing in the street, when all attention was attracted by the appearance of a stranger leisurely pacing along the pavement, apparently wrapped in deep thought. He wore a high-pointed cap, a long gown touching the ground, and a belt inscribed with strange characters: in short, there was no doubt that the stranger was an astrologer. Beside him walked a handsome, dark-haired lad, carrying a large telescope, and apparently enjoying the astonishment created by his master's appearance.

The pair were soon attended by a crowd of gaping loiterers, gradually increasing in number till the astrologer halted at the door of Hans Wurzel, the crockery-seller, and inquired of the good woman whether she let lodgings.

Frau Wurzel looked doubtfully at her would-be guests, and cast side-glances on the telescope carried by the lad, to which she seemed to attribute some magical power; but the astrologer's proposal of paying in advance, and production of a heavy purse of gold, overcame her scruples, and she bade the travelers enter, to the grievous disappointment of their train of attendants, who continued to besiege the door, in hopes of catching another glimpse of the strange visitors, till driven away by the sharp tongue and uplifted broom of Frau Wurzel.

The news spread over all Kennennicht, and curiosity knew no bounds. The astrologer was the one topic. In vain did the pastor shake his head and denounce all dealings with the evil one. As soon as his hearers were out of church they began to speculate afresh on the motives of the stranger's visit. It was impossible, they said, that so learned a man should have come to Kennennicht to hide his light under a bushel;

and they waited, with growing impatience, for the solution of the mystery.

Meanwhile the objects of all this interest spent their time shut up in the inner room, which even Frau Wurzel never entered now, although she, in common with her neighbors, would have given much to penetrate its secrets.

It was the fifth day after their arrival in the town, the astrologer sat at his work in one corner of the room, polishing a large looking-glass, while Carl lay on the rug before the fire, poring over a book of magic with apparent interest. Suddenly the master emerged from the curtain which concealed his operations, and the lad looked up.

“I have succeeded, Carl!” exclaimed the astrologer enthusiastically.

“Succeeded!” said the lad, smiling; “but in what, good master?”

“True,” replied the master abstractedly, “I had confided my secret to none—not even to you. I feared failure; but my success is perfect.”

“Success is sometimes more dangerous than failure,” thought Carl, for he remembered that some of his master's inventions had brought disastrous consequences to the discoverer; but he did not speak, and the master continued—“You shall be the first to test it. Carl, go behind the curtain, and look in the glass hanging on the wall. If you stand with your face turned toward the window, you will see yourself in appearance, mind and thoughts just as you are: if you turn your back toward the light, you will see yourself as you appear to your neighbors. Truly, our fortunes are made at last!”

Carl stepped behind the curtain with eager curiosity, impatient to behold himself in the wonderful glass, and the astrologer fell into a reverie, picturing the future greatness and rewards that this invention must bring to himself and his adopted son. From this he was roused by the return of Carl; who, looking pale and troubled, sat down without speaking.

“Have you not a word of praise for my glass, Carl?” inquired the master in a tone of surprise. “Do you not see that we shall gain wealth by displaying it to the people of Kennennicht?”

“Truly, master,” returned Carl gravely, “I think we are more likely to win broken heads by it, both you and I. Tell me; did you not look into it?”

“I, whose hands made it, can see nothing of myself reflected in it,” replied the master; “nevertheless, I should be well pleased, methinks, if I might see my true self, as others may, reflected on its surface.”

“It may be so, master,” returned Carl, “for

you are wise, and value truth for its own sake; but, for my part, I would counsel you to take this mirror to a town where the people are wise also."

"Nay, my boy," said the astrologer, "I know of no such paradise, and were thy town of wise men near at hand, the people of Kennennicht would need my mirror far more than their wiser neighbors. But tell me, Carl, what have you seen reflected in it?"

"I turned my face toward the light at first," said Carl, smiling, "and the reflection that I saw was like that in an ordinary mirror, only that my hair was not quite so curly, nor my eyes so bright as I had fancied them before; but I soon saw the reason, for, among the little thoughts, like swarms of bees, that passed through the mind of my shadow, each bearing its name, I saw that every tenth bore that of vanity. Next I turned my back toward the light, wishing in my heart to see what I appeared to the people of the town, when I beheld a tall, ungainly youth, with one shoulder higher than the other, a face as yellow as parchment, the legs of a spider, and the eyes of a cat! I had to look hard at my own coat to see that all the rents and patches in the reflection were not really there, and at my hands, to be sure that they were not the long brown talons that my second self possessed. I was soon satisfied with the sight, I promise you. No more peeps into your magic-mirror for me, good master!"

"Your eyes are keener than those of others, Carl," said the astrologer. "You have not studied the divine art with me for nothing. The townspeople will not see the secrets of this glass as you have done."

Carl shrugged his shoulders, evidently considering that they would see infinitely more than was agreeable to them, and resumed his book without speaking.

The same evening the secret was communicated to Frau Wurzel, and before the week was out every one in Kennennicht knew it, and was only restrained by the fear of possible dealings with the evil one from coming to try his, or her, fortune in the wonderful glass.

The astrologer smiled gravely at the occasional discussions overheard by Carl and himself in the street. It was evident that the ice would soon be broken, and he waited for visitors patiently. Now it happened that in the next street lived the great lady of the town, Frau Meinhold, the wealthy merchant's widow, who thought herself a beauty. It was well known that she might have married the pastor, or the artist who had taken her portrait so often, or the great brewer, Holtmann, or a score of others;

but the widow despised them all—in truth she had set her heart on marrying a nobleman, and her admirers in the town had only met with cold looks and cavalier treatment since young Graf Edelstein had returned from his travels, and settled down on his estate in the neighborhood. True, she was ten years older than the young owner of Edelstein, and, although fair enough, she had none of the stately grace that would befit the lady of the Castle; but the young nobleman had paid her marked attention, and already, in imagination, she heard herself addressed as "Gräfinen!" She, too, had heard of the new wonder—the mirror, in which you might see yourself as you appeared to others, and while sleepily discussing it with her attendant one morning, a new idea struck her. She had often been told how beautiful she was; why should she not go to the astrologer, and behold herself just as she appeared to her lovers? Her toilet took a long time that morning, and Lina, the maid, was ready to drop with fatigue when it was completed, and she attended her mistress to the astrologer's abode. They had just stepped out into the street, when Graf Edelstein passed by on his gray horse, taking off his plumed cap with such grace, and bowing so low, that the widow actually passed poor Holtmann at the end of the street without even deigning to look at him.

The great lady looked round, somewhat disdainfully, as she entered the crockery-seller's shop, and, acknowledging Frau Wurzel's low courtesy with a slight nod, swept upstairs, followed by the wondering Lina, who only wished that she, too, could look into the mysterious glass, and discover what John Schwartz, the carpenter, thought of her.

"What would you with me, madam?" inquired the astrologer, bowing low as he received his guest.

"A glance at your magic mirror," said the lady, more graciously than she had intended. "I wish to see myself as others see me."

And as she spoke she laid a gold piece on the table.

"It hangs behind yonder curtain, madam," replied the astrologer. "Turn your face slightly away from the light, and you will see yourself just as you appear in the eyes of the youth whose thoughts you desire to fathom."

Frau Meinhold started, as the latter part of his speech revealed to her the startling fact that the man who stood before her with so much deference was positively reading her thoughts; and she put an end to the scrutiny by stepping behind the curtain. With eager impatience she placed herself as directed, wishing earnestly to

see herself as she appeared to Graf Edelstein, and instantly an image appeared which she did not at first recognize; but the costly velvet and satin of the dress were the same as her own, and the unwelcome truth flashed on her mind. The face was that of an old woman, yellow and wrinkled, with heavy, lack-luster eyes, and hair whose tendency to gray was only partially concealed by dye, the grotesqueness of her appearance being increased by patches of rouge, awkwardly put on the sallow cheeks! Instinctively the lady raised her jeweled hand to her own face, as if to see whether the false color was there also, when she perceived, to her horror, that the hand of which she was so proud was as wrinkled and yellow as the face. Stupefied and bewildered, she stood helplessly gazing at the hideous creature, with a growing wonder in her mind as to the young nobleman's motive for paying court to such a wrinkled witch as the figure which stood before her. As her wonder increased she recollects that she had only to wish for the gratification of her curiosity and instantly it was granted. Her second self held up the right hand, which had been, till now, concealed by the velvet mantle, and exhibited a large bag of gold. It was plain enough now, and tears of bitter mortification filled the lady's eyes; but her disgust was increased tenfold when the hideous figure, which till now had remained stationary before her, began to walk up and down with a ludicrous hobbling gait, every now and then pausing, with a self-satisfied smirk, to shake the well-filled money-bag in the face of the horrified original! This was the drop too much; beyond every thing else the poor lady had always prided herself on her elegant walk. She covered her face with her hands, and yet felt irresistibly impelled to peep at the grotesque monster through her fingers. For a few seconds the astrologer, Lina, and Carl were startled by hearing a heavy fall; for the first time in her life Frau Meinholt had fainted. Contrary to Lina's hopes, the astrologer put no questions to his guest when she recovered consciousness; and the lady, with a brief expression of thanks, laid an additional gold piece on the table, and departed silently. Perhaps she was mourning over the true character of her lover, perhaps grateful for the timely warning—who knows?

There was to be no dearth of visitors that day. As Frau Meinholt slowly descended the staircase, followed by Carl, her satin skirts brushed against another just coming up. It was a poor poet, who seemed fated to remain poor all his days—for the people of Kennen-nicht were not poetically inclined, and besides,

they all remembered him as an apprentice to the great tailor of the town, which was enough to spoil his verses in the ears of any man of taste. The poor fellow's patched clothes hung loosely upon him; the crown of his hat had well-nigh parted company with the brim, and the roll of manuscript projecting from the pocket of his threadbare coat sufficiently indicated his profession. Such was the pitiable figure that next entered the astrologer's apartment, bowing low, as he fumbled in his pocket for the last silver coin that he possessed.

"Nay, good friend," said the astrologer, with a look of pity, "you are welcome to try your fortune in the glass. I will take no fee from you."

Alas for human hopes! a grievous surprise was in store for the poor fellow, now hoping to solace himself with the sight of his undoubted genius, and of the estimation in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen. Like his predecessor, he planted himself with his back turned to the light, and looked into the glass, desiring to see what opinion the towns-people entertained respecting him. A start of unfeigned horror testified to the fulfillment of his wish: before him stood a creature like a Merry-Andrew, clothed from head to foot in a suit of manuscript, all perfectly readable to the unhappy poet, who for the first time in his life, seeing with others' eyes, wondered how he could possibly have written the wretched doggerel in which his shadows appeared to strut so proudly. The back of the image was partially turned, and he seemed to be busily occupied—how the spectators could not divine, and in spite of his vexations the luckless poet could not help wondering, and finally wishing to know, what his caricature was doing. The creature turned slowly round, displaying his own countenance, pinched and parchment-like, yet wearing an absurd air of self-gratulation, and then, brandishing a huge pair of tailor's shears in its ink-bedaubed fingers, began to cut up yard after yard of manuscript into long streamers, which is presently fastened on like shoulder-knots. The front of its costume already bristled with similar decorations, which it had evidently been engaged upon while its back was turned. Finally it doubled up a large sheet into a fool's-cap, and, setting that on its head, stood grinning and bowing to the unfortunate beholder with an air of gratified vanity, at the same time fumbling for another roll of manuscript with which to recommence operations. The poor poet, rendered almost desperate by the antics of his shadow, waited for nothing more; but rushed frantically from the apartment and down

stairs with such haste that in his transit he nearly upset Carl, who was just returning from conducting Frau Meinhold from the door.

"Yonder scarecrow has seen little to his advantage in the magic mirror, to judge by the manner of his departure," said Carl, laughingly, as he reentered the apartment.

"I trust he has seen what will make him return to his trade," said the astrologer; "if so, my glass has rendered him a great service."

If the speaker's eyes had been keen enough he might soon have beheld the wretched poet, on arriving at his lodgings, sit down with rueful visage to burn sheet after sheet of the miserable rhymes, which had so nearly brought him to starvation; and, finally, after having completed the work of destruction, sally forth in quest of employment in his old calling; but bricks and mortar are proof even to the penetrating glance of an astrologer, and for the present the wise man remained ignorant of the success of the mirror's counsel.

The retreating steps of the poet had not died away on the pavement when the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard at the door, followed by the clanking of spurs and scabbard on the stairs, and our old acquaintance, Graf Edelstein, entered the room. He listened with lofty condescension to the directions given, and, laying a gold piece on the table, strode across to the mirror to regale himself for the twentieth time that day with the sight of his handsome person in uniform. He started and rubbed his eyes, the uniform was the same; but could that be his face, in which arrogance and grasping selfishness had obliterated every trace of beauty? In speechless disgust he looked down at the swarm of thoughts buzzing through the mind, and often shaping themselves on the lips of his shadow—this was worse than the face, for thoughts of pride, ambition, envy, vanity, and revenge chased each other across the mirror in such rapid succession that Rudolf von Edelstein could bear the sight no longer. He stepped hastily to the other side, in hopes of finding there some solace to his wounded vanity, and, turning his face from the light, desired to see what his intended bride, Frau Meinhold, thought of him. Instantly the lady herself appeared in the mirror, standing in a thoughtful attitude beside a heap of gold, with a look of mingled pity and contempt; while at her feet kneeled his shadow, holding out to her in one hand an empty purse and tinsel coronet, while his eyes were greedily fixed on the heap of gold, and his left hand already outstretched to appropriate it. The sidefaces of the actors were turned toward him, and, as his other self poured forth ardent

protestations of love, the young nobleman could not help remarking the arrogant air of importance which, in spite of the suitor's kneeling posture, reminded one irresistibly of a strutting turkey-cock. Apparently some such thought dawned on the lady's mind, for a smile stole over her face as she turned away. Young Edelstein felt bitterly humiliated; he knew that his motives in desiring the marriage was purely mercenary, and now that she knew it too he might bid farewell to all hopes of freeing the good lands of Edelstein from debt, and redeeming his shattered fortunes with her gold; but he was not lost to all sense of honor, and far worse than his disappointment was his degradation in his own eyes, now that he saw clearly the contemptible part that he had played. He, too, would willingly have rushed from the room without the ceremony of leave-taking; but etiquette did not permit such an undignified exit to the Lord of Edelstein; he was fain to emerge from the curtain and bid good-day to the astrologer and Carl, ere he departed with the disagreeable conviction that they both read the story of his discomfiture in his face.

"We shall have no lack of visitors now," said Carl, as he watched the young nobleman ride away; "none will hold back when the Lord of Edelstein sets the fashion."

The stream of visitors was indeed continuous from this time; first came old Pfeiler, the butcher, who had for many years contrived to combine parsimony with piety, eager to know what the pastor thought of him; and when his wish was gratified by the sight of himself in Sunday suit, extracting from his heavy purse the smallest silver coin for the collection plate, he departed muttering certain uncharitable wishes with regard to his far-sighted spiritual adviser. Then came young Wilhelm Everhard, the bookseller, little expecting to see himself—as he appeared to the maidens of Kennennicht—with a whole peacock's tail in his cap. Later on came Selbstsuchen, the cloth merchant, to be horrified by the discovery that he appeared to the ladies in the guise of a particolored ape, with a long beard. He would willingly have revenged himself on the astrologer; but, being better endowed with conceit than courage, he returned swearing to his apprentices, who had good cause that day to regret their master's visit to Wurzel's shop. Geltmacher, the great speculator, was already waiting his turn, eager to know the popular opinion respecting himself, and thus calculating the chances of getting shareholders in his new "Company for working balloons to the Indies by steam;" but, unfortunately, "The Inexhaustible Mines," in

Schattenreich, had just been working out, and his great "Company for Catching and Exporting Butterflies" had lately failed; so that Herr Geltmacher, on consulting the town's opinion in the mirror, saw himself standing like a conjuror in the market-place, alternately blowing large bubbles and picking the pockets of the spectators as they try to catch them. This was very unpromising, and the crest-fallen speculator went away thoroughly convinced that nothing could be done in the "Steam Balloon Company" for a month or more. Then came Frau Wurzel, to be perfectly dumfounded at the amount of scolding delivered by her shadow-self in the day; Martha Schwartz, the widow across the way, whose reflection was that of a crane busied in picking holes in her neighbors' characters with her long bill; Korner, the town politician, who was transformed by the irreverent mirror into a town-crier, with placards and bell; and Carlen, the librarian, who, seeing himself in the eyes of the ladies as an antiquated magpie, rushed out of the house in desperation, vowing himself to a bachelor-life.

Last of all, when it was growing dusk, came a light tap at the door, and a lady, muffled in a long, thick veil, walked into the room, seeming somewhat ashamed of her errand. It was Lisette Steinmark, the artist's daughter, one of the most willful damsels in all Kennennicht; and the astrologer, who had sometimes seen her pass, and heard her name from the hostess, had no difficulty in recognizing her by the long brown hair just visible through the dark veil. Perfectly confident in her disguise, Lisette walked behind the curtain, and, turning from the large lamp which supplied the lack of daylight, awaited the result. She had thrown back her veil on reaching the glass, but her reflection was muffled from head to foot. In her surprise at this she did not at first notice the pattern of the veil which concealed its features and figure; it was thickly embroidered with weather-cocks and feathers in every variety of color; and Lisette, on observing this, apparently considering that she had the clew to the mystery, stepped to the other side.

The result, however, did not seem to be quite satisfactory, for she shrugged her shoulders, and, drawing down her veil, came out, seriously considering whether she was a flirt after all, as the mirror seemed to intimate. Carl, also, had guessed the visitor's name, and was determined to verify his suspicions as he gallantly attended her down stairs. They had reached the outer door before he spoke: "Fraulein Lisette, a word with you." It was not too dark for him to see her start of surprise, and he went on with mis-

chievous gravity: "When you wish next to play *incognita*, disguise yourself better!"

The girl turned round as if undecided what to do, held up her finger at Carl with a warning gesture, and then ran down the steps, followed by his light laugh.

The towns-people came and went without scruple now; but three of the notables of Kennennicht—the pastor, the doctor, and the magistrate—felt themselves placed in a grievous dilemma by their desire to obtain a sight of the mirror. Neither had courage to speak to the others on the subject, and unfortunately they all three came to the same resolution—that of going disguised on the following night. Happily for himself the pastor was the first to arrive, equipped in a loose great-coat, and broad-brimmed hat, which effectually prevented all possibility of recognition. His first desire was naturally to test the opinion of his parishioners, and at first he was tolerably satisfied; the reflection that met his gaze was just such as he appeared in the pulpit on Sundays; and, well-pleased at this result, he was about to withdraw, when, casting his eyes downward, he beheld a number of little goblins surrounding his reflection, running round and round in endless ring, tugging at its skirts. His consternation at first knew no bounds, nor did his mortification afterward, when, on looking more closely, he discovered that these were his sermons coming in ever-recurring succession. He saw, now, with the eyes of his congregation, and would have given much to stop the mocking procession; but in vain; round and round went the goblins, making grotesque faces at him as they passed, and shooting out their tongues, while they held up and shook the unfortunate discourses, which, to the pastor's dismay, were evidently as well known to the hearers as to himself.

EFFECT OF CHRIST'S DEATH.

THE great consequence of the propitiatory death of Christ is, that God is so reconciled as to offer pardon and eternal life to all mankind. The whole race is taken into a new relation to God, a relation of mercy. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." The whole trinity is employed in this work of grace—in offering and dispensing mercy, and grace, and salvation; in illuminating, sealing, and sanctifying; in comforting, aiding, and counseling; and a most sweet and harmonious agreement exists between Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to set their heart on man.

ALICE RAYNOR'S RECOMPENSE.

NO prophetic insight seemed necessary to foretell Joe Warren's future, since every body had consigned him in advance to a certain prison, and a possible gallows. But if it were true that he was the veriest young scoundrel in existence, without a spark of truth or honor at the bottom of his character, no one had the grace to remember how little chance the boy had had, to be any thing better. A dissipated father, who died in a gambling fray before Joe's black eyes opened to the light, and a young, broken-hearted mother, whose only touch on her baby's forehead was a farewell kiss, when, like Rachel's, "her soul was in departing"—the slender story of these which he had heard and treasured up somewhere in his childish memory was all that represented, in his barren life, the multiform wealth of affection which enriched so many others.

No one had ever petted Joe, except the old nurse who cared for him in the first few years of his life, and even her endearments alternated with fits of such violent and unreasoning passion, that the child learned, in his very babyhood, that duplicity and cunning art of concealing his faults, which afterward developed into rank stubbornness and falsehood.

He had never known a settled home, but had gone from place to place among kinsfolk, who, his reputation always preceding him, welcomed him with little enthusiasm, and soon grew openly weary of his presence. The last door thrown open to him was that of 'Squire Granger, his maternal uncle—a stern, hard man, who held himself unflinchingly to his own standard of right, and had little charity for the faults of others more weak or ignorant than he. Far down in the 'Squire's heart was a spot sacred to the memory of Joe's mother, the one sister, who, in years long past, had been the channel of much warmth and sunshine to his life. If he could but have seen her face reproduced in her boy's, it is possible that Joe, with all his faults, might have crept into her vacant place; but with the first glance at those flashing, defiant eyes, the swarthy complexion, and the stubborn contour of the jaw, all 'Squire Granger's hatred of the man who had blighted his sister's life revived again, and he said bitterly, "A regular Warren face! That tells the whole story!"

Joe's quick ear caught the words, though spoken in an undertone, and in that moment 'Squire Granger's opportunity of good slipped by forever. The sunshine fell with the same constant brightness; the chirp of nesting robins in the maple came in at the open window,

mingled with the river on its way to the sea—no voice from the world without or the world within came to this man to tell him that he had thrown away the soul he might have saved—it might yet be saved, indeed, but the "handful of meal" which should cleanse the poisoned spring within it, would be cast in by other hands than his.

But if he did not love his nephew, 'Squire Granger meant no less to do his duty by him—not seeing how love was itself the first element of that duty. Joe was well fed, and clothed, and sent to school. His good qualities—if, indeed, he had such—were passed by silently, while every offense discovered was visited with stern reprimand or condign punishment. Yet it was wonderful how the boy succeeded in eluding the strict watch set upon his actions, and plunged into all manner of malicious mischief. He had reached the age and ability of fourteen years, and held the unenviable distinction of being the pest of the whole neighborhood, when the incident occurred which forms the basis of my little story.

The heat of a stifling August day seemed to have culminated in the over-full school-room of the Wilton Academy—it was such a day as comes sometimes to the best-ordered school, when the brighter intellects are in eclipse, and the ingenuity of the idlers develops itself in new and unexpected methods of annoyance. As the afternoon hours wore on, the teacher, never a patient man, grew worn and irritated to the last limit of endurance, and when, at last, some mysterious disturbance behind him threw half the pupils into uncontrollable laughter, without waiting for investigation, he seized upon poor Joe as the offender, and gave him a caning, the like of which had seldom been known in Wilton. Joe grew pale with pain, for the master's arm was not that of a weakling, but he stood without flinching till the punishment was ended; then, turning deliberately to his desk, he gathered up books, slate, and satchel, tossed them from the open window upon the ground, and with an oath very terrible to come from such young lips, he quitted the school-room, and the heavy door closed behind him with a force that shook the very walls.

In the blank astonishment which fell upon the school, no one noticed little Alice Raynor crying behind her book, the veins on her transparent forehead swelling with indignant blood.

"It's a burning shame!" she said to her "dearest friend," at recess; "poor Joe! And I do think he would like to be good if they would let him!"

That evening, as Alice reached the brook-crossing on her way home, she started to see

Joe, sitting alone on the bank, his face swollen and discolored as if by weeping, and his sullen brows contracted with a strange, steady stare into the tumbling water. She might have passed by unnoticed, but the look in the boy's face frightened her, though she did not understand it. She hesitated, stopped, and then went closer to him, with a sudden thought lighting her face—still he neither saw nor heard till at her gentle touch on his shoulder, and the sound of his own name, he started to his feet like a hunted thing at bay. His brow was dark, but at sight of that sunny face, set in its floating curls, the tense muscles relaxed into a softer expression.

"Joe," said Alice, with her little hand still on his arm, "you do n't mind because I started you so, do you? But I wanted to tell you that next Saturday will be my birthday, and I am to have a little party, and tea and games on the lawn, and won't you please come?"

"Me, Allie Raynor! Do you want *me*, really and truly?"

"Indeed I do, Joe!" answered the little girl, with an earnestness which he could not doubt.

He looked at her for a whole minute without a word, and when at last he spoke, there was a great sob in his throat—

"Then, Allie, I thank you, and you 've done me more good than you know of. But I won't come to your party, because I aint fit. I 'm just as bad as folks call me, and may be worse—though I did n't do that this afternoon that the teacher thought I did. I won't call names, but there 's a boy that was a sneaking cur to sit there and see me flogged. But that 's no matter. I do n't know what I should have done if you hadn't spoken to me, Allie; I think I felt like drowning myself, or—or killing somebody. But now I 've changed my mind. Allie!" his eyes flashing, "I'll be a man! somewhere in the world if not here! And it 'll be little Allie Raynor that saved me!"

"O, Joe, dear Joe!" cried Allie, clasping her hands, "God up in heaven hears you say it, and he will help you if nobody else does!"

So the boy and girl separated. Alice Raynor tripped home with a light step and happy heart, but after that night Joe Warren was seen no more in Wilton. 'Squire Granger sought for him far and near, feeling that his duty to the lad required him to bring him back if possible—all his efforts, however, resulted in nothing more definite than the report of a boy, answering to Joe's description, who had been seen wandering about the New York wharves in search of a place upon some outward-bound vessel. Having done all he could, in vain, 'Squire Granger

could scarcely repress a sense of relief, while the rest of Wilton rejoiced openly at the disappearance of his graceless nephew.

Years passed by, and brought no news of the runaway, while to Alice Raynor, grown now into a maidenhood lovely and beloved, there came the burden of a great sorrow, in the sudden death of her father.

In the settlement of Mr. Raynor's estate, the old story came out, of a strained income and heavy debt. His creditors chanced to be merciful men, who would have compounded with the mother and daughter for a portion of their claims, but the offer was steadily though thankfully declined, the two women being too little used to the ways of the world not to feel that a single unpaid obligation would be a stain upon the memory so sacredly cherished.

So their beautiful home, with all the associations of domestic and social happiness, passed into the hands of strangers, and with the slender pittance which remained to them, Mrs. Raynor and Alice left Wilton to seek a new home and employment in the distant city.

After fifteen years of sojourn in a land which, though strange, had been more kind to him than his own, Joseph Warren, East India merchant, landed in New York—why he came was best known to himself—not, certainly, at any urgent call of business, and he scarcely seemed the man to undertake so long a voyage in search of pleasure. It was understood that his friend and partner, Harry Allingham, who sailed with him, would carry back a bride, but for Warren no sweetheart waited to welcome him home from the tropic seas.

He made no effort to search out the relatives to whom he had so long been as one dead, and 'Squire Granger himself would have found it hard to recognize him in the tall, bearded stranger, who inquired in Wilton for the Raynors, and heard with such eager interest the few details which he could obtain of their sorrowful history.

Edith Walters, Mr. Allingham's aristocratic bride-to-be, wished earnestly that her sister Maude might share her strange, foreign home with her, and Maude herself had her own secret longings in the same direction, upon the introduction of this Mr. Warren, prosperous, handsome, and not yet thirty, and the "noblest fellow alive," if Mr. Allingham's friendly enthusiasm could be trusted.

So a threefold siege was laid to poor Joe's heart. Edith and Maude came armed with beauty, wit, and all feminine arts, and Harry, with the generous desire of a young man in

love, to see his best friend in the same blissful state.

Still the swift weeks passed with little prospect of a surrender, and even hopeful Harry began to despair. Joe might at one moment be gallantry itself, but in the next a strangely absent expression would overspread his face, and, as Miss Maude said, "he might as well be in India already."

In street or steam-car, on the crowded thoroughfare, in concert hall or lecture-room, his eyes had the look of one who searched for something which he never found. Harry could not comprehend the change in his friend; he rallied him upon it, but the answers he gained left his curiosity baffled but unappeased.

Mr. Warren had been absent for a day or two in the country, and returning, sauntered, according to his wont, into the Walters mansion, where he found the inmates in commotion. Edith's beautiful pearl ring, the gift of her lover, had mysteriously disappeared. The young lady had taken it from her finger and laid it upon her dressing-table, and a caller having been announced, had gone down hastily to the parlor without resuming it. An hour afterward she went back for it, but it was no where to be found.

It was positively ascertained that the only person who had been in the room meanwhile was little Minnie's day-governess, who had gone there on some trifling errand for the child. This young lady had come to them well recommended, and they had themselves been too much pleased with her to have suspected her of crime for so slight a circumstance as her presence in the room, had not such other facts come to light as made the evidence against her most convincing.

On the very day when the ring disappeared, and before its loss had been discovered, the governess had left by permission two hours earlier than usual on plea of business, and on the same afternoon a lady, who had casually seen her at Mrs. Walters's, and who recollects her perfectly, had seen her in three several jeweler's establishments endeavoring to dispose of an elegant ring, consisting of a single large pearl in a slender golden setting. She was heavily veiled, and there were traces of agitation in her manner, and the sum for which she finally disposed of the jewel was but small in proportion to its evident value. Add to this that little Minnie, on going softly into the school-room next morning, had seen her teacher arranging a roll of bank-bills in her little portmanteau, which she hastily put away at the child's entrance, and there was evidently abund-

ant cause for charging her with the theft of the ring, as Mrs. Walters had done.

"Mamma sat up half last night with her," said Edith, "trying to induce her to confess, and promising that if she would do so she should not be punished. Of course we could not allow her to leave the house, and at first she was half wild about the fright which she said her mother would be in—they live alone in a little house somewhere in the suburbs—and mamma even sent a message there to pacify her. She do n't deny that she sold a ring, but insists that it belonged to her mother, and that they parted with it to pay some debts that were made sometime when her mother was ill. She said that inside the ring were the initials 'A. R.', but as the jeweler had already sold it to some unknown gentleman, when we went to see it, we could not certainly know about that. But, of course, we could not believe that, especially as the jeweler had noticed no marking, and the description of the ring corresponded with mine."

"Pardon me, Miss Edith," interrupted Warren with some agitation, "but where was the ring sold?"

"At No. —, Broadway."

"Then I am the man who bought it, and the poor girl speaks the truth."

Edith, Maude, and Harry cried out with astonishment, while Warren drew a tiny casket from his pocket and opened it.

"That is not mine," said Edith, after a moment's examination, "though it is wonderfully like. And, yes, I see it now distinctly, 'A. R.' written in the tiniest letters. Poor, poor Miss Raynor! How she has suffered, and how can she ever forgive us!"

Joseph Warren laid his hand on Miss Walters's arm; his face was pale and his voice husky.

"What—what name did you say?"

"Miss Raynor."

"Alice Raynor?"

"Yes," answered Edith in amaze.

"Did she ever live in Wilton, do you know?"

"In Wilton?" said Edith, thoughtfully. "Yes, I am sure I once heard her say so."

"Then, thank God!" said Joe Warren, and he sank into a chair in the weak reaction of his strange excitement. "Harry! Miss Walters! Miss Maude!" he said, "I can not yet explain, but when you have relieved Miss Raynor's distress will you do me the kindness to tell her that a friend wishes to see her?"

The sudden shock of joy was too great for poor Alice Raynor, and while Joseph Warren waited in the parlor for the sound of her

footstep, she lay in a heavy swoon up-stairs. By and by, when she was conscious and calm, Warren was called to the room, and the two were left alone.

Two full hours passed, while the household sat below in wondering conclave. At the end of that time the door opened, and Mr. Warren entered with Alice leaning on his arm, the deep pallor of her face lighted by a smile of perfect trust and joy.

"Dear friends," said the young man, "it is due to you to know, that fifteen years ago a word of Alice Raynor's saved me from myself, and put hope and courage into my life. All that I can ever hope to be I owe, under God, to her. I came across the sea to find her, my heart torn with a great fear lest she might be dead, or—dead to me as the mistress of some other man's heart and home. I searched in vain for any trace of her, and when at last I was almost in despair, God gave her to me here in this house, where, day after day, only a wall has kept me from her presence. The ring which caught my eye from the peculiar luster of the gem it held, I bought in obedience to a strange, unaccountable impulse, after tracing upon it the letters which to me represented the dearest name in the world. And now this ring, her mother's, blessed by the love of the dead father who gave it"—he held up her hand, on which the pearl was shining in steady, opalescent splendor—"my Alice will wear as the outward sign of the betrothal of our hearts."

Mrs. Walters, in the overflow of a true, motherly heart, took Alice in her arms; Edith and Maude were crying and laughing in the same breath, and, to their credit be it spoken, without a single regretful thought of their own shattered hopes; Harry was shaking his friend by both hands at the extreme peril of a pair of dislocated shoulders; and all that was needed to complete the general confusion was supplied by the sudden apparition of little Minnie, who burst into the room crying out, "Mamma—Edith—O, please listen! Here is Edith's ring! Jane found it in the parrot's cage! O, that dear, naughty, thieving Poll!"

ALTHOUGH "great multitudes came together to hear Jesus, and to be healed by him of their infirmities," he still made time for secret devotion. Holy and undefiled as he was, he would not allow the demands of public business to prevent regular private intercourse with God. We are told that "he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed." His custom should be the example for us.

THE AUTUMN HILLS.

IS there any thing belonging to earth that is more glorious than one of these perfect Autumn days? Let us leave work and worry behind us, and go up among the hills. The work and the worry will wait for us; these days, alas! will not. If we enjoy them at all it must be now. Delay, and they are gone for a whole year, and before the year's return we may be gone. Drop all, then, and haste away.

Now we are out, and already the sun and the breeze, and the coolness of all nature is lightening our hearts and renewing our youth. Which way shall we go? Shall we cross yon deep and narrow river, and go up that bald-headed hill, or shall we go up the lane, in the cow-path, and climb to the top of Jewankee, proudly decked in royal robes of scarlet, and purple, and crimson, and gold, relieved by evergreens, some of which are of somber hue, while others are dazzling in their brightness?

We decide for Jewankee, and address ourselves to the by no means easy task of climbing its rocky height. But we are arrested ere half-way up the lane by the cries of one of our party: "O, see these leaves! Was ever any thing so splendid? What a wreath I will have!" We all began to gather the red morocco pear leaves; but not content with what have fallen, our escort climbs the stone wall and draws the branches down to our reach, and we secure great store of spoil. Ah! but our rooms will be ornamented. These leaves, and the ones we shall find on the mountain varnished to retain their color, will make wreaths and pictures such as rejoice both eyes and heart, and take from a room the possibility of gloom.

This lane is a spot of great temptation, and of much transgression to cow boys, who hither wend their way at night and morning. The perverse and tantalizing fruit-trees, that will hang their laden branches so near the fence, lure the boys over into the grounds where they grow. Nothing less than the pistol of the old lady, who for a year resided in the low, black cottage at our left, could give them virtue and strength of mind sufficient to walk directly about their business. But the temptation is over now for this year. The lure is now higher up the mountain, even under the walnut-trees. Come on. We rest upon some rocks about one-third of the way up. How the view has changed! Every thing holds to every thing else a different relation. Let out the spy-glass. Now distant hills and far-away villages come near. Hark to the waterfall! It is singing to us its very best song with all its might. Does it know, dear

old water-fall, which one of us it sung nightly to sleep all the long Summer? Does it know which one of us greeted its first song in the early springtime, with a joy that came from sweet memories of long, long ago? Come on. Up this steep path we scramble, laughing, stumbling, screaming as we go; feeling all the time that a very little earthquake would roll us all backward on to each other, and to the base of the mountain. All breathless we are again among the rocks. How the view has again changed! Wonderful! Will you look at these mountains? Do n't talk of "groups." There are swarms of them. Countless they are, as bees that are swarming. Would you have believed it? What a thing it is to go up! Do you suppose that this is the way the relations of all the things of time change as one ascends? Then how wrong must be our views of almost every thing in life! Well may we be humble; well may we be patient. When the call, "Come up hither," shall reach us from the Father's house, how fast the true relations of things will open to our enraptured vision! O! let us learn now, once for all, the gracious lesson that this noble mountain is so forcibly teaching us. O! wide, delightful scene, can any scene equal it? We will see. Come on. Here we are in the wood. No more wide prospects. There is a quail, a hare, a squirrel. Hark! what bird is that? Not one of us can tell. Sad to be so ignorant. I would I knew the name, the language of every thing in nature. Now select the bright leaves. Strange that when there are so many there should be so few that are perfect. Is it not so with all things on earth? Only a few of any that even approach perfection. These are given to show us what all things will be in "The Land of Beauty," "for aye complete."

"Beside its living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
Thy hyssop of the wall."

"Here is a black leaf," says our roguish escort, a boy yet, I suspect, though his hair is not quite so free of silver as it once was. To the one who runs forward to receive it he hands a crow's feather. Well, 't is worth keeping. We wind up, and we wind down; we wend our way through patches of brier, and pick our way over swampy ground, overgrown with "cat tails," for making dolls' feather-beds, and with rushes; we climb over broken rocks and fallen trees, and at last we emerge on the western brow of Jewankee. The glorious mountain! O! what shall we say? Nothing. Let us clasp our hands and silently praise the Lord. "The earth is his, and he

made it." The hills, and plains, and rivers, and the cattle on these thousand hills are all the work of his hands. The sun is his, riding slowly down the western sky; these groves of dazzling colors were painted by his hand; and the pretty villages, and all the pretty farm-houses, dotting the valleys and hiding in the hollows, are his; for only by him had man power and skill to make them.

Here, on Rock Rimman, the brow of a precipice as bold and defensible as the rock in which Benjamin's forlorn six hundred took refuge, we seat ourselves and gaze, and gaze, and gaze. Yonder long line of hills, closing the western prospect, are the eastern boundary of Horicon Lake, Lake Sengel, as the English called it. We can distinguish old Mount Black and Sugar Loaf, also the Elephant's Back. And we think we are sure of Shelving Rock, and one or two others; but perhaps we mistake. But come on. We are at Jewankee's summit now—at least one of them, and must survey the ground. We find that it is an excellent spot for a fortification, and we incline to the opinion that it will, ere-long, be needed for that. We have now looked abroad over the country, this goodly land, our birthright that is being bartered rapidly away; we have seen toward the east, and the south, and the west; and what have we seen? Everywhere the farms are passing into the possession of the subjects of the Papal Church. Twenty years ago a Catholic was a curiosity in the country plains of New England. In twenty years more a Protestant will be a greater curiosity, if things continue to go on as now.

And O, Jewankee, I could almost write thy history beforehand, for the Papal power is what it has ever been, and the very moment that she can she will resume her old ways. Already in New York she has stopped open-air preaching in Tompkins Square, and boasts of having done so. Has madness happened to our people, that they sell their lands to Papists? Too late they will bitterly repent. O! Jewankee Mountain, did thy Maker know, when he upreared thy mighty form and made thy rocky ramparts, that thou wert to be a refuge for his people, when the dismal cloud that now is rising shall be dropping bloody rain upon our land? It were not hard to defend thee, and thou art situate in a very fertile region, also water is so plenty near thee in all directions, and even upon thee, that life could be sustained here in warlike times. But brave must be thy foragers, and many a life will pay for the supplies that are brought up from the possessions of the foe. May our second sight prove to be but a false vision!

What a view we have of that torrent of a Poultney River! Yonder, near its shore, seated on a fallen tree, I saw an old man sitting alone. He leaned upon his staff. The dead leaves were falling over him. He was almost as one of them—only clinging for a few more hours to the tree of life, then to drop, as unmourned as they, into the earth. It made my heart ache. I felt no disposition to join with those who lightly and jestingly speak of the forsaken old man—whom even his sons and their mother desire to see no more, though the sons supply the money which he needs. What his errors and sins were is not my business, nor the business of any here; but the business of each one of us is to treat him as we think our Lord Christ would have us, and to take heed to ourselves that, when the evil days wherein "the grasshopper is a burden" come to us, we may deserve to have the love and respect of our kindred and our friends. How desolate and pitiable the old age of one who is cast off by all who should best love him! And yet how many are making haste to just such a fate, if they live till old age! This old man under the falling leaves reminds me of one now in his prime, a proud and dangerous man, who, as to personal appearance, might be this old man's own son. He is smart in business, as this man was, and, as this man did, he loves wine, and gay and godless company. This old man, twenty years ago, was living Benardo's life, and twenty years hence, when the old man's dust is forgotten like the leaves, Benardo will, unless death or God's mercy prevent, be, as the old man now is, creeping about on his staff, neglected and forsaken.

But come on. Do not let us sink into gloomy musings. Come to the last summit of Jewankee. Our escort is already there, whistling and calling on us to follow. We are soon beside him, on the eastern side once more, and again are we surprised and charmed by new and varied wonders. Back of all, and above all, towering far into the blue sky, appear the Green Mountains, properly so called, for all these that we have hitherto seen are green only in reality, not in name. We contemplate, for a time, these giants along the horizon, and all between them and us, and are almost tempted to question whether the world where is no night has any nobler, lovelier scenes than the one, flecked by shadow and sunshine, outspread before our eyes.

"Go on," shrieked Mr. D., springing suddenly and violently to one side. His scream is fully up to what a woman could execute, and is echoed by all the women of the party. Then the wicked tease bursts into a loud laugh at the

real terror of his companions, because of a dead snake.

Ah! how quickly are we reminded of our mistake in presuming to compare the world of sin and death to the world of holiness and life! There are no snakes in heaven. And if dying splendors are so great, what must be those that live and glow forever! Jewankee's top is nearly level for fully two miles. A fine large area for our future fort and bomb-proof. At length we reach the northern slope of the mountain, and laden with cones, and leaves, and everlasting flowers, and polished thorn-tree branches, and blossoming witch-hazel wands, we leap, and run, and stumble down to a brook at its base, all about which grows peppermint enough to make the fortune of a distiller; and climbing a stone wall we gain the road, and commence our homeward journey. As we skirted the base of Jewankee the sun, which a short time before setting had retired into a cloud, burst forth and made the whole mountain literally to flame with splendor. We were struck motionless, and with one voice cried out in admiration, and in thanksgiving that we had been permitted to behold the glory. The very fences, and a haystack near the road, were dyed a royal purple that changed to crimson, and then faded away to gray, as the sun bid us good-night and withdrew. Thus ended our lovely, perfect afternoon on Jewankee. The next morning the mountain was white with snow.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

WHAT highest praise hath woman won
In science, or in art?
What mightiest work, by woman done,
Boasts city, field, or mart?
"She hath no Raphael!" Painting saith;
"No Newton!" Learning cries;
"Show us her steamship! her Macbeth!"
Her thought-won victories!"
Wait, boastful man, though worthy are
Thy deeds, when thou art true;
Things worthier still, and holier far,
Our sisters yet will do;
For this the worth of woman shows,
On every peopled shore,
That still as man in wisdom grows,
He honors her the more.
O, not for wealth, or fame, or power,
Hath man's meek angel striven,
But, silent as the growing flower,
To make the earth a heav'n!
And in the garden of the sun
Heaven's brightest rose shall bloom;
For woman's best is unbegun!
Her advent yet to come!

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

MABEL'S APPEAL.

IT was the day before Christmas, but it was nothing more to Mr. William Taunton than the most unimportant of the three hundred and sixty-five which make up the year. Had he been taking a fragrant cup of Java in a cozy room amid the smiles of a wife and the Christmas-talk of children, he might not so readily have dismissed the subject of Christmas from his thought. But he was swallowing his cold, muddy coffee in the chilly dining-room of a hotel. He had no wife to embroider Christmas slippers for him, or to expect a remembrance on the morrow. He had no little girl to make him a pen-wiper or a pocket pin-cushion; no boy to present him with the last new book; no little ones for whose sake he was to visit toy-shops, book-stores, and the confectioner's. No, poor old bachelor Taunton was a stranger to one of the purest of enjoyments, for we grown-up folks, my dear little ones, know nothing sweeter than making children happy. There is such an abandon in your pleasures, such an unconditional surrender of your spirits to present good, that I think Santa Claus must be one of the happiest beings in existence in his ministering to you. What rare enjoyment he must have—the sly old saint—as he fills little stockings, tucking into each a joy for some child's heart! How he must like to leave those mysterious bundles, knowing so well that a pair of little eyes will brighten at sight of each!

We old folks are so cautious at indulging ourselves in happiness, are so rarely without a regret for the past or a dread for the future, must make so many conditions and mental reservations before yielding to present enjoyment, that it is no wonder he leaves the presents for you.

As Mr. Taunton hurried to his office he might have thought, early though it was, that the whole city was abroad on the side-walks, so thronged were they, but for the crowded shops, which were stirring and humming like so many hives on a Spring morning, and but that the street-cars and omnibuses were packed till there was no longer "room for one more," for Mr. Taunton hailed three without succeeding in getting a foot-hold on either; so, out of humor he concluded to make his way on foot through the jostling, good-natured, Christmas-

excited crowds. So on he went, elbowing his way past the shop windows gay with holiday attractions; past Christmas-trees, bundles, past all sorts of Christmas things, and yet his heart did not beat one whit the faster under his comfortable overcoat. Can you believe it, you Johnnies, and Jennies, and Fannies, who for weeks have been thinking, and dreaming, and talking of Christmas-trees, and festivals, and stockings filled with something besides your own plump legs? But you will cease to wonder why the heart under his overcoat did n't thump faster when I tell you there was no heart there to thump; that the night before he had locked his heart, as he had done every night for a great many years, in a huge iron safe at his office, had locked it in there with not a noble or beautiful thing for a companion—locked it in with certificates of stock, bank-bills, piles of coin, and little deeds to lands and houses. And when Mr. Taunton had left the Christmas-happy crowds on the side-walks, had climbed the broad stairs to his gloomy-looking office, had carefully brushed the few snow-flakes from his overcoat and hat, and hung them in their accustomed places, and had unlocked the great iron door of the prison where he kept his heart, the poor, old, shriveled thing did not start with the fresh breath of the Christmas morning, but lay there endeavoring to get warmth and comfort by hugging close to the miserable, old, yellow, musty scraps of paper. Now, my little reader, perhaps I am very unreasonable to call little deeds, bank-bills, etc., names, for they are very necessary and proper, but when I see a poor, freezing heart "snuggling up," as my little girl would say, to such things, hoping to find warmth, and strength, and life, I do feel spiteful toward them, I must confess, just as you feel like striking a stone when you stumble over it and hurt your nose.

You should have seen the heart which Mr. Taunton kept in that iron safe. Your heart, I hope, and doubt not, is a plump, strong, lifeful little heart. But this one of Mr. Taunton's was as unlike what a healthy, right heart should be as a frost-burnt, seared rose is unlike the regal flower in its young life, radiant, and sweet, and fresh with the dews of the morning. And yet the heart of little Willie Taunton, wandering forty years ago amid the hedge-rows of old England, playing at shuttle-cock, and battle-

dore, and cricket, was rounded with health, and promised to grow to a noble, manly largeness.

Mr. William Taunton seated himself at his desk and began to write. He had written and addressed four letters when there came a timid knock at his door.

"Come in," he said.

The door opened softly, and a child, a little girl some nine years old, advanced with questioning step to the center of the room, looking all the while with shy blue eyes straight into Mr. Taunton's stern gray ones. Mr. Taunton almost started, the eyes were so like some he had known and loved forty years ago; timid eyes which were used to look into his for help, rousing all the manliness in his nature, yet very brave eyes when helping him to the right; beautiful eyes over which, with bursting heart, he had watched the films of death gather.

"What do you want, child?" he asked at length, bringing his thoughts back across the seas, from the darkened room where his sister lay so white and still, to the little Mabel standing like an apparition in the center of the gloomy office. It was the first time he had ever seen a child in that room, and it was the first time for many a long year that he had spoken with one.

Were there such an instrument as a voice-measurer, it might have indicated a softening in Mr. Taunton's tones as he addressed little Mabel, though, to her ear, attuned to her mother's gentle, loving voice, they were cold and harsh, so cold and harsh that they might have sent a child less brave into the street with her errand untold. But Mabel had a very determined heart under her gray, shaggy cloak, so much of the shyness faded out of the blue eyes, and they grew larger and darker, as though with sudden resolve.

"If you please, sir," she said, "I want you to give me a few dollars to buy some Christmas-presents for my children."

"You little beggar, go along with you!" Mr. Taunton was about to say, but the blue eyes looked so brave, so like his little sister's when she made a stand for the right, that he could not utter the words; and besides, he was curious to know what this nine-year-old child before him meant by her children.

"Your children? Who are your children?"

"They are three little girls, poor girls, you know, sir, that I sew for and teach at my Sunday school."

"Do you own a Sunday school?" and Mr. Taunton, curious and amused, stared at the little girl.

"Yes, brother Elihu and I own it; we are

partners. I began it, but I took him in and I let him be superintendent, because he is older, and can make the children mind better than I can. He has four children that he teaches and spends his money for, and I sometimes sew some for them."

"It must be a great amount of sewing that you are able to do," said Mr. Taunton, more and more amused and interested.

Little Mabel's cheek flushed slightly, for she thought he was laughing at her, so with some spirit she said, "I can't sew very fast or very well, I suppose, sir, but mother helps me; she cuts and bastes the work and encourages me to keep at it. I can make two dresses a week, and I sometimes do more."

"And what do you teach these children?"

Again the gentleman seemed laughing at her, so with increased spirit Mabel replied, "Why, a great many things, sir. The children come every Sunday afternoon to our house, you know, and we go up into the back chamber. Then brother Elihu reads a chapter in the Bible, because his voice is louder than mine. Then we sing 'Glory, Halleluiah' and 'Shining Shore'—we've taught the children these hymns, sir—then we all repeat the Lord's Prayer—that's another thing we've taught the children—then we teach them their A, B, C's, and their b-a-ba's, and a-b ab's, and my oldest girl can read in two words, like 'a man,' 'the boy,' and we teach them Bible verses, and in the week-days we think up stories to tell them, and mother sometimes tells us some. We've told them about the Garden of Eden, and Cain and Abel, and David and Goliath, and the Hebrew children, and about Washington, the boy who never told a lie, and about Jesus, who died on the cross for sinners. Indeed, sir, brother Elihu knows a great many things to tell the children, and he tells a story so nicely."

Mr. Taunton unconsciously put his hand to his ear—he was a little deaf—during Mabel's artless vindication of her right and her brother's to be teachers, so interested was he in her curious revelations.

"And what do you do when your scholars are unruly?" he asked.

"Well, you know, sir, mother every Saturday makes up a lot of cookies, and all the children who are perfect in recitation and deportment get two cookies; all who are perfect in one of these have one cookie, and the others do n't get any thing. But they are so fond of the cookies that we do n't have much trouble."

"And do you see that the children are any better off? that you have improved them any?"

"O, yes, indeed, sir. I think there are as

many as three, any how, that we 'll make angels of."

"Make angels of?" said Mr. Taunton, wonderingly.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Hamlin said perhaps we 'd make angels of the children by teaching them to do right, and any way that we 'd make better citizens of them."

"Who 's Mr. Hamlin?"

"He 's a city missionary, sir. He and Mr. Perkins came to our Sunday school—not the one where I teach, but the one at the Church where I learn—one morning, and Mr. Perkins told us about the children in India; but I could n't feel sorry for them much, they were so far away, and so different from us, that I could n't understand about them, you know," and Mabel drew her face into a funny, perplexed pucker. "But when Mr. Hamlin said we need n't go to India to find missionary work, and told us about the poor children in this city, about their poverty, and dirt, and ignorance, and bad treatment, I understood *him*, and I felt very sorry for these children, and I was 'most ashamed of my nice, pretty clothes, and my new hat, and my wax doll, and all the toys I had destroyed. Then he wanted to know if every one of us children could n't find a child that we could work for, and teach, and do good to, and said we might be the means of making angels of them, and any how might do some good for our country. So that 's the way I came to start my Sunday school. First, I had one little girl, but I kept getting one scholar more, and one more, till we have seven now. And we 've spent all the money in our treasury for them, and to-morrow will be Christmas, and it will be Sunday, and they 'll come to Sunday school, and we 'll not have a thing to give them except the cookies, which they always have. And they have n't any thing at their houses that is pretty, or nice, or good. It is so cold, and dirty, and dark at their houses. You are rich, sir, and have no body to care for. You will not miss the money, and it will make my poor little children happy."

"How do you know I am rich, and have no body to care for?"

"A young man in the store below told me there was a rich—a rich—well, I can 't think of the funny name he called you—up-stairs in No. 7, who had a great deal of money, and was very generous and free with it."

Mabel had gone into the store below with all her ready cash, amounting to just eight pennies, in the vain hope that by looking for the cheap things, "beating down" the clerks, or by some happy chance, she might get some trifles for

her three little girls. But the store was so crowded, and every clerk seemed in such a perplexing hurry that she was quite bewildered and disheartened. The shopmen, for this one day, at least, were masters of the position. Instead of being obsequious and persuasive, they were cross and very indifferent about making sales. Mabel, after a weary waiting, was beginning to feel that she was one of the veriest nobodies in existence, when a clerk, with laughing eyes, said at length, as if he had but just perceived her, though Mabel had seen him look at her a dozen times, enjoying apparently her bewilderment, "What can I show you, Miss?"

She looked into his kindly, good-natured eye, and then frankly opened her heart to him. She wished to buy three presents for three poor little girls, and she had but eight pennies, would n't he please tell her of three things she could buy for them?

O, yes, she could get each a row of pins, or a paper collar, or a button. There were a great many things she could buy with eight pennies. And when Mabel, detecting the humor in his information, colored and turned to go, he said, very seriously and confidentially, "I 'll tell you what you 'd better do. There 's an old codger on the next floor, No. 7, who 's very rich and very generous with his money. He owns this store and all this building. Go and ask him to give you some money to buy presents for these little girls."

This time the clerk seemed to be speaking in good faith, so Mabel left the store, never suspecting that she was the subject of a joke. And now you understand why she made her appeal for aid to Mr. Taunton, the close, hard-moneied man. And Mr. Taunton also understood the why, and was hardened in his hardness. So, after inquiring where she lived, he dismissed Mabel, saying he had nothing to give her.

With a last look at the blue eyes, now disappointed and sad, he turned to his writing. The door opened and closed gently, and the sunny hair and the haunting eyes were gone. Mr. Taunton felt a chilly heart-sickness, as though something good and beautiful which he might have made his had gone forever beyond his reach. He could not write. Again and again his massive gold pen was dipped into the ink-stand, and then was held abstractedly over the paper till the ink dried, while Mr. Taunton's gray eyes stared at the well-filled pigeon-holes of his desk. But he saw them not, because of the pictures which memory held before him. Listen, while I tell you what some of these pictures were like.

It was Christmas day in an English cottage. A patch of gray sky was seen through the window, but there was a glowing fire in the huge dining-room hearth. A table with a snowy cloth displayed the roast beef and the smoking plum-pudding. A hale Englishman of the middle class, and a stoutish, fair-haired rosy woman presided at the board, and vainly endeavored to make their voices heard above the Christmas prattle of the children; one of whom, a boy with a blue checked apron reaching to the top of his first boots, was alternately blowing a shrill whistle and reading at the top of his voice the story of Old Mother Hubbard and her wonderful dog. The other child, a little girl three years old, in a high chair, now asked questions about St. Nicholas, and then prattled and sang to her dolly, a wonderful young lady dressed in pink lawn and a white gauze scarf.

This was William Taunton's first recollection of Christmas, or of the sister who grew to be so much to him. He turned from the picture, heaved a long sigh, dipped his pen anew in the ink, and looked into the space before him. Lo! memory was there with another picture. It was of two children, the boy and girl of the first picture, but larger grown, leaving a Christmas-box at the humble home of a poor, half-witted girl, the jest of the village.

Mr. Taunton recollects, as he sat there in his office, how his sister, by her brave eyes and earnest words, had shamed away the foolish pride which would have persuaded him against this kindness, in dread of the ridicule to which the association of his name with crazy Mag's would expose him. He remembered how his sister's appeals had made his heart pitiful toward the poor, despised, crazy Mag, and how pleased he was with himself that he could be tender and compassionate; and how heroic he felt when he could smile at the taunts of his playfellows! He had thought then to be always pitiful toward the unfortunate, and had resolved, O, how earnestly! to do something for humanity.

Mr. Taunton, with a heavier sigh, shaded his eyes with his hand; the heart-sickness in his bosom was growing more intolerable, but Memory continued to unroll her panorama.

This was the last picture. On board a ship, with every sail set for her long voyage, stands a lad of seventeen, the same who left the Christmas-box for poor crazy Mag. A dreary, limitless sea is before the vessel, but the boy, with the rest of the crew, is gazing with sad eyes at the misty shore, dotted with its myriad houses, with the cottage where he was born, and with that silent city where the three sleep—his parents and his sweet sister. An Autumn fog

wraps the city in its gloomy folds, and over all hangs a sullen, lifeless sun.

Mr. Taunton recalled the high resolve of that orphan boy as the shores of his native land faded from his longing gaze, to keep his eye, come what would, on the good, and ever to reach for it; and with a passionate groan he laid his gray head on his desk, and wept for the manly, and noble, and beautiful which had gone from him. What a weary time it seemed since his eyes had known a tear!

Then he thought of little Mabel, nine years of age, working with her few pennies, her weak little hands, and her brave heart for God, humanity, and her country, while his vast riches and strong energies brought blessing to no life or heart.

"Please God," said the poor man, taking up his pen and again dipping it in the ink, "while there is yet the opportunity I'll do one more worthy deed."

Drawing out a blank check, he wrote a draft for twenty-five dollars; but this he tore in two, and wrote another for fifty, which he inclosed in an envelope addressed to little Mabel. Then along the crowded streets he again went elbowing his way to the post-office, and this time with his heart throbbing under his vest; and the poor thing was as pleased as is a child who has been shut in a lonely room for some naughtiness to get into its mother's forgiving bosom.

MAMMA'S DIAMONDS.

"I AM going to keep all my pennies," said little Kate to her sister. "I have fifteen in my bank, and by and by I can buy a diamond cross for mamma. She will look so pretty with it on her black dress."

"O, mamma does not care for such things," said Emma.

"But how do you know?"

"Because, the other day, when I asked her if she would not like to have a ring like that of Mrs. H., so beautiful and shining, she kissed me a great many times, and said 'the only diamonds she wished for were those she saw in our eyes when we are good and happy.'"

"Well, then, I will buy her some other present," added Kate, "for I love her so much."

"I think," said Emma, "that mamma does not care for presents; she would rather see us good. If we love her, we must try to obey her always and quick; that is what I mean to do."

"If ye love me keep my commandments," says Christ to his disciples.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

WOMEN'S HOMES.—We hear a good many sermons nowadays from the text that the chief duty of woman is to render home attractive to her husband. No doubt any good wife will make this her crowning pleasure; but where duty is in question, there is another phase of the matter which is sadly overlooked—the duty of the husband to make home pleasant for the wife. As a very small portion of his waking hours is spent in the house, where his wife's whole life is passed, it would seem quite as important that her convenience and tastes should be consulted as his. But there is a strong disposition to regard home simply as a resting-place for the husband, and so long as he is refreshed therein very little is thought about the rest and happiness that she finds there during the remainder of the time.

In their capacity of head of the family, men think that the ordering of the house naturally belongs to them. They build it to suit their own taste and convenience, lay out the grounds according to their fancy, and manage things generally with some deference to their wishes, it is true, but a great deal more to their own. And sometimes their caprices conflict woefully with the comfort of the household. We have all heard the story of the wife who was suddenly torn from her pleasant and convenient house and set down in a most desolate abode, and could assign no reason for the change except that it was the man's notion. Patient Griselda submitted to the notion of her lord and master, as it is the fashion for Griseldas to do, and was duly patted on the back and applauded for her docility; but it strikes us that there was something wrong at the root of the matter.

The home should belong to the wife; she should plan the house, arrange the furniture, lay out the garden, and order all the details. She knows from experience better than her husband can possibly do what arrangement best conduces to her housekeeping convenience. It would be just as absurd for her to undertake to be the architect of his warehouse, and to place the desks, drawers, and pigeon-holes of his counting-room, as for him to divine from his omniscience the most convenient spot for her cupboards. In the same manner, if trees are to be cut down or left standing, or flower-beds to be laid out around the house, her taste should be consulted first, for the sight of these things must delight or chafe her all day long, while they are of very little practical consequence to the husband in the evenings, which are his

chief time at home. Again, the homestead should belong to the wife in fee-simple; she has a right to the nest in which she rears her young, and ought to be assured that it can never be torn from her by those reverses of fortune to which, in this country, all are so liable.—*Harper's Bazar*.

OUR FOREMOTHERS.—We hear enough about our forefathers. They were nice old fellows, no doubt. Perfect bricks in their way. Good to work, eat, or fight. Very well. But where are their companions—their "chums"—who, as their helpmates, urged them along? Who worked and delved for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched their breeches? Who unpetticoated themselves for the cause of liberty? Who nursed our forefathers when sick—sang Yankee Doodle to their babes—who trained up their boys? Our foremothers. Who landed at James River, and came over in the *Mayflower*, and established other early settlements? Were there women among them? One would think not. Our Yankee neighbors especially make a great talk about the Pilgrim Fathers who squatted on Plymouth Rock, and there is a wonderful ado made over it every time they wish to get up a little enthusiasm on liberty, and refresh themselves by crowing over freedom; and the chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them, when they take a notion to vaunt themselves upon the glory and greatness of the Old Dominion. And our staid Pennsylvania Quakers, too, like to plume themselves slyly upon the merits and doings of William Penn and his associates; but, with all their "blarney," so plentifully distributed on all sides, what do we hear or gather about the foremothers? Did n't they land on a rock too? Did n't they encounter perils and hardships? And, after all, did n't they, with their kind hearts and warm arms, sustain the flagging spirits of their male companions, and keep the stalwart but chilly old forefathers from freezing to death during those horrible cold Winters which some of them had to shiver through! We have our monuments commemorating, and our speeches, our songs, our toasts, and our public dinners, celebrating the wonderful deeds of our forefathers; but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and write ourselves round-shouldered, while boiling over with enthusiasm about the nice things our forefathers did; and yet nothing is said about

our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deed may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own. Besides, we forget to remember that if it had not been for our foremothers, we ourselves would not be here to know, and be proud of, what our forefathers did. We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old boys, our forefathers, say we! May the glory of their deeds never be less! but the Good Book tells us to "render unto Cæsar," etc., and we wish to speak a word in season for women generally, and especially for our noble and self-sacrificing foremothers, lest time and the one-sided page of history shall blot them forever from our memories.—*Banner of the Covenant.*

THE WEDDING.—A wedding happens, at most, but seldom in the life of the individual. In social life, however, it is of frequent occurrence; and it is to the credit both of the wedding and of society that the one, with all its frequency of occurrence, is able to keep on from age to age contributing such unfailing pleasure to the other. The cases are not rare in which society so transforms itself into the personality of a young couple that, as though it had their very eyes, it looks upon their particular wedding with as much interest as if it had never seen a wedding before, and, for the time being, never cared about seeing another.

This deep interest which society takes in the nuptials of young people deserves to be cherished and appreciated. There is no handsomer, no more agreeable way of doing this than to have the alliance formed in the midst of suitable display and imposing ceremonies, and to extend to society a hearty invitation to witness it.

This is particularly true of Christian people. The church, and the performance of the marriage ceremonial within its walls, affords them an opportunity of investing the occasion with elements of unspeakable impressiveness. Let a young man whose intelligence and refinement, whose ability and enterprise in business are beautified with the adornments of faith in Christ and love to the Church, propose to take to himself a companion acknowledged in every respect to be worthy of him; let him surround the occasion not only with the ordinary sanctions of religion, but also with the cheerful and holy associations of the house of God; let him attend it with such reasonable display as his circumstances may justify and refined taste would approve; let him then, with the good sense and the generosity befitting the event, assure his friends and brethren, near and remote, of a hearty welcome as witnesses of the scene; and the cordiality with which his kindness shall be appreciated, the large and full measure of joyful sympathy that shall surround him, will make an impression that both he and all who witness it will long delight to remember.

REFORMS.—Some people are always much troubled about excitement in the prosecution of reformatory enterprises. They fear disastrous consequences from the enforcement of a law against the traffic in ardent spirits, or from the preaching of Christian truths.

They deprecate excitement. Evil, they say, will result from it, to individuals, and the cause. To such timid ones we commend the following language of D'Aubigne; language spoken in reference to the reformation of the fifteenth century, but equally applicable to all time. "Undoubtedly," he says, "a thorough reform could not be accomplished without violence. But when has any thing good or great ever appeared among men without causing some agitation? Would not this fear of seeing evil mixed up with good, even had it been reasonable, have checked the noblest and holiest enterprises? We must not fear the evil which may arise out of a great agitation, but we must take courage to resist and overcome it."

THE VALUE OF TIME.—When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed, "I have lost a kingdom." Napoleon said that the reason why he beat the Austrians was, that they did not know the value of five minutes. At the celebrated battle of Rivoli the conflict seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw that critical state of affairs, and instantly took his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian head-quarters with proposals for an armistice. The unwary Austrians fell into the snare—for a few minutes the thunders of battle were hushed. Napoleon seized the precious moment, and while amusing the enemy with mock negotiation, re-arranged his line of battle, changed his front, and in a few minutes was ready to renounce the force of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result. The great moral victories and defeats of the world often turn on five minutes. Crises come, the not seizing of which is ruin. Men may loiter, but time flies on the wings of the wind, and all the great interests of life are speeding on, with the sure and silent tread of destiny.

THE RELIGION OF MANNERS.—There is nothing more unpleasant to refined breeding than a looseness of manners, or rather an indifference to personal behavior, among the members of a family in their domestic retirement. It shows that their behavior in the presence of guests is a mere Sunday suit put on for the occasion. Good manners, politeness, respectful attention to others, if they be at all ingrain, are not a respecter of persons and occasions. They should be ever-pervading; and, although they may be in their fullness observed between parents and children, they should be relaxed in none of their essential applications. What is more charming than to behold a gallant and affectionate consideration between man and wife; or that ever-present courtesy and loving-kindness between brothers and sisters? The respect due to parents on the part of the children, without regard to the number of years that have passed over the heads of the latter, should never be forgotten; but it should be held in remembrance, not so much as an exacting duty as an ever-conscious happiness.

While I love to see and often join in the light-hearted pleasures and frivolities of the family circle,

think that children should never be checked in their innocent enjoyments, I nevertheless abhor the behavior of boys and girls, and especially of parents, who forget practical good manners at home. How many wives and husbands are careless in their dress, captious or rough in their conversation, unbecoming in their postures! and the children, following the example set before them with so much authority, grow up without the true instincts of what is thoroughly becoming in society. If persons can put on and put off their manners as they can a dress or a coat, they are often liable to be discovered in dis habille. Saying, "You must put on your best behavior," on such and such an occasion, is an insult to a gentleman or lady, and implies that the utterer himself or herself is lacking of qualities in which others are attempted to be taught. Good manners should be as inseparable in well-bred persons as their epidermis from their bodies, and such being the fact, they can never be betrayed into conduct unbecoming a proper regard for the feelings and opinions of all with whom they may be thrown in contact.

A PLEASANT VOICE.—Cultivate a pleasant voice. Regular features can not be cultivated. A kindly expression can be cultivated. So, too, can a pleasant voice. We mean a smooth voice—one that is agreeable to the listener—tender in its quality, though strong, clear, and musical. The voices of our really consummate orators are the result, in a very great measure, of cultivation. We do not mean that they would have been dumb without cultivation, nor that they would have set the teeth of their friends upon edge. The voices of many of them, however, would have been weak, many others far from agreeable, some of them absolutely painful; others still, which were naturally strong, and smooth, and musical, would have become thin and harsh, through carelessness and neglect.

One charm only, of all which a woman can possess, is equal to that of a musical voice in conversation. That one charm is a cultivated intellect to use the musical voice, with wit enough to use them well; sweet, womanly accents are more attractive than a beautiful pair of eyes, or a fair complexion, regular features, full lips, a dimpled chin, plump shoulders, a luxuriant head of hair, or a pretty hand. Even the presence of wit, indeed, is but an aggravation, when it finds expression in tones that are harsh, or shrill, or thin. Every gentleman remembers the disappointment which he has felt on approaching a handsome woman in a drawing-room, to hear an unpleasant voice from a beautiful pair of lips. Every other charm is forgotten; one hardly realizes that the woman is intelligent and witty, as beautiful, if her voice is not agreeable. It behooves the ladies, then, to care for their voices, if not to cultivate them.

The English tell us that the voices of our ladies are, as a rule, too shrill—too much, they say, of the American eagle scream. Strangers are better critics of ourselves than we are. This may be true. We slackened our pace upon the street yesterday to hear

the voice of a French woman, a note or two of which we caught as we were passing. It was, without exception, the most deliciously musical voice in conversation we have ever heard. It lingered in our ear all day, and we shall hear it there for many a week. Was it the contrast with the average American female voice which delighted us? Mothers should be careful in the training of their daughters' voices, as they are in giving them other accomplishments and graces which make them delightful in society.

PRIVATE PRAYER.—In the morning the mind is calmed; the temptations of the day have not beset you; the duties of the day have not filled your mind and begun to vex you. Before you go to the duties of the day, to its cares, and anxieties, and temptations, begin the day with prayer. Temptations you certainly will meet; trials of virtue and patience will overtake you; and many times before night you will need the aid of your Father to shield you. Go to him, and ask his counsel to guide you, his power to uphold you, his presence to cheer you, his Spirit to sanctify you. Then will you have done what is equivalent to half the duties of the day, when you have thus engaged his care and assistance. And when the evening comes; when you have done with the duties of the day, the body is wearied, and the mind is jaded; when the world is shut out by the shades of night; when you come to look back and review the day; when you see how many deficiencies have marked it, how many imperfections still cluster around you, how many sins stare you in the face, how little you have done for yourself, or for others, or for God, the day past, then is the hour of prayer. It will be sweet to feel that you have One to whom you can go, and who will hear you; one who will forgive you, if you are penitent, and ask in the name of Jesus Christ; one who will accept your evening sacrifice, and give you strength for the morrow, and gird you with his righteousness. This hour, if rightly improved, will be like the cheering countenance of a most beloved friend. Take care that nothing comes between you and these hours devoted to God.

RECIPROCAL PARENTAGE OF WORK AND PLAY.—Play makes you wish to work—work makes you wish to play. This law of Nature is well illustrated in the "Recreations of a Country Parson;" "Recreation can be fully enjoyed only by a man who has some honest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how bright it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have dark around to make its presence felt. And besides this the greater part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart, when one has done a good

task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the continent, or to the Highlands, just because he was sick of every thing around him ; and quite another when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some work to an end on that self-same hour. And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreations ; while a man who has nothing to do finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used up ;" it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indurated palate ; you might as well prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle, as to excite the interest of that *blase* being by any amusement which is not spiced with the cayenne of vice. And that certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old French woman was drinking, when she said, "O, that this were a sin, to give it a relish !"

UNAPPRECIATED TALENTS.—There is much force as well as truth in the following paragraph from the pen of Rev. Dr. Deems, albeit it may be somewhat strongly stated :

A man that hath any truth in him important to be given to his generation, need not much concern himself as to where he shall speak it. With what twaddle about unappreciated genius are we frequently sickened ! Young men part their hair in the middle, roll down their collars, and go whining among weak school misses about the cold world. And others dream that if they had only such a position in such a city, such an editor's place, such a pulpit, such a theater of display, they would shake the world. Many a young preacher, in an obscure country parish, has this temptation. Many a young poet, who can not secure a publisher, goes into this fog. But it is all a mistake. It is a shrewd old world with which we have to deal, and it generally knows the price of things. There is little unappreciated genius, little worth keeping that the world allows itself to lose, and no uttered sentence worth remembering has ever been forgotten. The world may appreciate some things too highly for a season, but in the long run the value of all things comes to be ascertained. Go, walk up and down in the wilderness, and say your say, and cry your cry, and just as sure as the truth is in it, it will empty the city and fetch the people to your voice, or else God, who has most special providence of truth, will set you, and your voice, and your cry down in the very heart of that city, to shake it. Away with your talk about not being appreciated. Whenever a man in any society talks about his talents being neglected, we may be sure that they deserve to be neglected.

POWER OF KINDNESS.—At the annual meeting of the London City Mission, Rev. Canon Champney said :

I remember once a very valued friend of mine, a barrister, now passed away, who spent his Sundays in visiting a hospital. He told me that on one occasion he sat down by the bedside of one of the poorest, the most ignorant, and without using the word in any offensive manner, one of the very lowest men he had ever seen in his life—a man whose English, had it

been taken down, would have been the most complete and perfect dislocation of the Queen's English that he ever heard. No word seemed to be in the right place. It seemed as if that which should have been a jointed and vertebrated sentence had been separated at every joint, and thrown together any how. My friend was a man of tender spirit—a man whose tender spirit radiated from one of the most striking faces I ever saw ; and I can well understand how he looked when he sat down by the poor man's bed. He began first, as all should who visit the sick, to break ground on temporal matters, to sympathize with them on that which they can understand so well—their bodily sufferings—to show that we are not indifferent to what they are suffering as men ; and then, after speaking a few kind words, he was proceeding to say something further for his Master, whom he so dearly loved, when he saw the man's face begin to work convulsively. The muscles quivered, and at last, lifting up the sheet, and drawing down his head, he threw the sheet over his face, burst into a violent flood of tears, and sobbed aloud. My friend wisely waited till the storm of grief was passed, and then the poor fellow emerged from under the clothes, his face bearing the traces of the tears that had flowed down it. When he was able to speak my friend asked him :

"What is it that has touched you ? I hope that I have not said any thing that was painful to you. What can have moved you so much ?"

And as well as the man could sob out, he sobbed out these words :

"Sir, you are the first man that ever spoke a kind word to me since I was born, and I can't stand it."

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.—A God-fearing youth occupies the same room with several giddy scoffers—his fellow-clerks or fellow-students. Night and morning he bends the knee of prayer before them. They scoff at first, but he prays on. The daily reminder of that fearless act of devotion awakens presently in the minds of his companions the memory that they had once been taught to pray, but now have learned to scoff. Example is an arrow of conviction ; they, too, "remember their God and are troubled." John Angell James, of Birmingham, says in one of his lectures, "If I have a right to consider myself a Christian, if I have attained to any usefulness in the Church of Christ, I owe it, in the way of means and instrumentality, to the sight of a companion, who slept in the same room with me, bending his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene aroused my slumbering conscience, and sent an arrow to my heart ; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had neglected prayer and cast off the fear of God. My conversion to God followed, and my preparation for the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then, but that little chamber and that praying youth are still present to my imagination, and will never be forgotten, even amid the splendor of heaven, and through the ages of eternity." It is impossible to estimate the value of such consistent and godly examples.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

NIGHT SCENES IN THE BIBLE. *By Rev. Daniel March, D. D., Author of "Walks and Homes of Jesus."* 8vo. Pp. 544. Ziegler, M'Curdy & Co.: Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis.

The composition of the Bible was extended through a long course of years; it was carried on under a great variety of circumstances; it bears the impress of every diversity of individual character. And yet the spirit of inspiration speaks with equal fullness through all the times, and circumstances, and characters. Thus the Bible is made to be the one book for all ages and all nations, for all classes of men and all states of society, for all capacities of intellect and all necessities of the soul. It sets forth most spiritual and heavenly truths in the lights and shadows of earthly scenes and human characters. To understand and treasure up the truths, we need to know something of the places and the people that stand forth so prominently on the sacred page. It will help us much to apply the lessons of inspiration to the present time and to personal duty, if we go back in imagination and sit with Lot at the gate of Sodom, and see angels approach like common travelers in the calm light of the evening, or if we walk with the two disciples into the country and see Jesus joining our company on the way to Emmaus. It will help to make all Scripture profitable for instruction in righteousness, if we go a day's journey into the desert with Elijah, and see him cast himself down in despair and wishing to die, or if we listen to the praises sung by Paul and Silas at midnight in the prison at Philippi.

It is with such views of the infinite variety and special adaptation of the Scriptures that the sketches in this volume have been made. The author has endeavored to explore a single vein in this exhaustless and many-chambered mine, and to bring forth some few golden grains for others to use and enjoy. From the remarkable Night Scenes in sacred history, he has sought to bring forth some rays of light to cheer the dark hours of life, and to guide pilgrims on their way to that land where there shall be no night. Some of these "Scenes" are, The Last Night of Sodom, Abraham's Vision at Beersheba, Jacob's Night at Bethel, The Night Passage of the Sea, Elijah's Night at Nineveh, The Night of Temptation, and The Night of the Agony, etc., embracing twenty-six subjects treated in an able and instructive manner. It is an excellent book, and the copy before us, printed on tinted paper, bound in heavy morocco, embossed and gilt, is one of the most beautiful books we have seen for a long time. It is sold only by subscription, and we rejoice to find the publishers of subscription-books turning their attention to books of such sterling value, and issuing them in such excellent style.

SERMONS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. *Selected from Published and Unpublished Discourses, and Revised by their Author.* Vols. I and II. 8vo. Pp. 484, 486. \$5. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Every body knows Henry Ward Beecher and appreciates his style of preaching; it is needless for us to do any thing more than to allow Mr. Abbott, the editor of this collection, to tell the principles on which he has made the selection. Says the editor, "There is, perhaps, no man of ancient or modern times whose preaching is so diverse in manner as that of Mr. Beecher—a fact which partly accounts for his perpetual freshness and his permanent success. The diversity of method and unity of truth, which he combines in a rare degree, I have endeavored to illustrate in these volumes. The reader will here find, therefore, not only a presentation of his theological system, as in the sermon on The Importance of Correct Belief, and his doctrinal views on special subjects, as in the sermons on the Incarnation and the Divinity of Christ, but also sermons addressed to modern skepticism, as the Decadence of Christianity; sermons of practical ethics, as Love the Essence of Religion; of personal appeal, as What will you do with Christ? of description, as Spring-time in Nature and Experience; of personal experience, as The Walk to Emmaus; sermons addressed to the Church and the clergy, as Fishers of Men, and the two on Jesus Christ and him Crucified; and sermons that are poems in prose, as The Sepulcher in the Garden. In short, the sermons have been selected in the spirit in which they were preached, with reference not so much to the demands of theological scholarship as to the wants of the popular heart." The two volumes contain forty-six sermons, and present quite a faithful portraiture of his customary teachings for the past quarter of a century.

MANUAL OF METHODISM; or, the Doctrines, General Rules, and Usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with Scripture Proofs and Explanations. *By Bostwick Hawley, D. D.* 16mo. Pp. 176. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

The design of this small volume is apparent at a glance and is a good one; it is to bring into a small compass the doctrines, General Rules, and peculiar usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, by a careful collection and arrangement of Scripture texts, to show the harmony of Methodism in all her doctrinal features and usages with the Scriptures, the primitive Church, and sound religious experience. It is nearly the only attempt we have had to accompany our articles of faith and distinctive doctrines with proof-texts, and is quite successful. The study of

this little book by the people will well repay them for the labor.

A THOUSAND MILES ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA. *By Nathaniel P. Bishop. With an Introduction by Edward A. Samuel, Esq.* 12mo. Pp. 310. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is an interesting account of a trip which a Boston youth of seventeen years of age made on foot across the arid plains of South America—a distance of a thousand miles. The whole distance he traveled by sea and land was over twelve thousand miles. He started from home with only forty-five dollars, and returned with fifty dollars. He was led to undertake the perilous journey, alone and unaided, by his ardent zeal in the study of natural history. Though so very young, this work exhibits the close and careful study of maturer years. It is a remarkable book from a remarkable boy, and will be read with interest and profit.

AMONG THE ARABS: A Narrative of Adventures in Algeria. *By G. Naphegyi, A. M., M. D.* 12mo. Pp. 248. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Dr. Naphegyi's book is doubtless a faithful representation of life and scenes in Algeria shortly subsequent to the French conquest, but is slovenly in style and careless in arrangement. So far as we can judge, the journeyings here narrated took place about twenty years ago. The chief characteristic of the style is the matter-of-fact way of presenting things to the reader. He does not seem to aim at literary excellence, nor is there, indeed, much of it in his descriptions, which purport only to reproduce, in a rather literal form, the scenes and personal experiences which he narrates.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. CHARLES FRESHMAN. 12mo. Pp. 316. Toronto: Samuel Rose, Wesleyan Book Room. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Dr. Freshman was a Rabbi of the Jewish synagogue at Quebec, and a graduate of the Jewish Theological Seminary at Prague; he is at present German Wesleyan minister at Preston, Ontario. His autobiography constitutes a story of more than common interest. The extraordinary series of providences by which God led him savingly to embrace the true Messiah, and prepared him to become an ambassador of Christ, as well as the peculiar struggles of his spirit against doubt and every kind of difficulty, till a victorious faith fired his soul with zeal to preach the Crucified to his fellow-men, can not but interest all serious readers, and arrest the attention of the thoughtless.

A FOURTEEN WEEKS' COURSE IN DESCRIPTIVE ASTRONOMY. *By J. Dorman Steele, A. M., Principal of Elmira Free Academy.* New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

This little book is one of the very best introductions to the study of astronomy we have yet seen. It can not fail to create and sustain in the mind of the student a taste for this most delightful and inter-

esting of scientific studies. The lessons are clear and methodical, and made still plainer by excellent cuts and illustrations. It will prove an admirable text-book for beginners.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. *Archie Grey; Ma's Papa; Little Davy; Mark Steadman.* New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

These are four new books for the Sunday school library, numbered 166, 63, 128, and 179. Excellent books they are. By all means get them into your libraries.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO LATIN COMPOSITION. *For Schools and Colleges.* *By Albert Harkness, Ph. D., Professor in Brown University.* 12mo. Pp. 360. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

Professor Harkness is already an eminently successful maker of classical text-books. The present volume is a necessary and excellent sequel to his Latin Grammar and Reader. It teaches the art of writing Latin correctly and thoroughly, and at the same time easily and pleasantly.

HOLIDAY LITERATURE.

Hitchcock & Walden have laid on our table some specimens of importations from England and Scotland in the form of very handsomely printed, illustrated, and bound volumes for the holidays. We take pleasure in noticing them, and directing the attention of our readers to them.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF SAINT PAUL AND THEIR RELIGIOUS LESSONS. *By Rev. J. S. Howson, D. D.* Quarto. Pp. 147. \$3. London: The Religious Tract Society.

This is a very beautiful quarto, printed on tinted paper, and illustrated with fourteen superb wood engravings, designed by Paolo Priolo. Dr. Howson is one of the authors of "The Life and Epistles of St. Paul," and gives great vividness and instructiveness to these scenes in the life of the apostle.

SWISS PICTURES DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. *The Illustrations by E. Whymper, F. R. G. S.* Quarto. Pp. 216. \$4. London.

This is also a fine quarto on tinted paper and in elegant binding. The letter-press is well written and satisfactorily descriptive of Swiss scenery. But the chief value of the book is its admirable wood-engravings drawn by Mr. Whymper, who is preëminent among modern engravers for his knowledge of mountain forms, and his power of delineating them. His intimate acquaintance with Switzerland has afforded him facilities for its pictorial illustration which few artists have enjoyed.

OUR LIFE ILLUSTRATED BY PEN AND PENCIL. *Square 12mo.* Pp. 224. \$5.25. London.

The letter-press consists of poetic selections from the most eminent English and American poets, descriptive of the various phases of human life—childhood, youth, manhood, and old age. The illustrations

are numerous, and exceedingly delicate, designed by Humphreys, Watson, Du Maurier, and other eminent artists, and engraved by Butterworth and Heath. It is a most beautiful book.

PEN AND PENCIL PICTURES FROM THE POETS.
Square 12mo. Pp. 150. \$6. Edinburgh.

This is a companion volume for the one just described, consisting of a more general collection of poetic gems from the American and English poets. The engravings are wood, very delicate and beautiful.

GEMS OF LITERATURE. Square 12mo. Pp. 149. \$6. Edinburgh.

These selections are of prose and poetry, and are real gems, elegant, rare, and suggestive. The book fairly sparkles with them like a dew-spangled meadow. The engravings are in keeping with the text.

ENGLISH SACRED POETRY OF THE OLDEN TIME.
Collected and arranged by Rev. L. B. White, M. A.
Square 12mo. Pp. 190. \$5.25.

This is the gem of them all; not surpassing them in beauty of illustration, though equal to them in this; but exceeding them in value as a choice collection of the grand and rare old hymns and religious songs of Chaucer, Henryson, Tusser, Gifford, Gascoigne, Spenser, Fletcher, George Herbert, and many more, who, in the olden time and in the quaint old English, used "the gift and faculty divine" to utter the praises of its glorious Giver. No one can read these grand, holy, sonorous old hymns, without feeling that surely Cowper never read them, or he could not have written—

"Pity religion has so seldom found
A faithful guide into poetic ground!
Flowers would spring where'er she deigned to stay,
And every muse attend her on the way."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Smoking and Drinking. By James Parton. Paper. 16mo. 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Tobacco and its Effects. A Prize Essay. By Henry Gibbons, M. D. New York: Carlton and Lanahan.—These are ably written essays on the injurious effects of tobacco and alcoholic stimulants on the physical, mental, moral, and social health and happiness of men. All friends of absolute temperance should aid in giving them a wide circulation.

The Atlantic Almanac. Edited by Donald G. Mitchell. Large Quarto. Pp. 66. 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Appleton's Illustrated Almanac. 1869. Quarto. Pp. 48. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—These are two beautifully printed and illustrated almanacs. We can not tell our readers which one to buy. We are sure that if you buy one it will be but a little while till you wish you had bought the other, and so we advise you to get them both at once.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, October, 1868. The Edinburgh Review, October, 1868. The North

British Review, October, 1868.—These are the American editions, published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company. Now is the time to subscribe for them. Terms: For Blackwood or any of the Reviews, \$4; Blackwood and any one Review, \$7; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15.

The Abduction of Mary Ann Smith.—Rev. H. Mattison, D. D., of Jersey City, has published a pamphlet relating to the abduction of Mary Ann Smith by the Roman Catholics, and her imprisonment in a nunnery for becoming a Protestant. It contains all the testimony in the case, decisions of court, correspondence, a portrait of "Father Doane," and a brief history of several other similar cases, besides many startling facts respecting Romanism.

Annual Expense Book, for the Year 1869. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 60 cents.—An excellently arranged book for keeping an accurate account of all receipts and expenditures in the housekeeping department.

The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Complete. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Fifty cents for a complete edition of Tennyson's Poems!

A Vindication of Swedenborg. By Rev. Robert Hindmarsh. New York: New Jerusalem Publishing House.—We know nothing of the attack and have no time to read the vindication.

Minutes of the Central Ohio Conference. Minutes of the Ohio Annual Conference. Minutes of the Upper Iowa Conference. Register of the Georgia Annual Conference. Minutes of the Indiana Conference.

MUSIC.—Mamma, are there Daisies in Heaven? Words by George W. Birdseye. Music by Jean Foster. Our Little Angel Boy. Emma Eggleston. Music by Jesse Wells. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co. Very tender little songs, and sweet and touching music.

Resurrection Destinies: An Exposition of 1 Corinthians xv, 21-23. By D. D. Buck, D. D., Newark, New York. 24mo. Pp. 56. Paper.—This is an able discourse on the resurrection of the dead, considered with reference to its nature, universality, classifications, and order of occurrence, and its relations to future destiny. Some of the positions are somewhat new, and the interpretation of some passages is different from the ordinary exegesis, but the author sets forth his views clearly and forcibly.

Protestantism Essential to the Episcopal Church. A Speech by Rev. Charles E. Cheney, Rector of Christ Church, Chicago.—This speech was delivered by Mr. Cheney in the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Illinois, September, 1868, and is a demand for the restoration of the words, "Protestant Episcopal Church," to the title-page of the Journal, omitted by the direction of the Bishop from the Journal of 1867. It is the gauntlet of war for Protestantism in the Episcopal Church. It has the right ring.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION FOR 1869.—The following plan was adopted at the late meeting of the Bishops in New York:

CONFERENCES.	PLACE.	DATE.	BISHOP.
Texas.	Austin.	Jan. 9	Simpson.
North Carolina.	Union Ch. Alexan. co.	Jan. 14	Ames.
Louisiana.	New Orleans.	Jan. 20	Simpson.
Mississippi.	Canton.	Jan. 28	Simpson.
India.	Lucknow, India.	Feb. 10
South Carolina.	Camden, S. C.	Feb. 11	Ames.
Liberia.	Not given.	Feb. 17	Roberts.
Kentucky.	Harrodsburg.	Feb. 25	Scott.
Baltimore.	Washington City.	M'ch 3	Clark.
Virginia.	Alexandria.	M'ch 3	Ames.
St. Louis.	Sedalia.	M'ch 10	Janes.
Cen. Pennsylvania.	Danville.	M'ch 10	Scott.
West Virginia.	Clarkburg.	M'ch 11	Ames.
Wilmington.	Wilmington, Del.	M'ch 17	Simpson.
Philadelphia.	Philadelphia.	M'ch 17	Thomson.
New Jersey.	Millville.	M'ch 17	Clark.
Missouri.	Chillicothe.	M'ch 17	Janes.
Newark.	Newark.	M'ch 17	Scott.
Providence.	Fall River.	M'ch 24	Clark.
Pittsburg.	N. Philadelphia, O.	M'ch 24	Ames.
Kansas.	Leavenworth.	M'ch 24	Janes.
New England.	Webster, Mass.	M'ch 24	Thomson.
Washington.	Winchester, Va.	M'ch 25	Simpson.
Nebraska.	Nebraska City.	M'ch 31	Janes.
New Hampshire.	Lisbon.	April 7	Clark.
New York.	Sing Sing.	April 7	Scott.
New York East.	Middletown, Ct.	April 7	Thomson.
East German.	Philadelphia.	April 8	Thomson.
Vermont.	Not fixed.	April 15	Thomson.
Wyoming.	Honesdale, Penn.	April 15	Ames.
Troy.	West Troy.	April 15	Kingsley.
Cent. New York.	Auburn.	April 15	Scott.
N. Indiana.	Richmond.	April 15	Janes.
Black River.	Weedsport.	April 15	Clark.
Maine.	Saccarappa.	May 5	Clark.
East Maine.	Bangor.	May 20	Clark.
Germany and Switz.	Bremen.	June 17
Colorado.	Central City, Col.	June 24	Kingsley.
Delaware.	Milford, Del.	July 22	Janes.
Oregon.	Eugene City.	Aug. 12	Kingsley.
Cincinnati.	Hillsboro.	Aug. 25	Ames.
East Genesee.	Phelps, Ontario co.	Aug. 25	Janes.
Desmoines.	Indianola.	Aug. 26	Clark.
Detroit.	Detroit.	Sept. 1	Scott.
Iowa.	Muscatine.	Sept. 1	Thomson.
Nevada.	Washoe City.	Sept. 1	Kingsley.
Cent. German.	Newport, Ky.	Sept. 2	Ames.
North Ohio.	Norwalk.	Sept. 8	Janes.
N. W. Indiana.	Lafayette.	Sept. 8	Clark.
S. Illinois.	Vandalia.	Sept. 15	Thomson.
Central Ohio.	Findlay.	Sept. 15	Janes.
Michigan.	Grand Rapids.	Sept. 15	Scott.
Indiana.	Evansville.	Sept. 15	Ames.
S. E. Indiana.	Indianapolis.	Sept. 15	Simpson.
California.	Napa City.	Sept. 15	Kingsley.
N. W. German.	Milwaukee.	Sept. 16	Clark.
Upper Iowa.	Independence.	Sept. 22	Clark.
Illinois.	Lincoln, Logan co.	Sept. 22	Thomson.
Wisconsin.	Appleton.	Sept. 23	Scott.
Erie.	Franklin, Ven. co., Pa.	Sept. 23	Ames.
Tennessee.	Huntingdon, Car'ico.	Sept. 29	Simpson.
Cent. Illinois.	Canton, Fulton co.	Sept. 29	Thomson.
W. Wisconsin.	Portage City.	Sept. 30	Scott.
Ohio.	Marietta.	Oct. 6	Janes.
Rock River.	Freeport.	Oct. 6	Clark.
Genesee.	Lyndonville.	Oct. 6	Ames.
Holston.	Jonesboro.	Oct. 7	Simpson.
Minnesota.	Minneapolis.	Oct. 7	Scott.
S. W. German.	Burlington, Iowa.	Oct. 7	Thomson.
Georgia.	Atlanta.	Oct. 14	Simpson.
Alabama.	Mt. Hermon, Con. co.	Oct. 21	Simpson.

The India, and Germany and Switzerland Conferences, and also the Chinese and Bulgarian Missions, to be visited by Bishop Kingsley in 1870.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS FOR 1869.—The General Missionary Committee, consisting of seven

representatives from the seven Episcopal districts of the Church, and an equal number of representatives of the Board of Managers, and the Bishops as participants and advisers, met in New York on the 12th of November and laid out the work for 1869. The wants of the Church, of the home and foreign work, were carefully and prayerfully canvassed. We never knew of more careful deliberation on the part of this Committee than was manifested during this session. The state of the treasury, the sensitiveness of the money market, the opening fields at home and abroad, made the work of the Committee for this year a difficult and delicate one. Though the appropriations are still large, we honor the faith and courage of the Committee, and believe, with our Bishops, that Providence has clearly indicated the duty of the Church in reference to the appropriations made at this time. The exigencies of our missions, and the recent providential opening of new fields, imperatively demanded all that has been done. The following is a summary of the appropriations :

I. FOREIGN MISSIONS.	
1. Africa.	\$12,825 00
2. South America.	15,069 00
3. China.	56,880 75
4. Germany and Switzerland	41,250 00
5. Scandinavia.	31,553 88
6. India.	86,053 12
7. Bulgaria.	11,235 03
8. Spain.	5,000 00
9. Italy.	5,000 00
10. Cuba.	5,080 00
11. Mexico.	5,000 00
12. New Grenada.	1,000 00
Total for Foreign Missions	\$275,866 73

II. FOREIGN DOMESTIC.	
1. Welsh Missions.	\$ 150 00
2. Scandinavian.	10,000 00
3. German.	33,600 00
4. Chinese.	7,500 00
Total.	\$2,150 00
INDIAN MISSIONS.	5,800 00

III. MISSIONS IN ANNUAL CONFERENCES.	
Total.	\$207,250 00
IV. MISSIONS IN TERRITORIES NOT EMBRACED IN CONFERENCES.	14,000 00
V. MISCELLANEOUS APPROPRIATIONS.	75,000 00
VI. TO MEET OUTSTANDING DRAFTS.	129,933 22
Grand total.	\$850,000 00

THE CHURCH FOR 1868.—The statistical returns for the Methodist Episcopal Church for the year 1868 show a membership of 1,255,074, being an increase for the year of 108,903.

OUR FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.—One of the teachers of our Aid Society, who has at great sacrifice labored among the freedmen ever since their emancipation, writes to the Corresponding Secretary : Our Freedmen's Aid Society ought to have a thousand teachers in the South. If our friends at home could realize how much these people need instruction, how anxious they are to receive it, and how rapidly they improve under it, I am sure your treasury

would speedily be filled. May God move the hearts of his people, who have the means, to aid in cultivating this, the most promising missionary field on the face of the earth !

WOMAN'S MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.—On the 17th of November the women of Germany held a conference at Stuttgart, when they discussed the following points : First. To find out the best ways and means to teach young mothers how best to regulate the physical education of their children. Second. The establishment of small museums of literature, art, and industry. Third. The commencement of a reform in dress, chiefly directed against the vagaries of fashion, and the best ways and means to carry out this reform effectually. Fourth. The transformation of benevolent female institutions into self-supporting and earning female institutions.

On the dress question they accept the following conclusions : That nothing be declared "old fashioned" which has been found useful, appropriate, and becoming ; that nothing new be adopted unless it have proved itself to be both to the purpose and answering the demands of good taste ; that all garments and objects of toilet that are hurtful to health be put away. They will also inquire if greater economy in dress, so as to apportion expenditure to income, can not be secured. We will notice this wise movement more at length next month.

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.—George Sand says, in a beautiful obituary notice of Madame Victor Hugo, that, despite the numerous calamities and disappointments which fell to her share during her wedded life, she was one of the happiest women she ever knew. And she adds that, but for the influence which this sweet-tempered yet spirited and talented little woman created on Victor Hugo, he would have never reached the exalted place which he now occupies in French literature. George Sand says that Victor Hugo's literary nature is too sensitive. Rebuffs and obstacles, which every author has to encounter, often distract him so that, in a paroxysm of disgust and indignation, he resolves never to write another line in a certain *genre*, and whenever he did so he was dissuaded by the low, sweet voice who whispered into his ear, " Persevere."

THE NEW VOLUME.—The Repository appears in its new dress and arrangement. Nothing is taken from it, but additions have been made to it which we think add to its beauty and value. Our new cover can not fail to please, and is indicative of the enlarged scope of the magazine. We retain our two steel engravings as heretofore, and have made arrangements for giving through the year some finer pictures than any we have yet used. In the department of wood illustrations we are still perfecting our plans, and are rapidly succeeding in effecting arrangements by which this feature of the Repository will become a most interesting part of the magazine. It is not our intention to make merely a picture book, but to introduce illustrations that will give interest and value to the articles they illustrate. We expect to be con-

stantly growing and improving in this department. This, of course, gives a very considerable additional cost in producing the Repository, yet we make no addition to the subscription price, hoping to be compensated for the outlay by a large increase of subscribers. We now undoubtedly offer the cheapest, and, in many of its features, the best magazine in the country to our readers. We do this through faith in our agents and friends that they will coöperate with us, and send us many new subscribers.

ART IN CINCINNATI.—The Queen of the West rising out of the romance of early youth and rapid growth, is beginning to settle into the habits of matronly age, and is just entering into the richer and quieter enjoyments suitable to her age and dignity. Within the past two or three years a number of our wealthiest and most enterprising citizens have been turning their attention to the encouragement and cultivation of art. A year ago an Academy of Fine Arts was organized, and we were favored with a very fine exhibition of paintings from our best American artists. Again, for the Fall and Winter, Wiswell's Gallery is thrown open, presenting to the public a rare collection of American paintings. Among them are two magnificent historical paintings. The first is a representation of John Brown going to execution, by T. S. Noble. The martyr is represented just as he is stepping from the prison door on the way to his execution. The guards on this occasion were a company of Continentals, and were dressed in the uniform of the Revolution. The incident which the artist has chosen for his picture is best told in the language of the poet Whittier :

" John Brown, of Ossawattamie, they led him out to die,
And lo ! a poor slave mother, with little child, pressed nigh.
Then the bold, strong heart grew tender, and the stern blue eye
grew mild,
As he paused between the jeering ranks and blessed the negro's
child."

It is a superb painting, and immortalizes the hero of Harper's Ferry. The second is Farragut at New Orleans, by F. H. De Hass. The moment chosen to commemorate this grandest of naval battles is about three o'clock in the morning, that most critical time of the fight, when the flag ship Hartford, which looms up in the left of the picture, is assailed by a fire raft which has been urged upon her by the ram Manasses. The noble Hartford is forced aside from her course, and is run aground under the guns of Fort St. Philip. These she at once silences, while her crew extinguish the flames from the raft, which, by this time, were climbing fiercely through the tangled masses of her rigging. Off to the right the Brooklyn leads the van of the column. In the distance, as orderly as if upon parade, the Richmond, Pensacola, and Mississippi hold their way, half concealed in the smoke of their death-dealing guns, while far below, from the mortar fleet, is hurled showers of huge bombs. On either side the forts of the enemy are giving furious answer to this rain of fire and death.

This splendid historical work of art was painted under the supervision of Admiral Farragut and other

prominent officers. It is grand in its subject, and is wrought out in a masterly manner.

The New Jerusalem, by George Inness, is a magnificent picture, in which the artist puts on paper his conception of a physical correspondence to the spiritual idea of the New Jerusalem. He expresses his thoughts in the form of a beautiful landscape, which is a part of the city, whose walls, and domes, and towers may be seen upon the distant horizon, fading into the sky, and repeated again in the floating clouds above. The River of Life flows out from the city and into the foreground. All of this scene of exquisite beauty is glorified by the light of the sun, which may be seen in the form of the cross rising to the zenith in a burst of divine splendor. It is happily conceived, and is wrought out with wonderful power and success, especially in its remarkable atmospheric effects. Sunset in the Woods is by the same artist, and was selected to represent American art at the great Paris exhibition. Two fine landscapes, Lake George and In the Adirondacks, are furnished by H. Feuchsel. Whittredge furnishes two very beautiful companion landscapes. Constant Mayer realizes in the figure of a beautiful female Milton's Poet, who

"With even step and musing gait,
And looks communing with the skies,
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes,
There held in holy passion still."

Edwin White contributes the Sabbath of Emigrants, representing an incident of the early history of the great West, when the emigrants, floating down the rivers, sought a home. It is the Sabbath day, and they are keeping it holy by religious service. The Precious Lading is a Spanish scene of exquisite beauty by George H. Hall. Lady artists, such as Miss L. M. Spencer, Amelia Goodman, Mary Kollock, Miss G. Field, Virginia Granbery, Mary Spencer, Mrs. James, Mrs. Gastrell, and Henrietta Pouwer, figure largely in landscapes, flowers, and water colors.

Mr. L. C. Hopkins has also been contributing to our taste for the Fine Arts by importing for sale a collection of splendid oil paintings, comprising many works by the best artists on the European continent. The collection has been made with taste and care, but we must reserve our notice of particular paintings for another number.

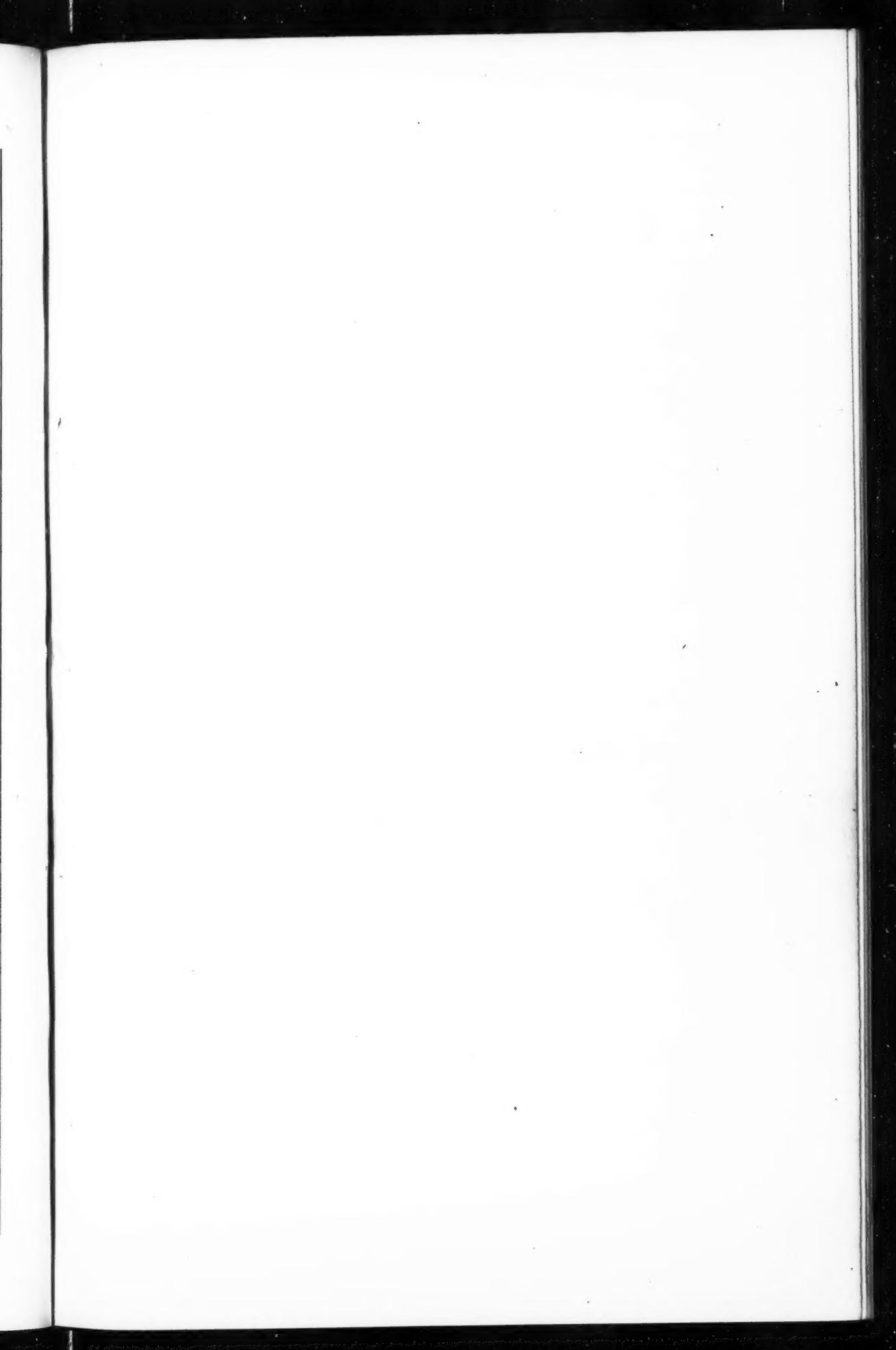
Besides the merits of particular paintings, the collection as such has a peculiar excellence—that of variety. Every grade of taste can find something to its liking. The lover of interiors will be pleased with that picture—a copy from a prize painting in the Scotch exhibition—of the widow's son leaving home for a life on the sea. He who has a taste for landscape will find a rare treat in Millner's "First Snow in the Alps," a scene from the Bavarian highlands. There are in the collection works from the pencils of such artists as Achenbach, Von der Beck, Fraulein, Dietrich, Zimmerman, Seel, Tank, and others equally distinguished. There are also copies of famous Italian pictures, and of masterpieces in the most celebrated galleries of Germany. Mr. Hopkins has done a noble work by throwing open this magnificent collection to the public free of cost.

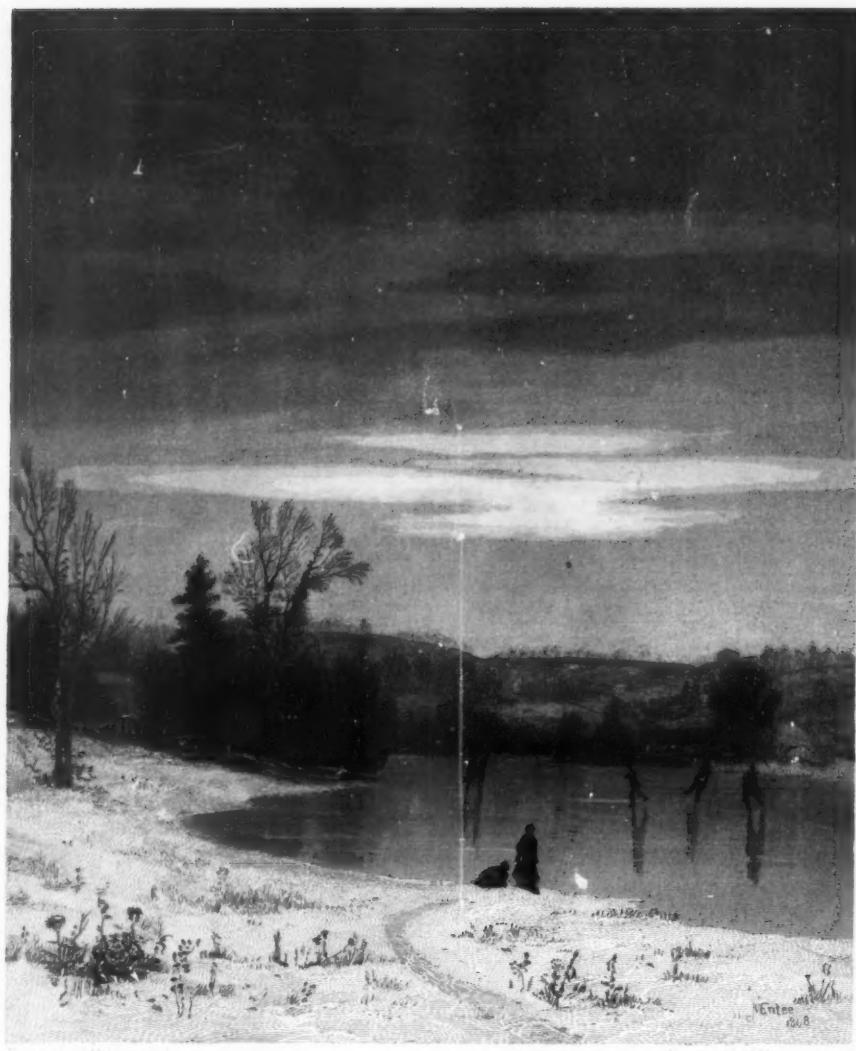
THE LADIES' REPOSITORY IN THE FAMILY.—From an article in the Methodist Almanac, published by the Western Book Concern, we extract the following good reasons why the Repository should be taken by every Methodist family:

First, the Repository has claims on all the families of the Methodist Episcopal Church as the only Magazine published by the Church. It has always been the policy of Methodism to provide ample and suitable literature for her people. Never was there a more egregious mistake than the too common supposition that Methodism began in ignorance, and needs ignorance for its perpetuation. Methodism was born within college walls; and never in the history of the Church has a denomination done more toward providing educational institutions, books, papers, and magazines for its people than has the Methodist Church. Its capital invested in educational and publishing interests is unequaled by that of any Protestant denomination in the world. Twenty-eight years ago it was determined to provide for our families a monthly magazine. From the very beginning it took a first place among family magazines, and has maintained it to the present; each year it has given evidence of growth, till in some respects it is now unrivaled by any similar publication in the country. It is primarily intended for our own families, and it has this peculiar claim on our people.

Secondly, Periodical literature is every year becoming more popular, important, and influential. Most of the best writers of the age now write magazine articles instead of books. They at once reach an immensely wider range of readers, and most of the books now published are republications of articles previously issued in magazine form. Books or weekly papers can not now supply the place of the monthly magazines. There is what is called "current literature," consisting of the freshest, ripest thought and maturest studies of the passing hour, and this reaches the public promptly through the monthly magazine. Often the substance of a whole volume is concentrated in a well-written magazine article; biographical sketches, notes of travel, investigations in science, periods of history, etc., that could easily be expanded into large books, are now often given in one or two terse articles in a magazine. No family can dispense with this monthly entertainment and instruction.

Thirdly, we notice more particularly the character of the Repository. It is, as we have said, a literary and religious magazine. By this we mean its literature is constantly imbued with the spirit of Christianity. There is no covert skepticism or infidelity running through its articles; it contains no poison. It is not designed that the articles should all be on religious subjects, nor that its pages should be filled with theological essays or doctrinal or experimental discussions, but that it should be a magazine of sanctified literature, written in the fear of God, and in the belief of the Gospel, and in the spirit of purity, truth, and goodness. It is a magazine for the whole family, male and female, old and young, containing something for all readers in the household. In this the Repository is unique.











ENGRAVED BY W. WELDON.

NEWMAN HALL

Author of "The Slave's Story."